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SPECIAL FALL PREVIEW ISSUE

UMA THURMAN AT THE BEACH

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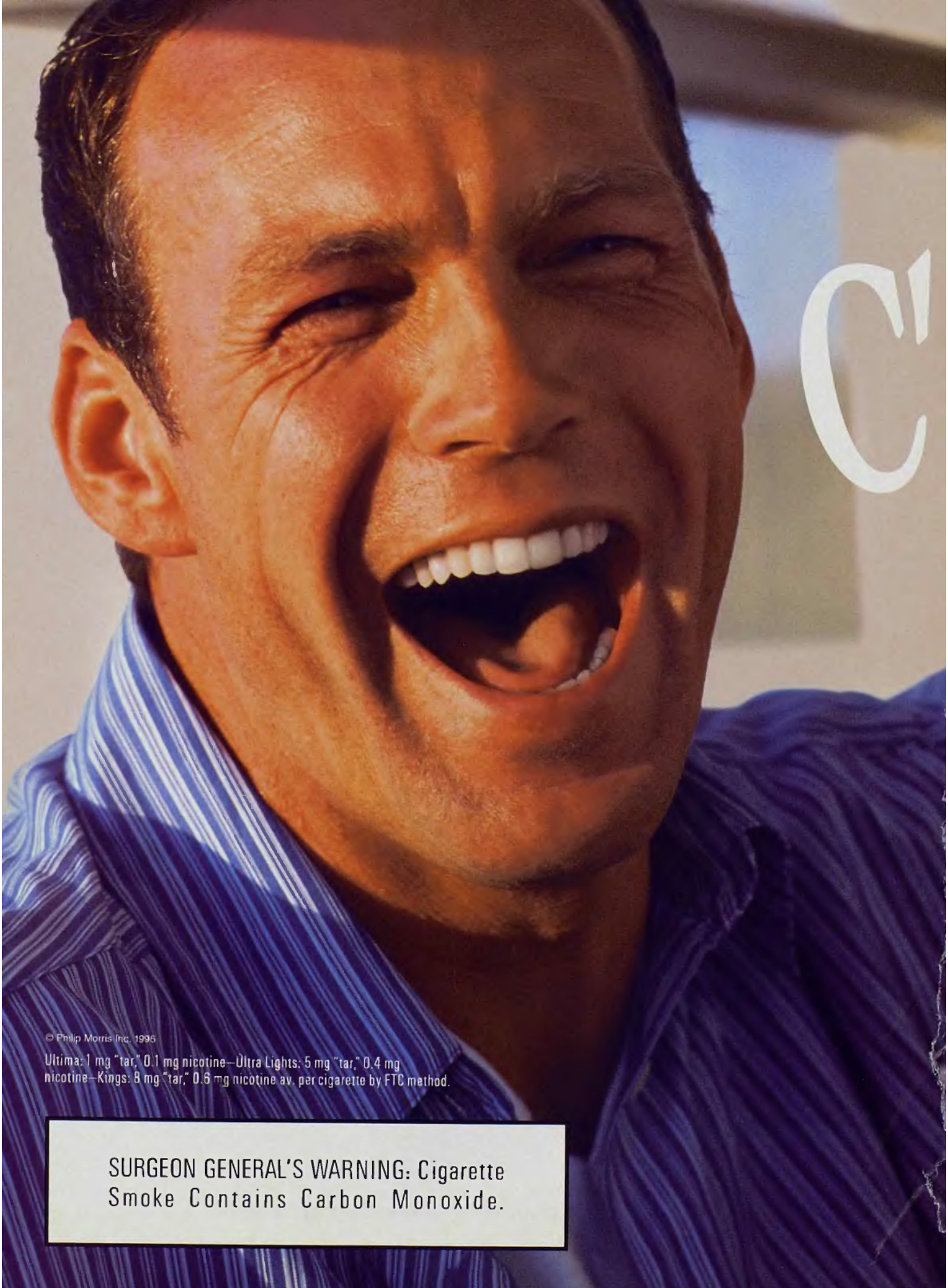

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PLAYBILL

NEW NEWS IS GOOD NEWS, particularly if you're trying to wade through today's cultural tides. That's the point of this issue, the PLAYBOY Fall Preview. It will help you deal calmly with the latest rages, big shifts and spare changes. Unless you were lost on the planet Evian for the past year, you know cigars are more than smokin'. This month we add cool to the fire with a premium smoke—the Playboy cigar by Don Diego. **Richard Carleton Hacker,** a great man for the good life, introduces our cheroot in *Gentlemen (and Ladies), You May Smoke*. In *Suit Yourself* Fashion Editor **Hollis Wayne** showcases lean and elegant menswear. Slim-waisted suits in dusky colors coupled creatively with vibrant shirts will help you fall ahead. As for leaving everybody behind, American carmakers are working on autobahn busters of the future. *Cars '97* by master of suspension **Ken Gross** includes such prototypes as Ford's 435-horsepower Indigo. Finally, the digital versatile disc, or DVD, is coming, and you'll be glad when it arrives. DVD is like the unified field theory of electronics: It works with TVs and computers and is better than laser. The artwork in *Digital Rush* is by **Jim Ludtke,** who designed the award-winning CD-ROM The Residents' Bad Day on the Midway.

Uma, Oprah: We would do anything for **Uma Thurman** after she had us howling in *The Truth About Cats and Dogs*—but she beat us to the punch. In a steamy display of celebrity insouciance, she romped nude on a public beach in St. Barts—in full view of two lucky photogs. We called the resulting layout *Uma Gosh!* Uma, Oscar: Best Actor **Nicolas Cage** almost chainsawed a Bob's Big Boy statue to win the hand of Patricia Arquette. Prior to that, he smashed a ketchup bottle in a crowded restaurant to impress a girlfriend. What a guy! In an earnest *Interview*, the emotionally inspired actor tells Contributing Editor **David Sheff** about his unusual childhood, where he fits in among the Coppola clan and, yes, why he ate a cockroach. Speaking of hot-blooded Italians, *New York Daily News* gossip goombah **A.J. Benza** also goes to great lengths for babes but expects something in return. He turns his roving eye to the women of *Friends* in *Rachel? Monica? Phoebe?* and describes what he would do for each and what they should do for him. "It's all about sex," he says. "The first thing my friends and I do is talk about how hot the girls looked. Days later, we talk about the jokes." Just so we cover all 31 flavors of women, we have a *20 Questions* with Uma's tantalizing co-star in *Cats and Dogs*, **Janeane Garofalo.** Contributing Editor **David Rensin** was charmed, as you will be, by her Pussy Scented panties and rules for letting a guy sleep over. Then she gets tough with Hootie. Ouch.

In the wake of Waco and the Freemen, it's clear the social contract in the U.S. is unraveling in spots. Some of these frayed ends are being woven together in what are called common-law courts—jury-rigged assemblies outside the system. In *Justice Militia Style* (illustrated by **David Wilcox**) **T.C. Brown** of the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* latches on to self-styled patriots in Ohio and explains how they execute their vigilantism. Then **Lucius Shepard** goes wild with homemade justice—Mafia style—in our fiction this month, *Pizza Man*.

We take our last looks ahead with our best handicapper, the eerily accurate **Danny Sheridan.** *Playboy's Pro Football Forecast* is again the one to beat. Dallas, San Francisco? San Francisco, Dallas? Sheridan knows. (**Gary Kelley** did the art.) The pictures of Playmate **Jennifer Allan** were shot by Contributing Photographer **Richard Fegley,** who also captured a modern taste of America's past in *Small-Town Girls*. It will remind you of elm trees, freshly mowed grass and women sweet as lemonade.

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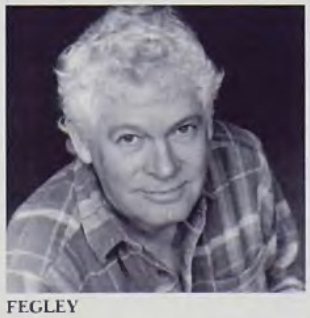
FEGLEY

SHEPARD

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COVER STORY

Like the Fab Four, James Bond, George Foreman and Michael Jordan, our collage Rabbit is back—and better than ever. This fall we celebrate the June 1967 cover (a collage originally designed and created by Beatrice Paul in the Fifties), with a new kick. It's still a two-terrific day at the beach for the Rabbit, but ingenue–turned–sex star Uma Thurman has him chanting "Uma Gosh!" Retro is cool.

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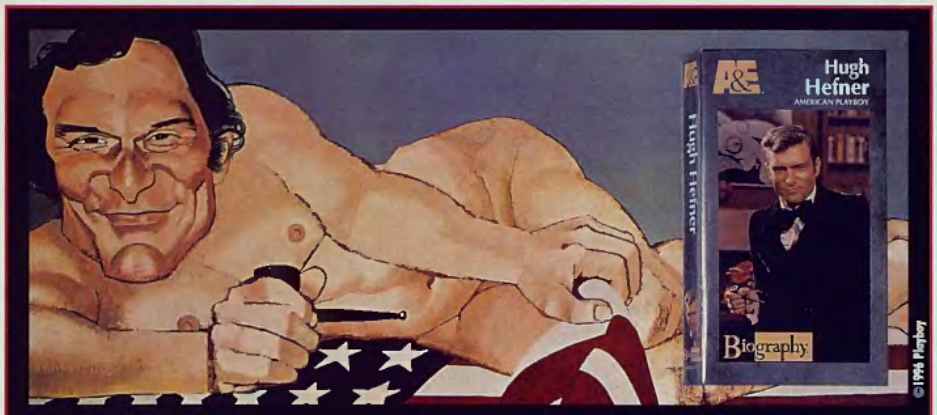

A&E BIOGRAPHY: Hugh Hefner

This fascinating profile provides an insightful look at Playboy founder and Editor-in-Chief Hugh Hefner. A self-professed romantic and dreamer, Hefner has made an immeasurable contribution to the sexual attitudes and mores of modern culture. This in-depth biography traces his early days as a boy in Chicago up to his present status as family man, patron of the arts and AIDS activist. Witness the man behind the myth from his wild days as the "original playboy" to his continuing influence on sex and society today. Also contains exclusive footage of the Playboy Mansion and interviews with daughter and Playboy CEO Christie, his wife Kimberley, and many other peers. You won't want to miss this intimate, entertaining portrait of one of the 20th century's most intriguing men! 120 min.

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DENNIS MILLER

I really enjoyed the Dennis Miller *Interview* (June), but why was his first appearance in PLAYBOY never mentioned? Dennis Miller was one of the runners-up in PLAYBOY's first annual humor competition in June 1979 (*Funny Money*). His one-liner was: "The only difference between group sex and group therapy is that in group therapy you hear about everyone's problems and in group sex you see them." Miller has certainly come a long way in the 17 years between these two Junes.

Murray Golden
tvbs98A@prodigy.com
Sarasota, Florida

Lenny Bruce was insightful, intelligent and funny. So are Richard Pryor and Mort Sahl. Dennis Miller is arrogant, dull and defensive. He's a Robert Klein who read a book.

Roberto Santiago
Brooklyn, New York

Bruce Willis, John Travolta—and now Dennis Miller. What an incredibly strong trio of *Interviews*. With content like that it makes it so much easier to tell my wife, "Honey, I'm reading PLAYBOY for the articles."

Mike Ossing
Mount Vernon, Ohio

Although I know it wasn't Dennis Miller's intention, he made "suck points" with me. There is something sexy about a man who admits to being smitten with his wife.

Martha Parker
Tifton, Georgia

ROCK AND ROLL

We can sum up rock in the Eighties (*Playboy's History of Jazz & Rock: Part Nine*, June) in one line: Except for *Tattoo You*, there wasn't any.

Todd and Kitty Shuffler
Syracuse, New York

I understand that Axl Rose is a popular villain. But how does David Standish write an article about rock in the Eighties and make no mention of Guns n' Roses? If Standish did a piece on U.S. history, he would leave out the Civil War.

Matt Sevonski
Chicago, Illinois

I've noticed over the months of Standish's *History of Jazz & Rock* that there have been a number of letters beating him up for who he forgot and by association implying that you're all a bunch of morons. Correct me if I'm wrong, but this series was Standish's social history of popular music, not a list of everyone who ever made it. I liked that he picked the people he thought had the longest legs and then supported his selections. These are magazine pieces. Anyone who needs more can visit a library.

John Raymond
Memphis, Tennessee

TWIN PEAKS

Pandora Peaks (June) is a real Georgia peach. She's a vixen of the Nineties who makes me feel like a high school kid again.

Roger Kuenzel
Kingston, Pennsylvania

I strongly object to the Pandora Peaks pictorial. Featuring a woman with this sort of extreme surgical enhancement diminishes the true beauty of natural women. It also gives young men false expectations.

Mark Hall
New Orleans, Louisiana

Pandora Peaks says that her job as a stripteaser is stress-free. That may hold true for her, but every time I see her sensational act, my heart pounds like a sledgehammer and my loins nearly explode.

John Cefalu
San Jose, California

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Add my name to the list of people who will make PLAYBOY's circulation "bust out" in June.

David Addison
Champaign, Illinois

I had the opportunity to meet the lovely Pandora Peaks at one of her New York club appearances several months ago. She's proof that adult entertainers are not vulgar or disreputable people. For the few moments I had to speak with her, Pandora displayed a warmth and charm that was refreshing. I congratulate PLAYBOY for having the good taste to present this outstanding woman to the world.

Fred Tuttle
Queens, New York

PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR

Stacy Sanches (*Stacy*, June) has the body of a Botticelli and seems pretty chill to boot. This issue is a keeper.

Gregg Zukowski
Los Angeles, California

In the text that accompanies her sexy pictorial, Stacy Sanches speaks of learning to seduce the camera. Any naked woman could seduce a man, but the sensuality in Stacy's face seduced my soul.

George Lamont
Fredericksburg, Virginia

DEATHBALL

Robo Umps: It sounds like a job profile for academe. I liked Asa Baber's story (June), particularly some of the descriptions. The metaphors are ones a poet would be proud of.

John Balaban
South Miami, Florida

ANOTHER WORD ON SARI LOCKER

Christopher Napolitano's interview with Sari Locker in May (*Can Friends Do It?*) was interesting, but I want to take exception to what she says about women and AIDS. I work for World, a social and information network for HIV-positive women. Women get infected by husbands and boyfriends, through casual encounters and even in lesbian relationships. The women we service are of every color, religion, ethnic group, age and income. Please tell your readers that anyone practicing unsafe sex should get tested every six months. Period.

Sandi Luna
Oakland, California

COVER STORY

A standing ovation for Art Director Tom Staebler. The June 1996 cover has all the elements of style and class that bring us back to PLAYBOY's glamour days in the Sixties. It's a true work of art. If you could send me just a cover, I would love to frame it and hang it in my gallery.

Fred Reynolds
Branford, Connecticut

EXOTICA

I had trouble tearing myself away from Karin Taylor's exotic, sensuous looks and gorgeous body (*Miami Spice*, June). I'm sure I speak for many of your readers when I say that I would love to see many more women of color featured in PLAYBOY.

William McLean Jr.
Washington, D.C.

Congratulations on choosing one of the most beautiful African American women on the planet to be Miss June.

Richard Pannell
Hollywood, California

A tour of duty in Hawaii during World War Two convinced me that a great diversity in one's racial heritage produces a more attractive person. Fifty years later, this observation is borne out by your multiracial Playmate, Karin Taylor.

Marvin Warren
New York, New York

CYBERSPACE

Edwin Diamond and Stephen Bates' *Censorship in Cyberspace* (June) is based on the theory that the Net is antihierarchical in nature and capable of enhancing freedom. This may be an illusion, as Civil Action 92-0449 (*John St. Clair Akwei vs. the National Security Agency*) indicates that cyberspace technologies make it easier for someone to look over your shoulder and take control of your life.

Paul Schaefer
Kansas City, Missouri

Why is the right always bleating about getting government off the backs of the people? When some subject comes along that they have a moral or social interest in and that they object to, such as abortion or adult material in cyberspace, they are quick to call for government intervention or control. At least the left is consistent.

Barbara Cook
Chicago, Illinois

The censors are usually the ones who require assistance to log on and then—intent on finding something offensive—search for smut. They overlook all the other available services and decry all of cyberspace. I'm tired of having some pompous, self-serving ass try to push his morals on me.

Scott Baird
U.S. Navy

BATTER UP

Some additions to your list of baseball analogies for sex (*Playboy After Hours*, June). *Bunt:* quickie. *Foul balls:* guy needs a bath. *Batting cleanup:* last guy in line in group sex. *Doubleheader:* sixty-nine.

Tuck Langland
Granger, Indiana

DON SIMPSON

After reading about Don Simpson in *You'll Never Make Love in This Town Again* and in Bernard Weinraub's article (*The Demons That Drove Don Simpson*, June), I'm astonished he had time to make movies and that he lived as long as he did. This is truly a cautionary tale about reaping what you sow.

Carol Brown
Los Angeles, California

20 QUESTIONS

Without Julia Louis-Dreyfus (June), *Seinfeld* would mostly be about guys who whine and worry. Thank God there's life after *Saturday Night Live*.

John James
Indianapolis, Indiana

I hope that *Seinfeld* will find its edge again. When the shows are good, everyone in my office gets a second laugh from repeating the choice bits. Thank God for Elaine. She keeps all the complaining down to a low roar.

Karen White
San Francisco, California

PORK PROJECTS

In *After Hours* in May, you did an item on Senator Robert C. Byrd (D–W.Va.) that is somewhat misleading. You suggest that all the projects which bear his name are "pork." Robert C. Byrd High School in Clarksburg, West Virginia is not. The citizens of the school district voted for a $39 million bond levy to finance the high school. As an assistant vice-principal, I'm nevertheless honored that you included us in the item. After all, how many times does a high school get mentioned in PLAYBOY?

Geary Rollins
Clarksburg, West Virginia

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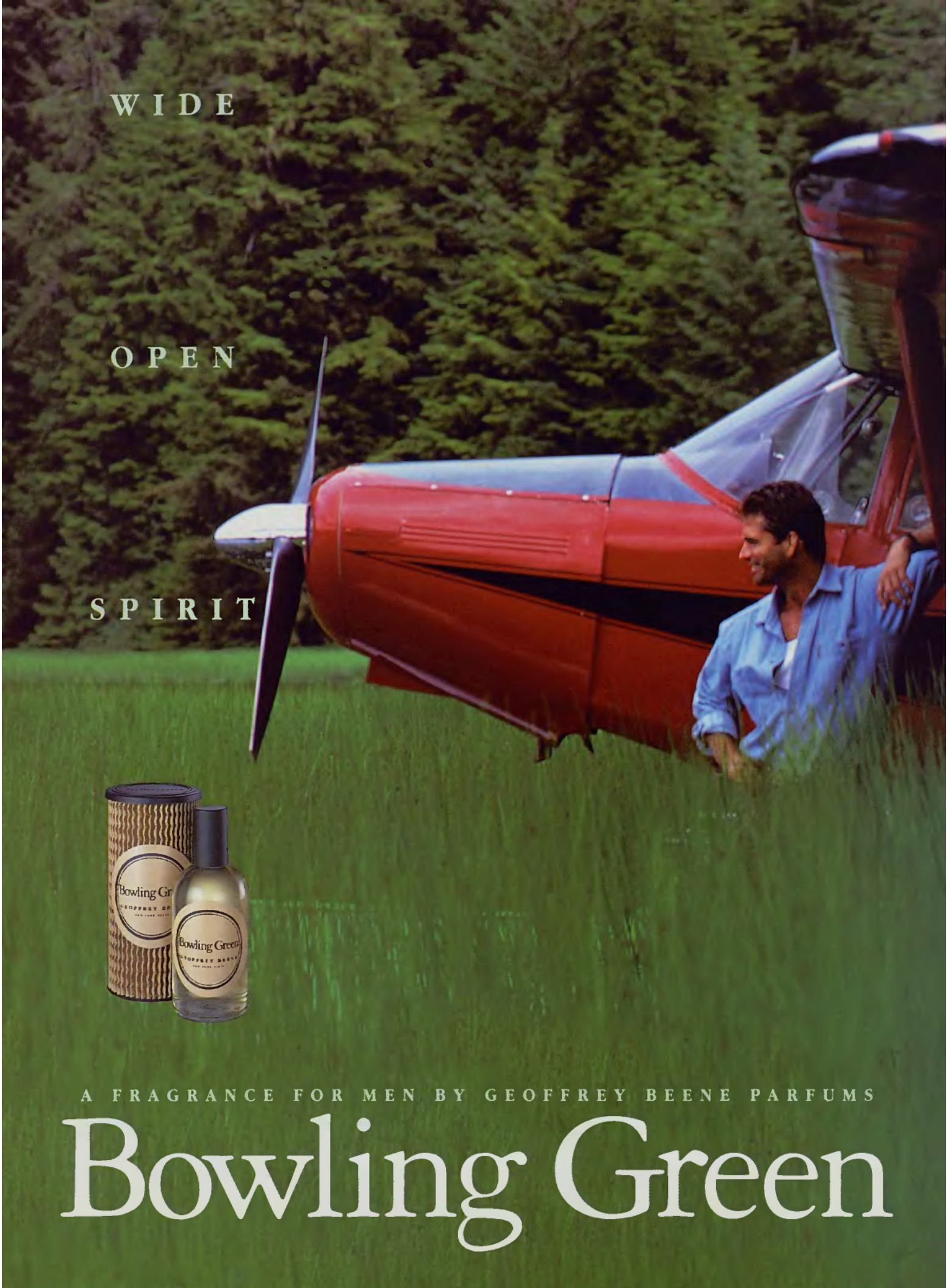
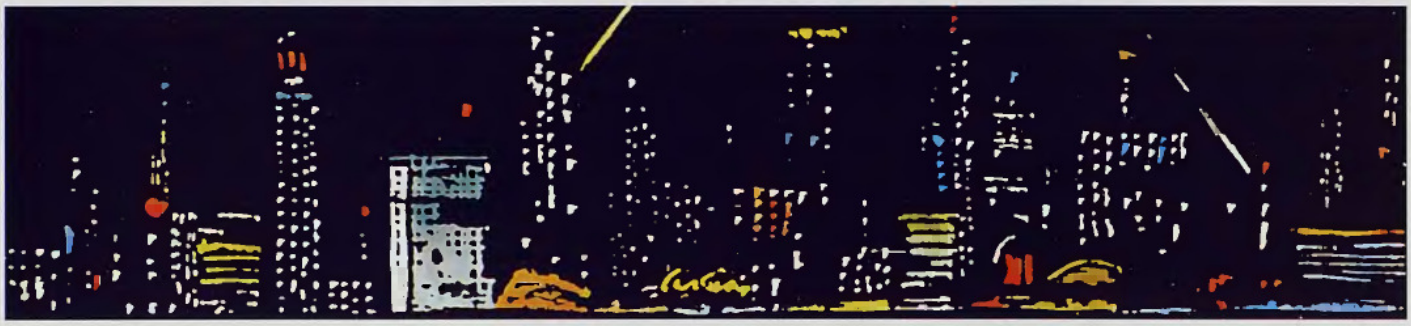

WIDE
OPEN
SPIRIT
Bowling Green
A FRAGRANCE FOR MEN BY GEOFFREY BEENE PARFUMS
Bowling Green

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



THE HORROR, THE HORROR

Showgirls was a flop the first time around, but it may turn into a cult favorite à la *Rocky Horror Picture Show*. At least United Artists hopes so. Marketing geniuses there are encouraging audience involvement at midnight shows with a pink flier that urges moviegoers to "shout out your favorite quotes, dress as your favorite showgirl, act out your favorite scenes, come in drag."

NATIONAL ENDOWMENT FOR THE ARCH

A shoemaker once asked playwright Arthur Miller why government should support art when it doesn't support such industries as shoe manufacturing. Miller replied, "Can you name one classical Greek shoemaker?" Uh, would Constantine Adidas count?

UNMADE MAN

Toronto thug Chanh Thong Vo, 24, who was gunned down late last year, was known to pack a .45-caliber pistol in the front waistband of his trousers. As a result of an earlier firearms mishap he was nicknamed No Wang Vo.

RECYCLING PACKWOOD

Although it no longer has any use for him, the U.S. Senate has found a way to use all those leftover "Office of Senator Bob Packwood" envelopes. Senate parking lot attendants use them to return car owners' keys.

ISN'T IT IRONIC?

The Mississippi House of Representatives approved a resolution honoring songwriter and Natchez native Glen Ballard for his Grammy-winning Alanis Morissette hit *You Oughta Know*. Then they apparently listened to the song's references to a blow job in a movie theater. Then they rescinded the resolution. Hey, they ought to have known.

ROYAL FLUSH

The Porcelain God: A Social History of the Toilet, by Julie Horan (Birch Lane Press), is filled to the brim with fascinating bits of alimentary education. Our favorite is a story about Queen Victoria. Before the advent of sewers, raw sewage and toilet paper were dumped into rivers. On a visit to Cambridge University in 1843, the Queen was walking along the banks of the Cam with the master of Trinity College. As they crossed a bridge, she glanced down and asked, "What are those pieces of paper floating down the river?" The good master summoned all his tact and replied, "Those, Ma'am, are notices that bathing is forbidden."

DISASTROUS PLAN

In Oregon, Quake-X '96, a local, state and federal emergency earthquake drill, was called off on account of flooding.

ANOTHER SLICK WILLIE

An unintentional consequence of a Dole presidential victory could be the outbreak of widespread bawdy mirth in Iran. It seems that by at least one phonetic transliteration, Dole, in Farsi, sounds like "dool," the word for penis. That should make for some colorful TV news in Tehran. Then again, a Dole win could put a damper on anti-American demonstrations. It's hard to envision crowds of angry Iranian men, however fundamentalist, enthusiastically chanting, "Down with penis!"

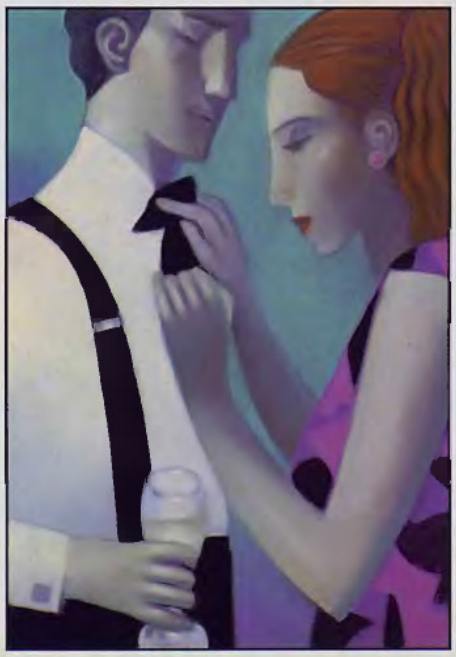


ILLUSTRATION BY GARY KELLEY

STRONG TO THE FINNISH

If beer drinking becomes an Olympic event, put your money on the Finns. In a recent European quaffing contest held on a Baltic ferry, Finns dominated the sprints, with one downing a pint in 2.5 seconds and eight bottles in 71 seconds and another winning the dignified Small Tankard division. Their prowess, said the cruise host, derives from their cultural approach to imbibing: "Basically, it has nothing to do with socializing."

WE'RE NUMBER ONE!

With so many other professional sports teams and leagues, the new Major League Soccer franchises had to be imaginative to come up with original team names. Such was the case with the New England Revolution, Tampa Bay Mutiny, Dallas Burn and Los Angeles Galaxy. However, for sheer colorful imagery, nobody beats the Kansas City Wiz. Possible marketing slogan? "Urine for some great soccer!"

RUBBED THE WRONG WAY

Early this year, 600 blind masseurs and masseuses gathered in Seoul, South Korea to protest a television report that suggested that all massage therapists are prostitutes. It should be noted that only blind persons are licensed to be massage therapists in South Korea, a regulation designed to give the sight-challenged a leg up in finding work. Some of the protesters lined up against a wall of the offending TV station and urinated on it. Presumably, despite their handicaps, they were all able to hit their marks.

YO, KOANS

The capital of the material world was host to an exhibit called 73 Windows on Rodeo Drive, in which Yoko Ono

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

"She is such a sad soul. It is good that it is over. I know I should preach family unity and love, but in their case. . . ."
—MOTHER TERESA ON THE DIVORCE OF PRINCESS DIANA AND PRINCE CHARLES

A LOT OF LOVE

According to *The Greatest Sales Stories Ever Told From the World's Best Salespeople*, by Robert Shook, percentage of used-car dealers who admit they would haggle with their own parents: 22.

AMY CATHORE

FACT OF THE MONTH

For $4800, Celestis, Inc. of Houston will shoot a small portion of your cremated remains into orbit aboard a commercial rocket.

VAMPIRE-FREE AMERICA

The number of pounds of garlic per capita consumed in the U.S. in 1975: 0.6. Number of pounds consumed per capita in 1994: 2.

COMFORTERS

According to *American Bedtime Routines*: Percentage of Americans who allow their pets to sleep in their bed: 18.

RIM JOB

Amount 14-year-old Christopher Conley received in a lawsuit against a manufacturer of basketball nets to compensate for the extensive dental work he required after he tried to dunk a basketball and got his teeth caught in the net: $50,000.

THE OLD WOODSMAN

According to polls by Gallup and the National Opinion Research Center, percentage of married couples in their 60s who say they still have sex outdoors: 20.

SNOW JOBS

Ratio of real estate agents to total population nationwide: 1 to 250. Ratio in Park City, Utah, home of the Winter Olympics in 2002: 1 to 17.

SIGN LANGUAGE

In a poll of 7000 people in six countries, percentage who could recognize the golden arches of McDonald's and the logo for Shell Oil: 88. Percentage who could identify the Christian cross: 54.

MERDE

Number of tons of waste produced each day by the estimated 250,000 dogs living in Paris: 25. Average annual number of Parisians who are injured after slipping on dog poop left on the sidewalk: 650.

WHAT CRIME PAYS

According to *The Washington Post*, average annual income of a moderately active burglar in California in 1994 dollars: $2963; a robber: $3520; a swindler: $8527; an auto thief: $18,776. Average income for full-time criminals before conviction on a federal charge: $33,455.

IN COKE WE TRUST

Percentage of Americans who would approve of advertisements on dollar bills if the ad revenues were to mean lower taxes: 35.

LIFE AFTER LISA MARIE

According to a survey by *The Washington Post*, percentage of American women who would go on a date with Michael Jackson: 11. Percentage who would seriously consider marrying him: 2.

INSULT TO INJURY

According to a 1994 report by the U.S. Consumer Product Safety Commission, average number of emergency room visits nationwide each day for injuries from telephone-related accidents: 48. From TV-related accidents: 101. From toilet-related accidents: 120. From sofa-related accidents: 312.

—LAURA BILLINGS

decorated the exteriors of Beverly Hills boutiques. Her signs included these piercing thoughts: "Step in all the puddles in the city" and "Polish an orange." The Chanel window read "You are water, I'm water. We're all water in a different container." Except whenever we look at Yoko, we see that her container is half-empty.

FARE WAR

We don't expect to find delicious food on a plane, but we also don't expect unusual additives. A recently surfaced United Airlines internal report shows that passengers complained about the following: a dead moth in a biscuit, a large worm in a salad, a live slug on pork, half a spider in a fruit plate and black hairs (phylum unknown) in cinnamon rolls.

FBI BMW AWOL

It was a law-enforcement twist on the idea of "Physician, heal thyself" when former FBI director William Webster's BMW was stolen. It got even more twisted when D.C. police found it, called Webster and told him where to pick it up. By the time he got there, it had been stolen again.

A QUEEN AMONG THE KINGMAKERS

Dan Savage was the only voter in his precinct to register as a Republican during the Washington State primary caucuses—so he automatically became a delegate to the GOP's county convention. Savage, mind you, is a drag queen who writes a sex advice column called *Savage Love* and recently declared, "I can't stand conservatives, those idiots." His intention is to attend the convention and thereby either liberalize it or repel it so far to the right that it becomes unpalatable to moderate voters. He didn't rule out appearing in his drag outfit, which includes spike heels and a foot-high wig. Point of order, bitches!

STUPID IS FOREVER

Making the rounds of the Internet is a list of newspaper stars whose stories you won't see on PBS. Culled over time, the awards include the Rubber Cushion, bestowed on a man who mistook a tube of glue for hemorrhoid cream and cemented his butt closed. A burglar earned a gold star for getting caught stealing a stereo; his name is tattooed on his forehead. The British Cup was given to the passengers of the Margate-Victoria train who witnessed a couple having intercourse. They didn't complain, however, until the satisfied couple lit a cigarette in a nonsmoking car. The most Solomonic award, the Silver Bullet, went to a poacher who shot a deer on an overhang and was crushed to death when the animal fell on him.

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CAN CAUSE SERIOUS CONVERSATIONS
AND SOMETIMES EVEN DANCING.
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OUTBACK HALF SPORT UTILITY. HALF CAR. ALL ADVENTURE.

Let's face it. Your average car can only take you so far. A sport-utility, on the other hand, can take you – and your worldly possessions – pretty much any place you want to go. That is, if you don't mind a trip rougher than a ride in a kangaroo's pouch. That's why we created the amazing 1996 Subaru Outback®. This sturdy hybrid combines the ruggedness and versatility of a sport-utility with the riding comfort and fuel economy of a passenger car. For starters, you get the Subaru All-Wheel Driving System, which includes the sure-footed traction of our

"Always wear seat belts. †Cargo space measured with seats upright. "All comparisons and figures represent 1995 model year vehicles, except for the 1996 Subaru Legacy Outback. Ground clearance based on manufacturer's published specs.

full-time Subaru All-Wheel Drive, the superior stability of an optional 2.5-liter, 155-hp horizontally opposed engine, and the smooth ride of an optimally tuned suspension. Simply put,

COMPARE THE SUBARU OUTBACK.†

	Subaru Outback	Jeep Grand Cherokee	Ford Explorer	Chevrolet Blazer	Honda Passport
Fuel Economy (mpg)	20/26	15/20	15/20	16/21	15/18
Front Headroom	40.2"	38.9"	39.9"	39.6"	38.0"
Front Legroom	43.3"	40.9"	42.4"	42.5"	42.5"

1996 EPA estimate. Subaru Outback 4EAT. City 20/Hwy 26. Use for comparison only. Your actual mileage may vary.

it's a system that continuously monitors changing road and weather conditions, automatically transferring power from the wheels that slip to the wheels that grip. With it, even the most adventuresome spirit can conquer a winding mountain pass. And the most safety-minded soul can regain the upper hand against wet roads, crippling potholes – even skittish squirrels. You'll also be relieved to know that the Outback comes equipped with a combination of safety features not found on most sport-utility vehicles. Like dual air bags. Side-impact panels. Crumple zones. And 4-channel ABS that'll stop you surer than a hungry croc out for a midnight snack. So if you want a vehicle with more cargo space than a Honda Passport,† more front headroom than a Jeep Cherokee, and the ground clearance of a Ford Explorer** without its fuel consumption, just give us a call at 1-800-WANT-AWD. Or drop by your local Subaru dealer and take a test-drive in the all new All-Wheel Drive Outback. The world's first sport-utility wagon. And let your adventure begin.*

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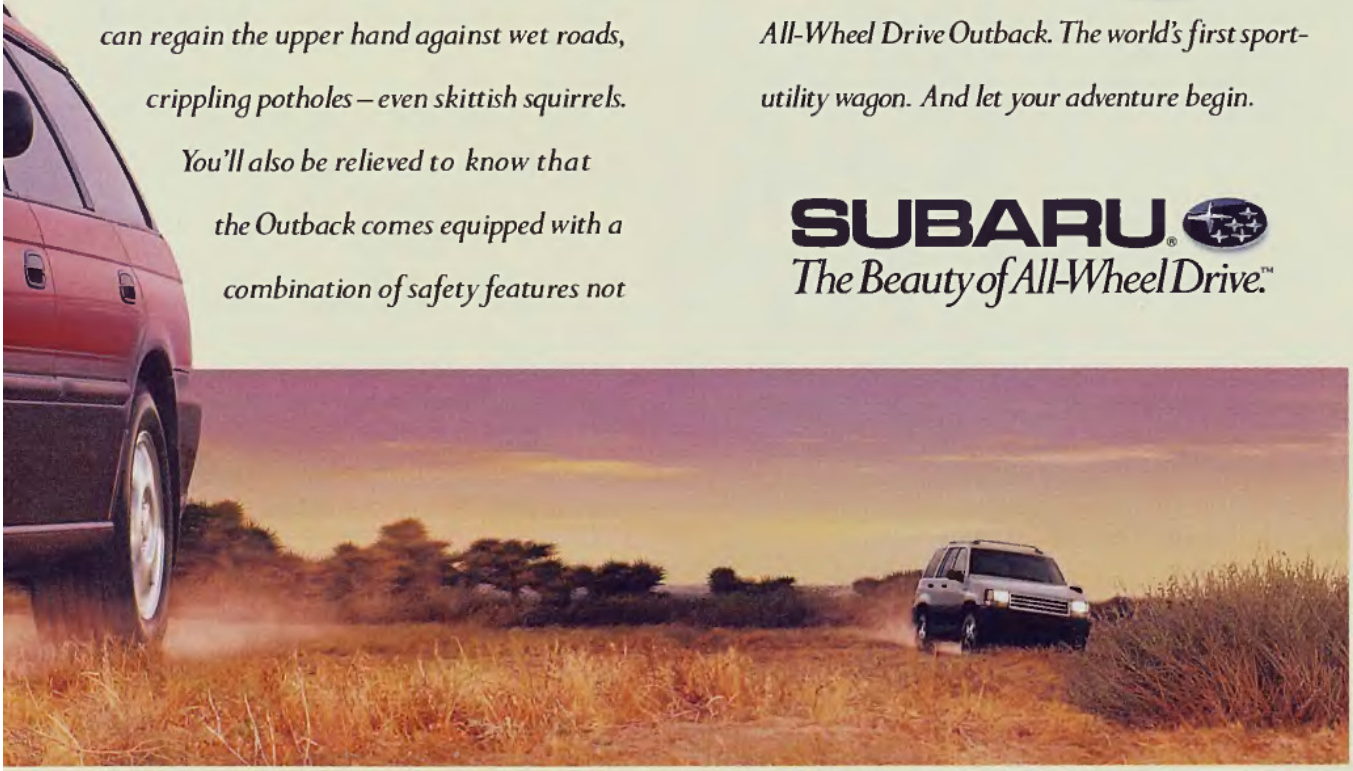

NOT FOR SAILORS ONLY

The peacoat, that classic double-breasted, notched-collar–style outerwear commonly found in army-navy surplus stores, has been given the luxe treatment for fall. Instead of standard navy wool, for example, Mondo's eight-button version ($425) is made of wool crepe and is cut slightly longer than a sports jacket (it comes in mahogany, midnight, carbon and black). British designer Vivienne Westwood offers an A-line navy wool melton peacoat with side pockets, side vents and eight buttons in front ($585). DKNY's models come in rich colors and fabrics such as burgundy leather ($950), navy pony leather ($3200) and ruby velvet ($585). Perry Ellis' hip-length pea-green peacoat with side pockets and eight buttons ($225) is made of polyester, nylon and polyurethane. Searle's black Superflex version ($495, pictured here) is lightweight, weather resistant and warm (thanks to a mix of polyester, nylon, Lycra and polyacrylic). And for two hip looks, check out the Hugo Boss collection, which includes a six-button coated-denim peacoat and a winter-white model made from a polyester-and-polyurethane combo that resembles wet-suit fabric ($595).

UP TO YOUR NECK

Now that menswear designers are in a mod Sixties mode, turtleneck sweaters will be turning up big time this fall. Think Robert Wagner and *Love, American Style*—but without the heavy metal chains. Today's turtlenecks should be worn alone or under a sports jacket for a polished tieless look. One way you can't go wrong is with Ballantyne Cashmere's single-ply turtleneck in camel ($460, pictured above under the peacoat). Joseph Abboud's extra-heavy six-ply cashmere turtle in black or taupe with a multicolored Fair Isle design ($1100) is ideal for hanging out après ski or for a winter weekend in the country. Joop also does cashmere, but its variation features an op-art design in muted shades of rust and green ($390). Nicole Farhi's ribbed wool turtlenecks in baby blue and six other colors ($135) have white tipping at the collar, cuffs and hem. Or pair Klurk's ribbed wool-acrylic turtleneck ($130, in brown and light blue, or navy and lime) with flat-front pants.

HOT SHOPPING: PORTLAND, MAINE

With warm Atlantic breezes caressing the rugged coastline, visiting Maine in September is a late-summer pleasure. In Freeport, just north of Portland, there are scores of retail outlets (including a 24-hour L.L. Bean). Along the brick sidewalks of Portland's salty Old Port Exchange, you'll find markets, restaurants and these interesting shops. • Barnes' Outfitters (305 Commercial Street): Gear and clothing for fly fishermen. • Joseph's (410 Fore Street): Upscale apparel for both genders, primarily by Italian designers. • Northern Sky Toyz (388 Fore Street): An adult toy store with cool nylon kites and unusual puzzles and board games. • The Leather Exchange (10 Exchange Street): Exotic footwear, from Danish clogs to sandals from Israel. • DiMillo's Floating Restaurant (25 Long Wharf): A converted car ferry where you can crack Maine lobster.

CLOTHES LINE

As the star of the NBC series *JAG*, **David James Elliot** looks slick in military whites. But he prefers less-structured attire off camera. The Toronto native loves Replay jeans from the Replay Country Store in Beverly Hills. "They feel great and people always remark about how good they look." A long-distance runner, Elliot says his workout gear is "eclectic Nike"—mismatched shirts and shorts. The 12-handicap golfer also has a collection of 50 golf caps to complement his Bobby Jones shirt collection. And although he "would love to wear a suit every day," in reality he rarely wears one. His favorite? A sage-green wool single-breasted Armani.

AROMATIC AUTUMN

Plenty is happening with men's fragrances this fall. Yves Saint Laurent has just introduced Opium for Men, a heady mix of sweet vanilla, star aniseed, patchouli and sandalwood. If you prefer a light, fresh scent, Liz Claiborne's Curve for Men collection of grooming products includes a great skin soother and a foaming shave gel. Paul Stuart offers a tangy eau de toilette that mixes lemon, bergamot and vetiver notes. Hadrien Absolu from French perfumer Annick Goutal is also crisp and lemony in a concentration that lasts all day. For a truly exotic indulgence, we like Douglas Hopkins' Prastara, a sensual blend of citrus and tropical florals said to have been created for Louis XIV of France.

MARTIN HOPKINS

STYLE METER

PANTS	IN	OUT
STYLES	Flat-front chinos; five-pocket jeans; cargo pants; straight- and boot-cut legs	Carpenter pants; overalls; triple pleats; stovepipes and bell-bottoms
FITS	Slim, but not tight; relaxed; slung low on the hips; length to the top of the shoe	Exaggerated hip-hop looks; styles that hang wide and extra long
COLORS AND FABRICS	Khoki, navy, indigo or black; cotton denim, corduroy or twill	Artificially faded; pin-striped denim; stoplight and rave-hot colors

Where & How to Buy on page 156.

A MAN'S GUIDE *to buying* DIAMONDS

ARE YOU *one of the* TWO MILLION victims of ENGAGEMENT RING anxiety?

1. Relax. Guys simply are not supposed to know this stuff. Dads rarely say, "Son, let's talk diamonds."
2. But it's still your call. So read on.
3. Spend wisely. It's tricky because no two diamonds are alike. Formed in the earth millions of years ago, diamonds are found in the most remote corners of the world. De Beers, the world's largest diamond company, has over 100 years' experience in mining and valuing. They sort rough diamonds into over 5,000 grades before they go on to be cut and polished. So be sure you know what you're buying. Two diamonds of the same size may vary widely in quality. And if a price looks too good to be true, it probably is.
4. Learn the jargon. Your guide to quality and value is a combination of four characteristics called *The 4 C's.* They are: *Cut,* not the same as shape, but refers to the way the facets, or flat surfaces, are angled. A better cut offers more brilliance; *Color,* actually, close to no color is rarest; *Clarity,* the fewer natural marks, or "inclusions," the better; *Carat weight,* the larger the diamond, usually the more rare.
5. Determine your price range. What do you spend on the one woman in the world who is smart enough to marry you? Many people use the *two months' salary guideline.* Spend less and the relatives will talk. Spend more and they'll rave.
6. Watch her as you browse. Go by how she reacts, not by what she says. She may be reluctant to tell you what she really wants. Then once you have an idea of her taste, don't involve her in the actual purchase. You both will cherish the memory of your surprise.
7. Find a reputable jeweler, someone you can trust, to ensure you're getting a diamond you can be proud of. Ask questions. Ask friends who've gone through it. Ask the jeweler you choose why two diamonds that look the same are priced differently. Avoid Joe's Mattress and Diamond Discounters.
8. *Learn more.* For the booklet *"How to buy diamonds you'll be proud to give,"* call **1-800-FOREVER,** Dept. 21.
9. Finally, think romance. And don't compromise. This is one of life's most important occasions. You want a diamond as unique as your love. *Besides, how else can two months' salary last forever?*

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A diamond is forever.
De Beers

DeBeers Consolidated Mines, Ltd., Est. 1888.

MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

CHICAGO-BORN Larry and Andy Wachowski make their feature debuts with ***Bound*** (Gramercy Pictures), a taut, insidious thriller that they wrote, co-produced and directed. Set in a Chicago high-rise, the movie follows two beautiful lesbians from their brief first encounter to a daring attempt to relieve the Mafia of $2 million in laundered money. Sultry Gina Gershon—who had nowhere to go but up after her stint in last year's *Showgirls*—plays Corky, a paroled thief who lives next door to Violet (Jennifer Tilly), the bored mistress of a Mafia money man (Joe Pantoliano). After their initial click, the two women hatch a scheme that unfolds with many a slip between the lies and the loot. Sex, viciousness and violence—cutting off a finger is a favored form of punishment—thicken the plot as *Bound* careens toward a hold-your-breath climax. Getting there turns out to be good, mean fun if you don't mind a little blood. ¥¥¥

•

Producer-director Robert Altman's colorful ***Kansas City*** (Fine Line) has a typically complex story line that combines the city's history as a jazz capital with tangled tales of crime and punishment. A slew of modern musical greats re-creates the good old days in the Hey-Hey Club owned by a mobster named Seldom Seen (Harry Belafonte, in fine form). Altman occasionally lets his affection for vintage jazz play hell with his plot, but between riffs there's absorbing, madcap mischief. Jennifer Jason Leigh is a would-be moll who calls herself Blondie, and Miranda Richardson plays Carolyn Stilton, the wife of a political big cheese (Michael Murphy). As the movie opens, Blondie kidnaps Carolyn in the dazed belief that Stilton's mob ties may persuade Seldom Seen not to exterminate her reckless husband Johnny (Dermot Mulroney). Plots and subplots cover corrupt local politics in the Prohibition era, though the main event becomes Richardson's role as a woman so addicted to laudanum that she begins to enjoy captivity. Richardson is brilliant, while Leigh's strident Blondie often seems forced and artificial, a hard-bitten Jean Harlow imitation with too little heart. All in all, *Kansas City* pays off as a flawed but memorable maze of music, stellar performances and wry, well-crafted period melodrama. ¥¥¥½

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What is essentially the same love triangle develops three ways in New York, Berlin and Tokyo—each time with a different cast and appropriate local color.

Gershon and Tilly: *Bound* beauties.

Some trouble with women, some melodrama with music and some jolts on a fast track.

That's the format of writer-director Hal Hartley's ***Flirt*** (Cinepix). The tale he tells—and retells—has several constant elements: Someone is catching a plane, a lover is given an ultimatum to resolve a relationship and somebody gets shot in the face. Part one of Hartley's self-conscious troika is the best, involving Bill Sage as a happy-go-lucky New Yorker whose girlfriend Emily (Parker Posey) wants to know where they stand before she flies off to Paris. The trouble with *Flirt* is that Hartley's variations on a theme are clever but really not all that interesting. While every episode ends with a bang, the movie turns out to be a cinematic stunt with minimal substance. ¥¥

•

In the provocative ***Foxfire*** (Samuel Goldwyn), raising hell and searching for identities becomes a schoolgirl thing. A novel by Joyce Carol Oates, originally set in the Fifties, is moved to the present in Elizabeth White's adaptation, directed with cool confidence by Annette Haywood-Carter. *Foxfire* depicts a young woman's world that is liberated to a fault. The spur to action is a mysterious drifter named Legs Sadovsky (sleekly played by Angelina Jolie, Jon Voight's daughter) who shows up at the high school where four girls in a biology class have had to endure their macho teacher's habitual sexual abuse. Legs incites them to revenge, after which they feel empowered to vandalize the school, decorate their breasts with tattoos and steal a car from a bully-boy classmate. Before their rampage ends, they even kidnap and wound the father of Goldie (Jenny Shimizu), one troubled friend who is hooked on drugs. As played here, Legs seems almost mythical—an alter ego who arouses the rebellious inner self of Maddy (Hedy Burress) and her normal middle-class chums. With persuasive acting throughout, *Foxfire* sometimes errs on the side of excess yet manages to make its nubile misfits look like rebels with burning issues. ¥¥¥

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The onslaught of Jane Austen adaptations continues with ***Emma*** (Miramax) following *Persuasion*, *Sense and Sensibility* and *Clueless*, an Americanized update of *Emma*. In writer-director Douglas McGrath's version, we're back to early 19th century England, with Gwyneth Paltrow all charm and silly good intentions as the meddlesome, matchmaking heroine. McGrath comes to the Austen craze a little late, and his work looks studied and self-conscious compared with its predecessors. On the upside, Paltrow is a delightful actress who seems right at home with top-of-the-line Anglo talents, including Jeremy Northam as the eligible Mr. Knightley, and Juliet Stevenson, Greta Scacchi and Australia's Toni Collette among the more colorful players. Audiences drawn to *Emma* may be overcome by déjà vu, but Austen's period comedy of mating games and gossip still looks timely. ¥¥¥

•

To fully appreciate ***Trainspotting*** (Miramax), already a controversial smash hit in England, steel nerves and a strong stomach are essential. Director Danny Boyle, who made the kinky *Shallow Grave*, dives headlong into darker social cesspools with John Hodge's screenplay from an audacious novel by Irvine Welsh. The title doesn't explain what trainspotting means—either the aimlessly hypnotic pastime of clocking railway traffic or, more likely, a metaphor for addiction. Five drug-addicted young Scots whoop it up on heroin in Edinburgh, and the leader of the pack seems to be Renton (played with short-fused fervor by *Shallow Grave*'s Ewan McGregor). Stealing, mugging and scoring scag are the real pursuits of Renton and his loutish chums, Spud (Ewen Bremner), Begbie (Robert Carlyle), Tommy (Kevin McKidd) and Sick Boy (Jonny Lee Miller), a peroxide-blond movie nut who knows everything about Sean Connery. The lads hang out in a joint called Volcano, and their exploits—real and imagined—are aptly explosive: Renton dives

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THERE'S ONLY ONE THING
MORE SACRED THAN FAMILY.
SILENCE.
HBO PICTURES PRESENTS
GOTTI
NEW YORK'S MOST NOTORIOUS MOBSTER
A GARY LUCCHESI PRODUCTION A ROBERT HARMON FILM ARMAND ASSANTE GOTTI WILLIAM FORSYTHE AND ANTHONY QUINN
MUSIC BY MARK ISHAM PRODUCER DAVID COATSWORTH EXECUTIVE PRODUCER GARY LUCCHESI SCREENPLAY BY STEVE SHAGAN BASED IN PART ON THE BOOK
"THE LAST GANGSTER: WINNING THE WAR AGAINST JOHN GOTTI AND THE MOB" BY JERRY CAPECI AND GENE MUSTAIN DIRECTED BY ROBERT HARMON
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Bad boy makes good.

OFF CAMERA

Michael Rapaport sounds unhappy on the phone from San Francisco, where he is shooting *Metro* with Eddie Murphy. "I took this job to work with Murphy. I wanted to be him when I was a kid, and personally he's great. But I don't like what I'm doing. The script isn't developed—it's like the walking dead out here." Otherwise, at age 25, Rapaport, a New Yorker to the bone, feels alive and well and upwardly mobile. "I'm still like the kid who looks around and says to himself: 'Oh shit, I'm in the movies!'"

Doing the work he loves has been Michael's concern since he moved to Los Angeles at the age of 19 and started doing stand-up comedy. "My style was unorthodox, but I wasn't scared, even when the audiences didn't laugh." He originally yearned to be a basketball player. "Basketball, girls and acting tough" were all that mattered during his wild Manhattan youth as the unruly son of a radio program manager at WKTU. "I got kicked out of about nine schools. I wasn't bad, just uncontrollable. I had a loud mouth."

He discovered his calling after landing his first role, on TV's *China Beach*. "I cried. I was just so overwhelmed and happy." Busy on the big screen in a variety of roles since 1992, he has played a Detroit white boy in love with a black girl in *Zebrahead*, a New Englander enraptured by supermodels in *Beautiful Girls* and a prizefighter opposite Mira Sorvino in Woody Allen's *Mighty Aphrodite*. So far, he has scored knockouts in some 15 movies. And there's much more to come—including the lead in *Ill Town* with Lili Taylor. "But I have to love what I do. I need a part that makes me want to get up and go to work in the morning. I can't just walk through shit. I've been lucky, but the more I do, the standards get higher."

into a toilet and swims through a druggy netherworld. Spud, after a one-night stand, spreads shit from his soiled sheets everywhere. Sick Boy's dead baby allegedly comes back to life and freaks everyone out. Grim, raw and often repellent, *Trainspotting* is a nose-thumbing cinematic shocker that deglamorizes drug use with frontal attacks on your senses. ¥¥¥½

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Too many lapses of logic on the simplest level make ***She's the One*** (Fox Searchlight) a disappointment after writer-director-actor Ed Burns' promising 1995 debut, *The Brothers McMullen*. Once more, Burns assumes a key role, here as Mickey Fitzpatrick, an unambitious Brooklyn cabdriver whose brother Francis (Mike McGlone, another former McMullen) makes out like a bandit in business. A smug chauvinist, Francis also cheats on his sex-starved wife (Jennifer Aniston of TV's *Friends*, stealing scene after scene) with his brother's ex-girlfriend (Cameron Diaz). Meanwhile, Mickey impulsively marries a customer he picks up in his taxi, a waitress named Hope (Maxine Bahns). The plot begins to fray when Hope suddenly reveals that she has a lesbian admirer and may leave to study something or other in Paris. Besides frittering away lots of time with Francis' macho exploits, *She's the One* takes an uncritical view of the Fitzpatrick family's sexist drivel—clearly derived from their dad (John Mahoney), whose fishing boat is off-limits to women. The movie owes its major appeal to the ill-used women on deck—namely Aniston and Diaz, who combine sleek good looks with knowing wit and pizzazz. *She's the One* could have used a good deal more of both. ¥¥½

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Movies based on John Grisham best-sellers usually hit the jackpot. The latest, adapted from his first novel, is ***A Time to Kill*** (Warner Bros.). It's a rousing courtroom thriller directed by Joel Schumacher, whose know-how launched Grisham's *The Client* as well as *Batman Forever*. A top-notch acting ensemble is headed by Matthew McConaughey as Jake Brigance, the Southern lawyer defending a black workingman (Samuel L. Jackson) on trial for murdering the two rednecks who raped his 10-year-old daughter. It's an open-and-shut case, predictably liberal but diligently played by McConaughey, who resembles Gary Cooper. Sandra Bullock as a pushy law-student volunteer, Ashley Judd as Jake's worried wife and Kevin Spacey as the unctuous prosecutor are joined by Brenda Fricker, Donald Sutherland, Charles Dutton and Oliver Platt to make the most of *Time to Kill*'s crowd-pleasing potency. ¥¥¥

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

Bound (See review) Lesbians bond to make off with the Mob's ill-gotten gains. ¥¥¥

Emma (See review) More of Jane Austen, given a lift this time by Gwyneth Paltrow. ¥¥¥

Flirt (See review) Hal Hartley's thrice-told tale is barely worth the telling. ¥¥

Foxfire (See review) Schoolgirls sexually harassed into open rebellion go berserk. ¥¥¥

The Horseman on the Roof (7/96) Period French lovers try to outrun the cholera epidemic. ¥¥¥

I Shot Andy Warhol (6/96) Playing the deranged shooter, Lili Taylor is a marvel. ¥¥¥½

Kansas City (See review) Altman's melange of music, local color and melodrama. ¥¥¥½

Lone Star (7/96) A murder case reopened in Sayles' rich saga. ¥¥¥¥

The Low Life (8/96) Some unencumbered, often unemployed singles in Los Angeles. ¥¥½

Manny & Lo (8/96) Diverting road trip for kid runaways and a hostage. ¥¥½

Mission: Impossible (Listed only) Monster moneymaker—hard to follow but very accomplished. ¥¥½

Moll Flanders (8/96) Robin Wright sashays through it as a whore with heart. ¥¥¥

Mouth to Mouth (8/96) Phone sex with a Spanish accent. ¥¥¥

The Pompatus of Love (Listed only) Young males, bullish but beginning to learn. ¥¥½

She's the One (See review) Some beautiful women doing all they can for Ed Burns. ¥¥½

Somebody to Love (7/96) Rosie Perez rocks as an East L.A. taxi dancer. ¥¥

Stealing Beauty (8/96) Bertolucci's lovely, languid tale of a virgin (Liv Tyler) who livens up a long Italian summer. ¥¥¥¥

Stonewall (Listed only) Gay-lesbian rights and the famous liberation riot revisited. ¥¥½

A Time to Kill (See review) One more book-based epic from the Grisham canon. ¥¥¥

Trainspotting (See review) British shocker about drugs and violence—nice work if you can take it. ¥¥¥½

Twister (8/96) Special effects huff and puff and blow everyone away in a huge summer hit. ¥¥¥

Walking and Talking (8/96) A couple of Manhattan chicks hold forth amusingly—and of course, the main topic is men. ¥¥½

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥ Worth a look
¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it

GUEST SHOT

Although **Divine Brown** became a household name thanks to a brief trip to Hugh Grant's lap, "I still haven't seen one of his movies." Instead, the streetwalker turned lobbyist for legalized prostitution relaxes with video fare featuring Martin Lawrence (especially *Bad Boys*) or Angela Bassett. "I just loved her in *What's Love Got to Do With It* and *Waiting to Exhale*," Divine raves. The hardworking mother of three flashes back to her own childhood when choosing her favorite film. "I loved *Cinderella* so much that my mom bought me a pair of clear plastic shoes," she says. "Now here I am, wearing ruby-red glass-heeled slippers in my first video" (the X-rated *Sunset and Divine*). Just proves that if you wait long enough, someday your prince will come. —DAVID STINE

VIDBITS

As videophiles know, there's a film for every whim. But writer Andrea Shaw says there are more whims than you imagined. Her book ***Seen That, Now What?*** (Fireside, $15.95) catalogs more than 5400 movies into user-friendly categories such as "Lovers on the Lam" (*True Romance* and *Natural Born Killers*), "Families Gone Bad" (*Hush . . . Hush, Sweet Charlotte* and *Who Slew Auntie Roo?*) and "Recent Oddities From Hell" (*Killer Klowns From Outer Space*). Our fave: "Planets and Tribes of Scantily Clad Women" (*Wild Women of Wongo*). . . . Until the boxing commissions come up with an exciting bout, we'll have to rely on the past for rock 'em–sock 'em thrills. MPI's ***Legends of the Ring*** collection includes 90-minute vid profiles of boxing's best: *Jack Johnson: Breaking Barriers* tracks the champ's five marriages and bullfighting career; *Sugar Ray Robinson: Pound for Pound* highlights the five-time middleweight champ's reign, his momentary retirement and his stab at tap dancing; and *Muhammad Ali: Skill, Brains and Guts* is a blow-by-blow bio of the Greatest. Each tape is $20—still cheaper than your average pay-per-view boxing special.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE

Not all American classics have roots in the U.S. Some of Hollywood's biggest hits are actually retreads of fare from overseas. Sweet inspiration or highway robbery? You be the judge:

Star Wars (1977) and ***The Hidden Fortress*** (Japanese, 1958): Although the settings are worlds apart, George Lucas' intergalactic classic is simply Akira Kurosawa's samurai epic about a warrior protecting a princess from an evil empire—brought up to light speed.

Reservoir Dogs (1992) and ***City on Fire*** (Canadian–Chinese, 1987): Writer–director–self-professed actor Quentin Tarantino borrows heavily—including shot-framing—from this Hong Kong crime thriller directed by Ringo Lam. Some say he also grabbed bits of *The Asphalt Jungle* and *The Killing* and. . . .

True Lies (1994) and ***La Totale!*** (French, 1991): Arnold and Jamie Lee's suburban-husband-is-really-a-spy thriller features plot twists, toys and the basic premise of the less flashy French original, directed by Claude Zidi.

Fistful of Dollars (1964) and ***Yojimbo*** (Japanese, 1961): Sergio Leone's spaghetti Western (introducing TV actor Clint Eastwood) is based on Kurosawa's wry spin on warring samurai gangs. Leone's winning device: Replace the swords with six-shooters.

The Magnificent Seven (1960) and ***The Seven Samurai*** (Japanese, 1954): Another East-to-West inspiration. Both films tell the story of a small group of warriors who defend a village against bandits. But the American version of Kurosawa's perfect morality play relied on star power (Brynner, McQueen, Coburn, Bronson).

Blow Out (1981) and ***Blowup*** (British–Italian, 1966): Brian DePalma took Michelangelo Antonioni's mystery about a photographer who accidentally captures a murder on film, changed the character to a movie soundman and gave Travolta the role. Slicker than the original—but it works.

Stardust Memories (1980) and ***8½*** (Italian, 1963): Woody Allen's self-portrait will never be Fellini's valentine to himself, but most critics agree that the common theme—a filmmaker's confusion with his women and his art—makes the pair a decent double feature. —LUKE MCMULLEN

LASER FARE

Pioneer serves up a Dutch treat in Paul (*Basic Instinct*, *Showgirls*) Verhoeven's gritty 1980 drama ***Spetters,*** with Rutger Hauer, available on disc for the first time. Think *Breaking Away*, but with grimy teen motocrossers, Calvinists and simmering sex (lovely Renee Soutendijk figures nicely in the last). The director's cut ($50) was pressed from a new transfer that's a clear improvement over the murky tape version. . . . Voyager gives the royal treatment to ***El Cid*** (1961), producer Samuel Bronston's bloated but beautiful epic starring Chuck Heston as the warrior who boots the Moors out of 11th century Spain. The Criterion Collection package ($100) returns the recently restored flick to its original 2.35:1 Technirama aspect ratio, while digital remastering enhances Miklos Rozsa's stirring score. —GREGORY P. FAGAN

VIDEO MOOD METER

MOOD	MOVIE
SLEEPER	***Angels and Insects*** (passian plays hell with Patsy Kensit and Victarian bed-hoppers—like a dirty *Masterpiece Theater*), ***Beautiful Girls*** (sweet, soapy fluff, as small-tawners prep for class reunian; Tim Huttan and Uma Thurman shine).
THRILLER	***City Hall*** (Pacino is perfect as Gotham mayar in crisis, John Cusack's an idealistic aide wha snoops), ***Savage Hearts*** (hit woman on the run Maryam D'Abo avoids capo Richard Harris' dags; unspectacular but smart).
ACTION	***Broken Arrow*** (psycho supersoldier Travalta swipes nukes, Slater saves world; silly, sensatianal and fun), ***Rumble in the Bronx*** (and that's about it—but martial artist Jackie Chan's wild kickfest is still a haot).
DRAMA	***Up Close and Personal*** (noble TV journalist Redfard shepherds Pfeiffer's rise to top; call it An Anchor is Born), ***America's Dream*** (rich, dramatic triptych from HBO explares the black experience; Snipes' turn is tops).
COMEDY	***Dracula: Dead and Loving It*** (Mel Brooks sledgehammers Bram Staker; no *Young Frankenstein*, but good for a few bloody laughs), ***Down Periscope*** (it tanked in theaters, but Kelsey Grammer's little-sub-that-could tale plays OK at home).

FOUND IN SPACE

Good news for explorers: The cost of handheld receivers for global positioning systems—devices that use the Pentagon's birds to keep you on course—is finally coming down to earth. For roughly the price of a pair of top-notch hiking boots, you can buy the Garmin GPS 38. This $200 unit weighs less than ten ounces and is about the size of a portable cell phone. Fire it up at the trailhead, fix your position (stored as a landmark) and stash it in your backpack. If you get lost, the screen, which resembles a compass rose, will guide you home (or to one of up to 250 stored landmarks) while displaying your speed, the distance to your destination and more. The Magellan GPS 4000 ($250) goes a step further by incorporating a map-projection feature that lets you pinpoint your latitude and longitude. The route coordinates are then displayed on the unit's screen along with a moving-map plotter that tracks your progress in real time. For bigger budgets, Lowrance's Global Map Sport (about $700) is a palm-sized plotter that combines a GPS receiver with a digitized map of the world displayed on a 2.4"x2.4" screen. Your position is indicated on the map, which can be zoomed from a coast-to-coast view to a five-mile radius—or even closer with add-on cartography cartridges ($100).

JOHN LABBÉ

VIRGINS ACROSS AMERICA

If you think espresso shops in bookstores are a slick lure, get ready for the Megastore—Virgin Megastore, that is. This worldwide chain of entertainment shops debuted in the U.S. in 1992 but generated a buzz recently with the opening of its outlet in Manhattan's Times Square. A three-level retail extravaganza, the New York site is the size of nearly two football fields and is filled with books, music CDs, videotapes, laser discs and multimedia CD-ROMs. And talk about wired. An 11' x14' Sony Trinitron screen broadcasts music videos in sync with hundreds of other monitors throughout the store. There are more than 1000 stations for listening to and viewing music and movies, a bank of PCs for spinning the latest games and reference titles on disc and a classical music section complete with a concert piano and stage for live performances. There's even a café that serves soup, salads and pasta. And if you're lucky, you won't have to travel far for this sensory overload. Virgin plans to open Megastores in several U.S. cities over the next three years, including Las Vegas, Seattle, Denver and Miami.

HOME OFFICE DO-IT-ALLS

"Multifunction peripherals" is industry lingo for one of the hottest categories of home office electronics—desktop machines that combine the functions of a printer, fax modem, copier and scanner. Perfect when budgets and space are tight, these do-it-all systems are generally slower than gear designed for a specific task. But what MFPs lack in speed they make up for in convenience. Canon's version, the Multipass C2500 ($600), is built around a color Bubble Jet printer. It combines all the aforementioned functions and a telephone and comes with the Canon Creative CD-ROM, a fun software program that enables you to design stationery, envelopes, greeting cards—and even T-shirts. Less artistically inspiring, Hewlett Packard's black-and-white HP Office Jet Model 350 ($600) is, however, a reliable workhorse that includes a higher-quality scanner for inputting simple graphics and art in addition to text. And if you prefer a laser printer, Panasonic's Sigma-100 ($1500) offers that, plus a scanner, copier and fax modem. Each of these machines can store incoming faxes in memory while you print or copy.

STEVE BOSWICK

WILD THINGS

We like the twist that Portrait Display Labs puts on computer monitors such as the Pivot 1700 (pictured here). This 17-inch color model lets you view full documents—including legal-sized—horizontally or vertically with a simple tilt of the screen. To switch orientation (say, to check out PLAYBOY's Web site top-to-bottom without scrolling), you turn the display with your fingertips (in midapplication) and press a programmed "hot key" to rotate the on-screen image. The price for this versatility: about $900 for either a Mac or a Windows version. • If you've opted for voice mail at home instead of an answering machine, you may want to consider connecting SNI Innovation's Visualert to your telephone. Instead of requiring you to pick up the handset to listen for the stutter dial tone, this device (which resembles a computer mouse) has a red light that flashes to alert you to stored messages. Priced around $40, Visualert works in conjunction with your phone company's stutter signal feature, so you needn't pay an extra monthly fee.

GROUND LEVEL
Driver turns on Pioneer car stereo system featuring a 2 Ω high-current amplifier with built-in crossover and Variable Bass Boost. Beverages blasted onto laps of jammin' passengers.
50-100 FEET
Earthworms feel ground shaking above and fear it's the mythical Great Bird of the Apocalypse.
1,000-2,500 FEET
Great sound audible in coal shafts. Unknowing miners suspect ghosts or dinosaurs trapped below.
3,000 FEET
Jimmy Hoffa
AT THE EARTH'S CORE
The crisp, cookie center begins to crumble.
Hell's heating system frequently disrupted. (Deceased politicians rejoice.)
1,000-2,500 FEET
The dead are awakened, amazed by sound clarity, then return to their original, dead state.
0-25 FEET
Aroused by booming bass frequencies, giant river salamanders cling to the legs of wading villagers.
"AC/DC Back in Black, Track 2."
PIONEER
The Art of Entertainment
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MULTIMEDIA REVIEWS & NEWS

With software developers gearing up for the holidays, expect plenty of new titles on store shelves soon. In addition to CD-ROMs and games for the Sega Saturn and Sony Play Station, the Nintendo 64 will make its long-awaited debut. We were given a preview of the 64-bit system this spring and liked what we saw. But reserve a unit now, because only 500,000 N64 consoles will be available before Christmas. And with an on-sale date of September 30—and a $250 price tag—they're bound to go fast. Of course, even if you don't get first crack at ***Super Mario 64***, ***Turok: Dinosaur Hunter*** or one of the other early N64 games, there will be lots of equally exciting action. Here are our favorite software picks for fall: Expect prices between $30 and $60.

CYBER SCOOP

In the market for a new set of wheels? Research your options, then dial up the ***Auto-by-Tel*** Web site (http://www.autobytel.com) and fill out the survey indicating the make and model of car you want. Within 48 hours, according to Auto-by-Tel, a subscribing dealer in your area will contact you with the best lease or purchase price.

Enter cartoon e-mail. Media Synergy's new ***@loha*** software lets you jazz up your messages with hundreds of ready-made animations. Or you can design your own using a variety of clip-art characters, sound clips, captions and backdrops. The price: $50, for Windows.

FOR ACTION ADVENTURERS

Ted Shred: A radical surfing-kayaking-skateboarding dude takes on a colorful cast of quirky villains in this hilarious arcade-style game. (By IBM, for Windows and Play Station.) ***Forgotten Realms: Descent to Undermountain:*** Interplay places the bad guy–blasting action of its blockbuster hit Descent in one of the most popular Advanced Dungeons & Dragons worlds. (For DOS.) ***Riana Rouge:*** April 1996 PLAYBOY Playmate Gillian Bonner stars as a voluptuous warrior traveling through five exotic lands. (From Black Dragon, for Windows and Mac.) ***Aeon Flux:*** The heroine of MTV's *Liquid Television* punches, kicks and grapples her way through multiple levels of game play with the same S&M undertones that have made her a cult favorite. (From Viacom, for Windows and Play Station.) ***X-Wing vs. TIE Fighter:*** Join the Rebel Alliance in this multiplayer *Star Wars* space combat simulator. (From Lucas Arts, for Mac and DOS.) ***Drowned God:*** By unlocking links between historical events ranging from JFK's assassination to the Roswell alien autopsy, you attempt to quell an alien conspiracy and discover the "true" origins of mankind. (From Inscape, for Windows 95 and Mac.) ***Obsidian:*** It may be a plot-driven interactive game, but it seems more like a mesmerizing graphic hallucination. (From Rocket Science, for Windows 95 and Mac.) ***Qin*** (pronounced "ching"): Historical fact and fantasy are blended in this beautiful graphic exploration of the forbidden tomb of Qin Shi Huanghi, the first emperor of China. (From Time Warner Electronic Publishing, for Windows 95.)

Dino-mite N64 action

ATTITUDE OVERLOAD

Monty Python and the Quest for the Holy Grail: A healthy dose of Python's irreverent humor is served up in a strategy adventure that includes games titled Drop Dead and Spank the Virgin. (From 7th Level, for Windows, Windows 95 and Mac.) ***Interstate '76:*** This 3-D driving-shooter combines *Pulp Fiction* sensibilities and an ultracool funk soundtrack. (From Activision, for Windows 95 and DOS.) ***Joe's Apartment:*** Another MTV spin-off. Here, you're infesting the other units in Joe's NYC apartment building with multitalented cockroaches. (From Viacom, for Windows 95.) ***Devo Presents Adventures of the Smart Patrol:*** Save Spudland from a dreadful disease by locating a recombinant beast known as the Turkey Monkey. It's quintessential Devo. (By Inscape, for Mac and DOS.) ***Toonstruck:*** Christopher Lloyd is cast as a burned-out animator trapped in his own cartoon world. (From Virgin Interactive, for Mac and DOS.) ***Eve:*** Peter Gabriel co-created this wild amalgam of art, graphics and music. (By Starwave, for Windows 95 and Mac.) ***Normality:*** Kent, a grungy daydreamer, goes on a mission to convert the game's animated conformists. (From Interplay, for DOS.)

Digital Gillion

SPORTS, REFERENCE AND MORE

Legends Football '97: Enjoy hard-hitting game play in 1932, 1950, 1968 and 1996—complete with accompanying music, uniform styles and league rules of the day. (From Accolade, for Windows 95, Saturn and Play Station.) ***NCAA Championship Basketball:*** This great-looking basketball simulation boasts Silicon Graphics–rendered imagery, advanced artificial intelligence and all 64 division college basketball teams. (From GTE Entertainment, for DOS.) ***Virtual Open Tennis and V Tennis:*** Go to the net with multiple playing surfaces and camera angles as well as a colorful cast of virtual jocks. (From Acclaim, for Saturn and Play Station.) ***Chronicle of the 20th Century:*** Take your time browsing through this day-by-day, cross-referenced multimedia compendium of all the major events and personalities of the 20th century. (By DK Multimedia, for Windows and Mac.) ***Complete James Bond: An Interactive Dossier:*** Agent 007 does multimedia—an interactive encyclopedia covering every facet of the Bond films. (From MGM Interactive, for Windows and Windows 95.) ***Kai's Power Goo:*** Contort, morph and design animated sequences like a pro using your favorite digital photos and graphics in real time. (By Metatools, for Windows 95 and Mac.)

DIGITAL DUDS

PBA Bowling: This cure for insomnia combines game play that's slow even by bowling standards with monotonous video clips. But you do get to change the colors of the players' shirts.

Morphing Babes 1 and ***2:*** Schlocky sexual animations posing as high-end morphs.

See what's happening on Playboy's Home Page at http://www.playboy.com.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 156.

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GOING SOUTH TO GOLF

If you like to travel to romantic places with a guidebook in one hand and a seven iron in the other, you can't do much better than Hilton Head Island. Situated near enough to the U.S. mainland to be connected to South Carolina by a bridge, Hilton Head is one of the Sea Islands. A visit to the region can lead you in many directions. You can bask on beautiful beaches, dine in first-class restaurants, listen to the storied legends of buccaneers or do what you're supposed to—play golf. All sorts of golf: ego-deflating, hard-as-nails golf; breathtakingly scenic golf; daily-fee come-as-you-are golf. There are 22 courses on an island 12 miles long and five miles wide. Quite a few were designed by legendary golfers, and 16 are public. Harbour Town at Sea Pines Plantation, designed by Pete Dye and Jack Nicklaus, is Hilton Head's most famous course because it's the site of the annual MCI Classic. Framed by the picture-perfect Harbour Town lighthouse depicted here and a grand expanse of ocean, the 18th at Harbour Town is one of the best-known finishing holes in golf. If you're not a golfer, Hilton Head takes a serious approach to tennis, too. Or if you'd rather compete with the forces of nature, the surf is good enough to host the prestigious National Senior Windsurfing Championship. You can also take a leisurely ferry ride over to Daufuskie Island and play the great Nicklaus course at the Melrose Club. It's officially private, but if you give the membership office a call at 800-689-3908 and tell them you're good people, they'll be inclined to accommodate if space allows.

GLENN ARVIDSON

NIGHT MOVES: SAN FRANCISCO

San Francisco is a city of panoramas, hills, bridges, towers, skyscrapers and small, neat neighborhoods, all bathed by the Bay and the Pacific. For a night on the town, start with cocktails at the Carnelian Room on the 52nd floor of the Bank of America building (555 California Street) and then move on to Vertigo (600 Montgomery Street), named after the San Francisco–based Hitchcock movie. Both offer spectacular night vistas. For dinner, hit a hot spot such as Betelnut (2030 Union Street) for Pan-Asian food (try the Shanghai dumplings and tea-smoked duck) or Hawthorne Lane (22 Hawthorne Street) in the hip Soma (south of Market Street) area. At the latter, chefs Anne and David Gingrass offer such exceptional fare as Sonoma lamb with zucchini risotto and a chilled lime soufflé. For the best Italian food in town, try the immensely popular Scala's Bistro (432 Powell Street). The friendly bar is a great place to meet singles. If you're in the mood for serious partying, try Nickie's (460 Haight Street), where the music ranges from Irish country to Seventies funk. Or go bowling and boogie at Rock & Bowl (1855 Haight Street). On weekends, it has dance music for players who can't sit still between frames. Later, relax with a cognac and a stogie at the Stellar Cigar Society Smoke Room (555 Golden Gate Avenue), upstairs from J.T.'s Bistro. Or go all out and book a table at Harry Denton's Starlight Room atop the Sir Francis Drake Hotel (450 Powell Street) and enjoy big-band jazz.

GREAT ESCAPE

MOTORCYCLING IN VIETNAM

Taking the Ho Chi Minh Trail on two wheels is just one of the adventurous spins that Lotus Tours of Chicago offers as a part of its Motorcycling in Vietnam itinerary. The rest of the 19-day escorted trip includes scuba diving in the warm waters off Nha Trang and elephant riding in the central highlands. But it's cycling 2500 miles through an exotic country from bustling Saigon to Hue and then back into the mountains that will bring 22 lucky riders to Nam November 1–19. The cost of $6000 per person includes round-trip airfare from Los Angeles, motorcycle rental on Japanese machines ranging from 400cc to 1000cc, double accommodations and all meals. If you're not a cyclist but want to join the fun, there are spaces available in the support bus that accompanies the tour. Price to ride: $3700. Lotus also offers motorcycle tours of Peru, Provence, India, Costa Rica and other destinations. There's even one to the Ducati factory in Bologna, Italy, where you can purchase a bike. Call 312-951-0031 for more information.

ROAD STUFF

Not only are Minolta's new UC 6x18 roof prism binoculars (pictured here) the world's smallest and lightest (less than six ounces), they're some of the most stylish, too. Price: $365. Or spend $410 and toss an 8x18 version in your carry-on. Same size, more power. • If you're on the road and can't pump iron, pump rubber. Bobby Hinds' portable Lifeline gym is a two-pound fitness device that looks kinky but offers a great workout. For $59.95 you get a collapsible lifting bar, a six-foot rubber cable, two stirrups, a door attachment, a stomach-crunch belt, a carrying bag and instructions. The Lifeline works on the principle of progressive variable resistance, and in your room, nobody will see you sweat. • *Understanding Europeans* by Stuart Miller "attempts to untangle the mystery of the *Homo europus*—the European." Read it before moving to Spain or trying to wheel and deal in Paris. Price: $14.95.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 156.

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MUSIC

ROCK

RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE exhibits so much musical maturity that it's hard to believe ***Evil Empire*** (Epic) is only the band's second album. In a generation of musicians ruled by ideologues, Rage is politically more sophisticated than almost any other postpunk group and has the potential to be a great band. Its music is also emotionally compelling. When Zack De La Rocha shouts, it feels like he's speaking for everyone who grits their teeth against the nightly news or the hourly Top 40. In other words, he speaks for you and for me. —DAVE MARSH

Tired of Oasis and the rest of the Britpop pack? Blue Nile, a Scots band whose layered soundscapes made it a favorite on both sides of the Atlantic, has released ***Peace at Last*** (Warner Bros.), its third album in 13 years. The acoustic guitar-and-synth–dominated effort is intriguing. Imagine the kind of Gaelic soul music that might have resulted if Brian Eno had produced Marvin Gaye.

—VIC GARBARINI

R&B

Keith Sweat's 1987 *Make It Last Forever* helped inaugurate a revival of R&B that continues nearly a decade later. Since that time, the Harlem-born singer has relocated to Atlanta where, aside from doing his own recordings, he has discovered several groups (Silk, Kut Klose) and opened a studio, the Sweat Shop.

Unfortunately, Sweat's fifth album, ***Keith Sweat*** (Elektra), seems mediocre in comparison with his earlier, breakthrough work. With the exceptions of a duet with Ronald Isley (*Come With Me*) and a jack-R&B collaboration with Gerald Levert and Aaron Hall (*Funky Dope Lovin'*), most of the 12 cuts lack the earthy charm of Sweat's best. —NELSON GEORGE

BLUES

Alvin Youngblood Hart opened a recent concert by reminding the audience that the blues originated as dance music for people without electricity. You can hear those origins on Hart's ***Big Mama's Door*** (Okeh), which consists mostly of Hart's voice accompanied by twelve-string or six-string guitar. On a few songs, he's helped out by Taj Mahal, who brought the blues to baby boomers. I hope Hart will now do the same for Generation X. He pulls it off with considerable fingerpicking and vocal styling. I suspect that Charley Patton would approve of Hart's version of *Pony Blues*, and the cover of *Gallows Pole* is the coolest since Led Zeppelin's.

BRIAN FLANNERY

Rage's *Evil Empire*.

Rage reaches musical maturity, the Outlaws return and jazzheads delight.

If you're interested in the blues, you should try ***Before the Blues: Volumes 1–3*** (Shanachie), a compilation of black folk music from the Twenties and Thirties. The weird thing about these recordings is that they've improved with age. Surface noise used to make the original 78s unlistenable, but restoration has now progressed to the point where miraculous is almost too weak an adjective. Let us now praise the Mississippi Mudsteppers, Little Hat Jones, Cow Cow Davenport and all the others.

—CHARLES M. YOUNG

RAP

The funny thing about the Geto Boys' new CD, ***Resurrection*** (Rap-A-Lot), is that these most gangsta of rappers sound so subdued. Part of this is simply a matter of tempo. Geto Boys Mr. Scarface and Bushwick Bill prefer a syrupy flow, and even the stentorian Willie D., the group's harshest voice, never screams. As they critique the ghetto world and the society that spawned it, the Geto Boys are intelligent, if often vulgar. There's not a more maligned group in the nation—nor a better one. —DAVE MARSH

COUNTRY

Gillian Welch is a real embarrassment to Nashville. In a town dominated by big hats and big hair, where the gritty honk has been bleached out of the music and replaced by polished sentimentality, Welch is simply too real. On ***Revival*** (Almo), her stark, mostly acoustic songs are buoyed by warmth and intelligence. Her voice is Nashville's purest modern example of the high, plaintive wail that first echoed in Appalachian hollows.

—VIC GARBARINI

For all its randy audacity, country music's outlaw movement has languished until this year. The Waylon Jennings–Willie Nelson collaboration ***Wanted! The Outlaws*** (RCA) has been rereleased on its 20th anniversary with 11 original tracks (including hits like *A Good Hearted Woman*) and nine tunes that didn't make the first album. The best of the outtakes is Waylon's wispy campfire ballad *Slow Movin' Outlaws*. The only new track is Jennings and Nelson's interpretation of Steve Earle's *Nowhere Road*. *Wanted!* was released in 1976 after a frustrated Nelson left Nashville for Austin. Now the music coming out of Austin is more of a tribute to outlaws than is Nashville's polished country. This album is white lightning in a greenback bottle.

—DAVE HOEKSTRA

SPOKEN WORD

We Have Ways of Making You Laugh (Mercury) is the debut comedy album by the longtime editor of *The Realist*, Paul Krassner, who is often hilarious despite bumpy timing. —DAVE MARSH

FOLK

Twin sisters Linda and Laura Good make up the Twigs, a Chicago-based folk rock duo. Their music has drawn comparisons to Tori Amos and Laura Nyro, but the treasure of the Twigs' debut, ***Bring Me the Head of Eternity*** (Whirl-i-gig Records, P.O. Box 578609, Chicago, Illinois 60657), is its candor and dignity. *No Sympathy* is a ballad about a rape victim that is accompanied by disquieting acoustic guitars, while *Blue* is anchored in infectious power-pop chords. Midwest radio stations have picked up on the acoustic *Hiding* (backed by members of the metal pop band Enuff Z'nuff). It's a good bet others will follow.

—DAVE HOEKSTRA

JAZZ

Virtually everything Charlie Parker ever recorded, including plenty never intended for release, is in print. But where Armstrong, Ellington, Holiday, Coltrane and Hawkins have big-label

reissue programs behind them, Bird's most brilliant studio work is controlled by specialty labels. So the easiest Parker to find is also often the schlockiest.

Not that last year's ***Confirmation: Best of the Verve Years*** isn't worth hearing—and owning. The two CDs are astonishing, dominated by small groups that feature Davis, Gillespie, Monk, Hawkins and Roach. Verve headman Norman Granz was forever scheming ways to sell his troublesome property, adding choruses, strings and big bands. In retrospect, such efforts demean perhaps a quarter of the Verve tracks. Audiophiles should seek out Denon's offering of limited-edition Savoy remasters. ***The Charlie Parker Story*** includes the definitive *Koko*. But it suffers from the false starts and alternate takes that collectors love and clods like us can do without.

Not so with a newly remastered distillation of Bird's most fertile period. ***Charlie Parker: The Legendary Dial Masters*** (Jazz Classics, 140 West 22nd Street, New York, NY 10011) is as sparkling a collection of jazz "heads" as ever put in one place. The playing is as quick, witty and playful as you could hope. And you won't be able to get the damn tunes out of your head. —ROBERT CHRISTGAU

No one doubts reed prodigy James Carter's ability to play everything ever written. But his tendency to show off can prove to be as annoying as it is amazing. ***Conversin' With the Elders*** (Atlantic) minimizes this tendency by pairing Carter with such jazz greats as trumpeter Lester Bowie and saxist Buddy Tate. Masters of the very styles that Carter mimics with such technical skill, they supply much of the sincerity that Carter's own playing still lacks. —NEIL TESSER

Nashville is home to bassist Victor Wooten. After spending most of the decade backing banjoist Bela Fleck in his experimental country-jazz-funk aggregation, Wooten has released his first solo album, ***A Show of Hands*** (Compass). It's a masterpiece. Wooten has absorbed harmonic brilliance, a popping sense of rhythm and a solid groove. His roots lend a sweet, pastoral serenity and a lilting sense of melody to even his most complex pieces. —VIC GARBARINI

WORLD MUSIC

The "talking book" enters the digital age with this beautifully designed photo book that focuses on exotic music and includes a CD field recording. ***Bayaka,*** by New Jersey native Louis Sarno, chronicles the Zairean Pygmies with whom he has lived for more than a decade. The Bayaka people have a distinct and imaginative musical culture, and this project puts you right in it (Ellipsis Arts, 800-788-6670). —NEIL TESSER

FAST TRACKS

ROCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Alvin Youngblood Hart *Big Mama's Door*	7	8	7	8	8
Charlie Parker *The Legendary Dial Masters*	10	10	8	10	8
Rage Against the Machine *Evil Empire*	8	8	8	9	9
Keith Sweat	6	5	6	5	5
Gillian Welch *Revival*	6	8	8	7	7

MAKING YOUR POINT IN THE JOINT DEPARTMENT: Rapper **X Raided** has released his new album, *Xorcist*, which he recorded from a pay phone in the Sacramento County Jail while listening to the music tracks on an adjacent pay phone.

REELING AND ROCKING: A sequel to *The Commitments* is in the works. . . . Transsexual punk rocker **Jayne County** has interested a Hollywood studio in filming her autobiography, *Man Enough to Be a Woman*. . . . **Lionel Richie** will make his acting debut in **Whitney Houston's** movie *The Preacher's Wife*. He wrote a song that may end up as a duet in the film. . . . Director **Barry Levinson** is working on a film bio of **Bobby Darin** and hopes to get **Johnny Depp** for the role. . . . The **Fugees** are writing and producing a song for several hip-hop stars to be used in a documentary, *When We Were Kings*, about **Muhammad Ali's** 1974 title bout with **George Foreman** in Zaire. . . . **Bob Dylan's** son **Jesse** is moving from videos to movies. He and a partner are developing a project about **Evel Knievel** that may be produced through Bob's company. . . . **Melissa Etheridge** is up for the starring role in one of the competing movies about **Janis Joplin.** Unfortunately, it's the version Janis' sister **Laura** is opposed to. Laura prefers the other bio, with **Lili Taylor** starring as Janis. . . . **Don Was** was so taken with Canadian singer **Amanda Marshall** that he took her into the studio to record a song for the soundtrack of **Kevin Costner's** new movie, *Tin Cup*.

NEWSBREAKS: The **Cure** has rehearsed nearly 100 songs to fill their two-and-a-half-hour show (with no opening act). . . . A ballet company with homes in Cleveland and San Jose premiered *Blue Suede Shoes* in Cleveland last May and will repeat it in San Jose next spring. The ballet, set to **Elvis'** music, was designed by **Bob Mackie,** who also created the costumes. . . . The original cast album of the Broadway show *Rent*, which salutes East Villagers, will be out any day, as will the new **Counting Crows** CD. Both **Aerosmith** and **10,000 Maniacs** are in the studio. . . . **Michael McDonald** and the **Doobie Brothers** have a PBS special ready for this month's pledge drive. McDonald will not tour with the band. . . . Look out for *Rig Rock Deluxe: A Musical Salute to the American Truck Driver* with **Son Volt, Kelly Willis, Steve Earle, Nick Lowe, Jim Lauderdale** and **Buck Owens,** among others. . . . **Suzanne Vega** has been composing for soundtracks, but she also has a new CD out. . . . **Elton John** sold some of his costumes in Atlanta to benefit his AIDS foundations. Although he has raised money this way before, this is the first time in the U.S. . . . A&M's new label, Backlot, is devoted to greatest-hits packages. Forthcoming releases include **Joe Cocker, Quincy Jones** and **Squeeze.** . . . Look for Epic Records' **Stevie Ray Vaughan** tribute album, scheduled for release any day. . . . Movie producer **Robert Evans** plans to convert his 1984 gangster film *The Cotton Club* into a Broadway musical, with **Pam Grier** and **Laurence Fishburne** reportedly in the lead roles. . . . The first soundtrack for *Beverly Hills 90210* did so well that a second is being recorded. *Songs From the Peach Pit* is Sixties and Seventies oldies played at the diner where the characters hang out. We don't know if *Mony Mony* is a salute to the old days or to **Aaron Spelling.** —BARBARA NELLIS

BOOKS

By DIGBY DIEHL

ELMORE LEONARD, master of the cynical crime novel, has written a love story. Of course, he made it a love story between a good-looking 29-year-old female deputy marshal and a rakish 47-year-old escaped con. Karen Sisco spends most of ***Out of Sight*** (Delacorte) hunting down Jack Foley, though when she finds him it is unclear whether she wants to get him in bed or put him back in jail—or both.

When Jack breaks out, Karen is standing in the prison parking lot, where she is on her way to serve a summons. She's standing in the way in a black Chanel suit, holding a Remington pump-action shotgun. So Foley grabs her, tosses her in the trunk and jumps in after her. As they bump along, cuddled in the trunk with Jack's pal Buddy driving to a rendezvous on the turnpike, they have a remarkably civil conversation. He tells her about his life as a bank robber and con, she reminisces with him about scenes from *Network* and *Three Days of the Condor*. He doesn't make any crude moves. He tells her she's easy to talk to. But when they get to the rendezvous, she tries to shoot him and forces Buddy to help her escape.

Foley can't get Sisco off his mind, and she's obsessed, in an ambiguous way, with finding him. Leonard skillfully juxtaposes their parallel stories and even has them pass on the street while Foley is wearing a disguise. The reader is left speculating about what will happen when they meet again.

"Men swear. Women nag," says Richard Dooling. In ***Blue Streak*** (Random House) Dooling takes us on a rollicking romp through four-letter words—plus who uses them, and why. "Men swear because we are uncouth warthogs by nature," he asserts, only half in jest, "and we especially love to say bad words because it makes us feel manly in some violent, disturbing way."

Dooling contends that men are victims of "neural Darwinism," and that their propensity for profanity comes with the Y chromosome. Although most language formation occurs in the cerebral cortex, swearing does not. Swearing, claims Dooling, emanates from the hindbrain, not far from the wellspring of grunts and other preverbal vocalizations. Brain scans show that men use these regions of the brain more than women do—hence male brains are anatomically predisposed to curse.

History Wars (Henry Holt) examines the struggle to control America's past. Using the battle royal over the Smithsonian Institution's exhibit commemorating the 50th anniversary of the end of World War II as a focal point, editors Edward Linenthal and Tom Engelhardt gather eight essays that look at how journalists, academics, politicians and spin doctors influence our history.

BECKY HEAVNER

Elmore Leonard is *Out of Sight*.

Leonard's latest crime novel, swearing a *Blue Streak* and life inside the *yakuza*.

The Enola Gay was trucked into the Smithsonian in the dead of night, but its arrival did not go unnoticed. The aircraft that delivered the bomb to Hiroshima was to be the centerpiece of a "balanced" exhibit that covered the end of World War II. Instead, the exhibit became a lightning rod for controversy over the morality of nuclear weapons and Harry Truman's decision to use them. While some complained the exhibit celebrated genocide, others protested it was anti-American. Museum officials canceled the show.

Finally, just the Enola Gay itself was put on display, with little accompanying exposition. "In the end," writes Engelhardt in the concluding essay, "we could only strip away all the stories, leaving little more than the burnished object, open to whatever story anyone might bring to it. As such, it bore an unsurprising resemblance to the Vietnam Wall."

Robert Ferrigno demonstrates in his fourth novel, ***Dead Silent*** (Putnam), that he is still a fine stylist who writes about sex and violence as well as anybody. This story begins when Perry, an old pal from Nick Carbonne's days as a musician, shows up to visit with his sexy girlfriend Alison. Nick and Alison return one evening to find Nick's wife and Perry nude in the hot tub, murdered. Thrown together in their mutual desire to find the killer, Nick and Alison become lovers. They discover that phone-sex tapes Perry made with Alison are a link to the murders, and that some bikers have a strong interest in the matter. Once again, Ferrigno uses surrealistic descriptions of southern California as dramatic backdrops for his story.

In ***Yakuza Diary*** (Atlantic Monthly) Christopher Seymour estimates that the Japanese underworld consists of 100,000 gangsters with a collective income of $50 billion per year. During four months in 1993, Seymour gained unprecedented access to many *yakuza* gangs. He describes how the *yakuza* are well organized, pervasive and completely integrated into Japanese society. But the most fascinating material comes from his tape-recorded sessions with the top crime bosses.

BOOK BAG

Alternate Sources (Kink, Ink), edited by Trevor Jacques: A kinky resource book. If you're in the market for whips or rubber or want to know how to find fetish artists, this is the book.

Life and How to Survive It (Norton), by Robin Skynner and John Cleese: *Monty Python*'s Cleese and family therapist Skynner use wit and wisdom to help you navigate better in the world.

Funkytowns USA (TBS Publishing), by Mark Cramer: The best eclectic, irreverent and visionary places in the U.S. Towns score extra points for bizarre geography, unconventional customs and freedom in the bedroom.

Hot Blood: The Money, the Brach Heiress and the Horse Murders (St. Martin's), by Ken Englade: The scandalous story of the disappearance of candy heiress Helen Brach. A tale of greed, betrayal and decadence.

Street Drugs: The Facts Explained, the Myths Exploded (Hodder & Stoughton), by Andrew Tyler: Sound advice and jargon-free information about drugs—their history, legal status and effects.

Over the Edge (Macmillan), by Michael Bane: An average guy's odyssey into extreme sports will have you waterlogged and contemplating the Zen of ice.

Cause of Death (Putnam), by Patricia Cornwell: Chief medical examiner Kay Scarpetta plunges into murky waters to investigate a diver's death and ends up in a hostage standoff with a terrorist group called the New Zionists.

Red Light: Inside the Sex Industry (Powerhouse Books), by Sylvia Plachy and James Ridgeway: A look at the sexual capitalism of strip clubs, massage parlors, prostitution and pornographic movies.

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MEN

By ASA BABER

Mark Shields wrote a column in *The Washington Post* this April called "Skinny Guys for Dole." In it, he examined the problem that Bob Dole might encounter if he were to win the Republican nomination this year and his vice presidential running mate were John Engler, governor of Michigan.

Shields wrote that he was amused at the prospect of Dole "trying to explain philosophical differences between the nonmilitary records of John Engler and Bill Clinton."

When Engler was 20 years old and a student at Michigan State University, he suddenly found himself with a 1-A draft status and orders to report for an Army draft physical. He says he went out drinking the night before he got on a bus to Detroit for the exam. Luckily for his odds on a long and happy life, he failed his first draft physical on February 6, 1969. The reason? He was two pounds overweight. He also failed a follow-up physical on May 22, 1969. Again, he was two pounds overweight—and what a difference those two pounds would make in his life.

For the record, 1969 was an interesting year. Some 500,000 people gathered at Woodstock for a free concert, America landed men on the moon, Charles Manson and friends went on a killing spree and the Dow Jones industrial average had a high of 952 and a low of 769. Also for the record, U.S. troop strength in the war in Vietnam numbered 484,000 (down from a high of 540,000 in 1968), and by the end of the year there were 39,893 U.S. dead, and an estimated 250,000 wounded and 1400 missing (as well as 568,989 North Vietnamese and Viet Cong combatant and millions of Vietnamese and Laotian noncombatant deaths).

So was Mark Shields just trashing a semifat guy for drinking too much beer before his physical 27 years ago? Not at all. Shields' point was that, over time, Engler had handed out "evolving" explanations for the way he had avoided the draft. And that's why Shields saw similarities between Engler and Clinton.

Clinton has always given fuzzy answers to questions about his draft status and how he moved without interruption from college to graduate study in England and America during those fateful years. And Engler seemed fuzzy himself sometimes, as he explained how in 1970

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DAN CLYNE

THE FIRST YUPPIES

he ran for the state house while still a student at Michigan State, won the election and was sworn into office in January 1971, thereby gaining 4-F status in January 1972. (Automatic military exemptions for politicians in state office might seem questionable, but I guess somebody had to help run the Michigan legislature during the Vietnam war.)

"In a blatant and unfair attack on my credibility," Engler said in a letter to the editor of the *Post*, "Mr. Shields characterized the explanation of my draft history as 'evolving.' Nothing could be further from the truth." Later, in a news conference, he said in Zen-like language, "I was trying to be very clear on something I think is very clear." On another occasion he told reporters in lawyerly fashion that "I would have served if I had been required to do so" (technically accurate, of course, and shrewd in what it does and does not say, as so many lawyerly statements are).

Finally, we have this comment from Engler about his actions (and nonaction) during the Vietnam era. It is a gem, and it could just as easily have come from Bill Clinton: "I raised questions," Engler said last March when the issue was brought up, "but I wasn't somebody who was out leading antiwar protests. I was too busy."

That last sentence puts a strange twist on the subject of patriotism and accountability. "I was too busy" is a statement that seems to dismiss the young people who did not claim to be too busy to serve their country during the Vietnam war. (More than 58,000 men and eight women are listed as fatalities on the Vietnam Veterans Memorial in Washington, D.C. Those good citizens were not too busy then, and they certainly are not busy now. In Nineties terms, you could say that each of those people made the ultimate career-ending move.)

To summarize Engler's and Clinton's personal activities during the Vietnam war and to strip the subject of obfuscation: (1) neither man served in the military; (2) neither man led antiwar protests (or engaged in civil disobedience by going to Canada or to jail); and (3) both men were "too busy," as Engler said, working on their educations and careers to get involved in the war and its many agonies.

I submit that Clinton and Engler were two of this nation's first yuppies. Their opportunistic attitudes, which were adopted by so many young men and women of the late Sixties, helped shape our current society.

Today's business executives who are "too busy" to be with their children, investment specialists who are "too busy" to do anything but chase money, attorneys who are "too busy" to clean up the hypocrisies of their trade, government bureaucrats "too busy" to cut down on waste and corruption, journalists "too busy" to investigate the tougher stories—all of these people (and many more) are products of a way of thinking that was born in the midst of a long, brutal, poor boys' war.

That is the final poisonous legacy America inherited from the Vietnam war: The rewards of a full life and successful career went to those people who looked out for number one and nobody else. The social contract that had previously held American culture together was torn apart by a highly controversial war, and the nation has not been the same since. Honesty, self-sacrifice and national military service that included all economic classes have been replaced by an amoral ethic that thrives on disloyalty and unaccountability.

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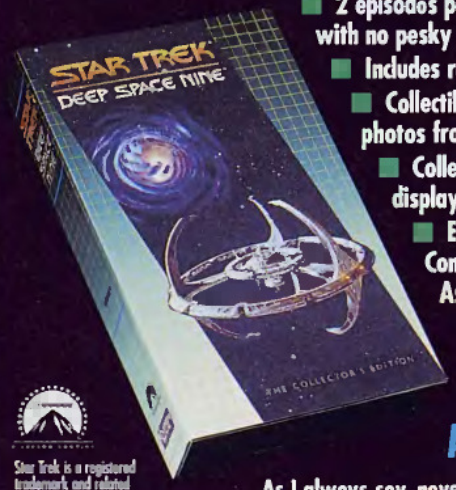

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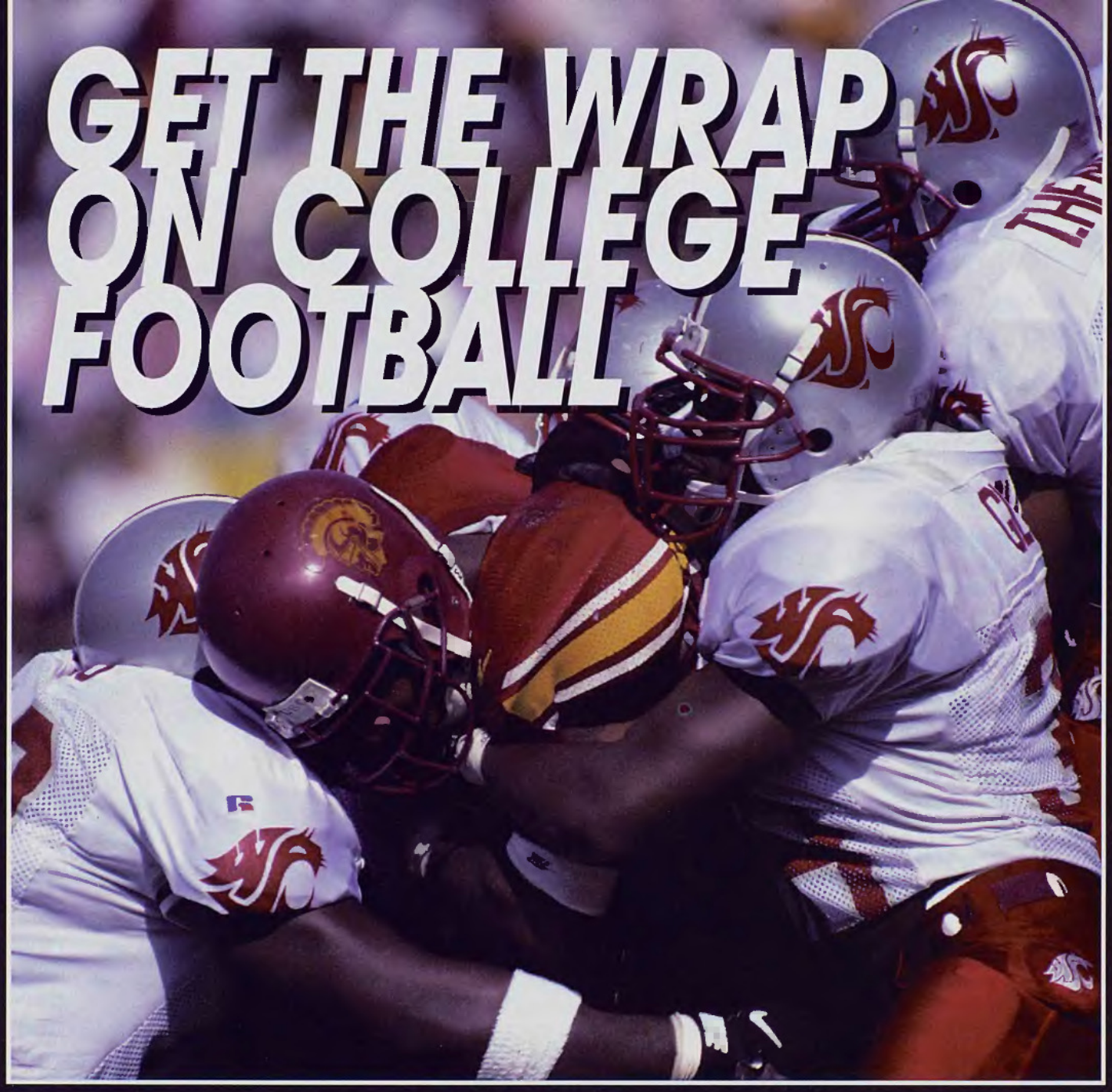

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I am working on a class project on sex as art. The women I've interviewed have shown incredible interest, and one suggested we paint our bodies different colors, then have sex on a giant sheet of paper to display with the assignment. I thought this was an excellent idea, especially because she's gorgeous. Where can I find paints that dry slowly and that won't irritate tender body parts? We've chosen the colors already: purple and yellow.—M.B., Indianapolis, Indiana

We are curious—yellow? That may not be bright enough to reflect the—how shall we say?—meditative luminosity of the figurative curve. Purple we like. We don't have much experience touching up anything in the bedroom besides the trim, so we asked Rob Blaine of Messy Fun for his input. Rob, who dumps buckets of paint and other liquids on naked women for fetish videos (point your Web browser to http://www.messyfun.com), says: "I use standard latex (water-based) indoor house paint, which I cut with dishwashing detergent to help with cleanup. Eight gallons on three women doesn't get a chance to dry, and the time the girls are covered is kept to a minimum. I wouldn't recommend sex in latex paint (chocolate is another story); instead I would use nontoxic finger paints. You can buy them by the case through a school supply or art supply house." We'd love to see a copy of your work when it's finished—sign it with whatever's handy.

I'm 18 years old and attracted to older women, like 30. Is this normal?—T.D., Omaha, Nebraska

First, never tell a 30-year-old you consider her an older woman. Second, act now: When you hit 30, you'll be fantasizing about 18-year-olds.

Harold Robbins' short story in your January issue mentions a leather device called the Arabian Strap. Supposedly this strap provides "for the more handsome manly parts" and "the more pleasing fuck." Can you tell me where this old cowboy might find one?—R.D., Charlotte, North Carolina

The Arabian Strap is a makeshift dildo harness (without the dildo) combined with a latex cock ring. In commercial versions, one strap extends under the scrotum, or two straps wrap around the legs. They're held in place with buckles. A panel or the waistband itself has a two-inch hole through which the man slips his erection. Most sex boutiques and leather specialty stores, and mail-order catalogs such as Good Vibrations (800-289-8423), carry harnesses to fit your needs.

My girlfriend and I have been dating for just over a year. All hell broke loose when she found an issue of PLAYBOY in

my closet. She accused me of cheating on her. She said she can't trust me or anything I've ever said to her, especially comments about her beauty. She said that if she's not enough for me sexually, I shouldn't be with her. To placate her I have canceled my subscription. Am I giving up too easily?—H.D., Akron, Ohio

Quit being a dweeb. If you let someone censor what you read, where will it end? Will she turn off the television if you flip to "Baywatch"? Will she keep you from going to R-rated movies? Will she let you mingle at parties? The only safe place for you will be in a plastic bubble—and we deliver there too. Why not offer your girlfriend a deal: Since you've dropped PLAYBOY, it's your turn to censor something she enjoys. Have you seen how "Cosmo," "Glamour" and other women's magazines portray men? (As sex objects, frankly.) Is she so disappointed in you that she needs to keep tabs on beefy movie stars on "Entertainment Tonight"? How can you begin to compete with the guys she sees at the health club? This isn't about PLAYBOY. It's about control.

When traveling, I've noticed that people in some countries expect a tip in advance of a service. Isn't this a bribe?—R.S., Honolulu, Hawaii

A tip is given in appreciation; a bribe is given in anticipation. When traveling in many parts of the world, it's a good idea to recognize the importance of both. In the Middle East and Indonesia, a small bribe (pretip?) for services to be rendered is known as baksheesh; in Mexico it's "la mordida" (little bite); in Kenya it's "chai." Grease is the term we grew up with. Any good travel guide will provide the going rates and customs. No matter where you are, it's best to be discreet and not to offer cash until absolutely necessary. If you don't offer at least minimal resistance, you'll be marked as a rube. Government officials in some countries can spot a mark at ten paces, and it's not beneath them to take your bribe and then "fine" you for bribery. Relative to what you're spending on the trip, baksheesh won't add up to much, but it will make your journey a great deal smoother.

After seven years of marriage, my husband and I still have a satisfying sex life. I find that my husband's fantasies become mine because I always play a role. I indulged one of his fantasies during amateur night at a local bar by dancing topless, quite a stunt for a conservative schoolteacher. One fantasy we share is me having sex with another man while my husband watches. Whenever a male friend takes me out to dinner, it thrills my husband to help me choose a sexy outfit. I could easily make this fantasy come true, but wonder if you think that would be going too far. I have no desire to be unfaithful, but I love to please my husband.—N.C., San Francisco, California

You need to be certain that this fantasy isn't one that is supposed to remain unfulfilled. But you wouldn't be unfaithful to your husband—that would involve lying to him about your intention. If he's agreeable, try it once and be honest about the results. You have already gone pretty far—but not that far.

Last week I was in line at the grocery store and noticed an extremely attractive woman ahead of me. She wrote a check to pay for her groceries and left. Before the clerk put the check away, I was able to read the woman's name and address. Later I looked in the phone book and her number is listed. How should I make myself known to her?—A.G., Jersey City, New Jersey

Besides being creepy, calling this woman would be an invasion of her privacy. If you want to meet women in the grocery store, introduce yourself.

My girlfriend had Norplant implants put in to eliminate the risk of pregnancy. She has since gained weight and become moody. She also has a slight bruise on her arm where the rods were inserted. How safe is this contraceptive?—H.M., Tampa, Florida

The Food and Drug Administration and the American College of Obstetricians and Gynecologists both say that Norplant, which can prevent pregnancy for up to five years, is safe and effective. But, as with any contraceptive, it's not for everyone. Some women

ILLUSTRATION BY ISTVAN BANYAI

have experienced serious side effects, including those you describe as well as prolonged menstrual bleeding, hair loss and depression. That and removal problems have prompted lawsuits against Norplant's manufacturer, Wyeth-Ayerst Laboratories. The drugmaker vows to fight, and a spokesperson suggests that any woman who has trouble with Norplant should see her doctor before she sees a lawyer. Your girlfriend needs to consider whether the problems she is experiencing are worth the benefits of long-term, around-the-clock contraception.

Two weeks after my girlfriend of eight months and I broke up, I slept with her best friend. A few days later, her friend blabbed about our encounter. My ex started crying and bitched me out for not telling her. Every guy I know says she should accept that I moved on. Every woman I know says I shouldn't feel so smug about a one-night stand. What do you think?—H.R., Indianapolis, Indiana

What is this, the set of "Friends"? You are under no obligation to reveal or justify anything about your sex life to an ex. That's the definition of ex. As for the definition of best friend, that's between your ex-lover and her ex-friend.

I have a football signed by every member of Notre Dame's 1977 national championship team, including Joe Montana. Unfortunately, it has lost air and, despite a coating of turpentine, the autographs are fading. What can I do to save it?—P.T., Brooklyn, New York

Not much. Footballs and basketballs are among the toughest sports memorabilia to preserve, especially if they've been coated with acrylic or turpentine, which will eventually yellow and crack the leather. Inevitably the bladder also deflates. You could ask a sporting goods store to relace your ball, but that would likely do more harm than good. How about a game of catch?

My wife is impressed by my ability to do four things at once during sex. When we have sex doggy-style, I reach around her waist with one hand to play with her clitoris while reaching around her torso with my other hand to play with her nipples. Then I tongue her ear and get her to turn her head so we can French-kiss. She has intense orgasms from this. Is this something a lot of guys do?—R.W., Tampa, Florida

Yeah, but what's your move?

A buddy and I live in a coed dorm and both have girlfriends. About three weeks ago two girls who live upstairs came down to visit. Soon the talk turned dirty enough for us to joke about getting naked, and weird enough that these girls did. They must have planned the encounter because they took turns on us. Afterward nothing was said except that it was great and they shouldn't tell our girlfriends. Now our upstairs friends are visiting three or four times a week, always late at night. We can't keep this up because there's too much pressure to perform well for them and our girlfriends. Also, we're not getting enough sleep and our grades are suffering. I'm afraid if we tell the girls to stop coming by, they'll rat on us. What should we do?—T.S., East Lansing, Michigan

Isn't this half the reason you went to college? If you're tired, lock your door twice a week, and don't answer.

When I took my car in for its first tune-up, the mechanic asked if I knew that my odometer had been rolled back. He showed me that the numbers were not aligned. A little information, please. Does a misaligned odometer always indicate that the mileage has been lowered?—B.B., Chattanooga, Tennessee

It's rare that the numbers on an odometer don't line up, so you have reason to be suspicious. However, an uneven or misaligned odometer isn't absolute proof of tampering. Some odometers in newer cars are driven by a small, computerized motor, and if the computer fails, the numbers may appear uneven. Other signs that point to tampering include scratches on the face of the odometer or wear and tear on the car that doesn't match the mileage. A brake pedal pad that has heavy wear, for example, should raise suspicions about a car that supposedly has been driven only 50,000 miles. If you bought your car used, it should have come with a maintenance record.

To celebrate our first anniversary, I plan to cook my girlfriend dinner and serve it by candlelight. I want to purchase a nice wine but don't know much about them. Could you point me in the direction of a good inexpensive bottle?—W.M., Manhattan, Kansas

We could give you a list, but that takes all the fun out of discovering great wines on your own. Much depends on the food you plan to serve, and there are many good wine publications that can offer guidance. One of the handiest we've found is the "Quarterly Pocket List" (800-524-1005). For each issue, editor John Vankat scans nine major wine magazines for respected wines available for $15 a bottle or less, then assigns a composite grade to each of 500 selections. He also offers food tips and winery profiles. We especially like this list because it's small enough to fit in a coat pocket, so you can take it along to restaurants and liquor stores.

I'd like to buy my wife some lingerie but have no idea what to get her. Do you have any suggestions?—P.R., Providence, Rhode Island

The best lingerie is comfortable enough that she'll want to put it on and revealing enough that you'll want to take it off. According to Andrew Wilson's "Handbook of Lingerie: A Man's Guide to Choosing Lingerie for the Woman in His Life" (800-423-9494), scanty thongs and basques in lurid colors will leave her cold. She'd more likely choose a color that matches her hair, eyes or complexion. If you see an item of lingerie and think "slutty," she won't like it. If you think "elegant," she will. Wilson writes, "You will find that more than a little sex appeal is achieved through the strategic placement of lace, translucent patterned fabrics and figure-following designs. A woman appreciates designs that put her in control of exposure rather than put her on display." Before you buy, check your wife's underwear drawer to get her bra and panty sizes. The number one reason—or excuse—for lingerie returns is poor fit.

What is the root of fetishes?—L.R., Columbia, South Carolina

We're all fetishists at heart. Social scientists believe that fetishes are the result of brain chemistry, conditioning and/or early sexual experiences. In the most entertaining theory we've read, Freud suggested that fetishes in men arise from the last impression a boy has of his mother when he discovers she doesn't have a penis. Thus the popularity of foot and shoe fetishes—you're on the floor as a toddler, you inadvertently look up your mother's skirt and, shocked, find yourself staring back down into her leather boots. Bam! You're hanging around shoe stores. Others argue that fetishes stem from whatever object or body part played a role in your first orgasm. If you want more theories, Valerie Steele provides an overview in her book "Fetish: Fashion, Sex and Power." Are fetishes healthy? If your preoccupation with a woman's shoes, breasts, butt, earlobes, lips, belly button, leather pants, stockings, legs, tattoos, smoking posture or piercings becomes so consuming it keeps you from seeing her as a walking, talking, sexual being, that's a problem. If your fetish is nothing more than a launchpad, then you're no different from most. If you fetishize an entire person, sentimental types call it love.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a self-addressed, stamped envelope. The most provocative, pertinent questions will be presented in these pages each month. Send all letters to the Playboy Advisor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or by e-mail to advisor@playboy.com. Look for responses to our most frequently asked questions on the World Wide Web at http://www.playboy.com/faq/ or check out the Advisor's new book, "365 Ways to Improve Your Sex Life" (Plume), available in bookstores or by phoning 800-423-9494.*

A BRIEF HISTORY OF Sex Tricks

what sex manuals tell us about ourselves

Last year while researching what would become the book *365 Ways to Improve Your Sex Life*, I went through every sex manual in the Playboy library. I read the collected wisdom of M.D.s, Ph.D.s, RNs, therapists, feminists, fantasists and sexual explorers. I was looking for tricks—techniques that would accelerate passion and produce astonishing sex.

The tricks were there, but so was something unexpected. I found that sex manuals over the years reflect America's changing view of sex. In the first half of the century, sex manuals focused on the man's role: He was supposed to prepare his partner for intercourse almost as a doctor would prepare a patient for surgery. As mutual satisfaction became the goal, sex therapists and sexual sages started to coach women on how to play.

In 1962, at the height of the Cold War and on the eve of the sexual revolution, John Eichenlaub wrote a sturdy manual called *The Marriage Art*. In it Eichenlaub describes the following:

"Freezing cold against your skin stimulates both pain and temperature nerves, which are exactly the types of fiber that trigger sexual climax. The ice-spurred special takes advantage of this fact. Before intercourse, the wife places at the bedside a bowl of crushed ice or a handful of cracked ice wrapped in a wet towel. Both partners strip and enjoy sex with the husband on top. As the husband starts his final surge to climax, the wife picks up a handful of crushed ice or the cold towel. Just as the paroxysms of orgasm start, she jams the ice-cold poultice against her husband's crotch and keeps it there throughout his conclusion."

Eichenlaub doesn't say who should sleep on the wet (frozen?) spot, but his ice trick does suggest that Americans were tired of the same old same old. They were ready to try nontraditional moves in bed.

In a work called *Oragenitalism*, Gershon Legman contributes this eloquent description of enthusiastic sex:

"All the motions of her hips and torso that the woman can use in coital postures where she lies, kneels, stands or squats over the man can also be used when she is in the same position over the man for cunnilingus, or the 69. In particular, the woman can use—and should make a real effort to try to learn, and learn well—the superb pelvic motion or mysterious gyration where the rider's body sinks and rises rhythmically forward and backward to match the motions of the galloping or bucking horse."

The sexual Sixties notwithstanding, America still wasn't ready to embrace the idea that women can be knowledgeable about sex. In 1969 a writer identified only as "J" gave this trick in *The Sensuous Woman*:

"One of the most arousing things you can do to a man is the Butterfly Flick. On the underside of the penis, about one to two inches behind the head, is a ridge called the corona. Just underneath the corona is a delicate vertical membrane. This is the most sensitive area of the man's body. To drive him straight to ecstasy, take your tongue and flick it lightly back and forth across this membrane—as if you were strumming a banjo. Now run your tongue down to the base of the penis and back up again a few times and then return to the Butterfly Flick, only this time flicking all the way up and down the underside of the penis. Continue until the man begs for mercy."

We work our way to the 1971 companion manual, *The Sensuous Man*, by "M." Its author enters the sex-tricks sweepstakes with something called the Strawberry Suckle:

"Sprinkle the breasts with soft kisses and then follow up with nibbling of the aureole (dark circle around the nipple). Now slip your tongue over the same area, circling the nipple faster, faster, faster (as if you were running around and around in a revolving door). Next, draw the nipple into your mouth, knead it gently and then begin sucking, pulling as much of the breast into your mouth as you can, pressing it firmly between the tongue and roof of your mouth. Suck as a baby does while being fed. Repeat all steps many times, alternating from breast to breast."

Within a few years our sexual instructors would go from anonymous advice givers to celebrity advisors. In one of her too-cute books, Dr. Ruth Westheimer tells women that "oral sex is perfectly natural and can be a great deal of fun. Pretend you are eating an ice-cream cone." What kind of advice is that? Have you ever seen a woman eat an ice-cream cone? She takes a lick, waits for a while, takes another lick and waits awhile. You get the picture. And when the ice cream gets really soft, she takes a bite out of it. No thank you, Dr. Ruth.

Even books that parody sex manuals are good for a few tricks. In 1986 Tom Carey wrote *The Modern Guide to*

By JAMES R. PETERSEN

Sexual Etiquette for Proper Gentlemen and Ladies, which offers us the following:

"It's time we paid some attention to the manual stimulation of the male parts, as well as the female. This can be a distasteful chore for many women at first, but like milking a cow, once you get the hang of it, it can be lots of fun. Make it a game. Hang targets on the wall. Try for new distance records. Here's what I want you to do: Sit naked on your beds, facing each other. Now, when I say go, I want you to watch each other masturbate. Ready. Go. And no fair cheating. Girls, if you usually use a vibrator the size of a table leg, plug it in. Guys, if you normally drive carpet tacks into your nipples, then do that. All good sex books recommend mutual masturbation. It'll help you better understand all the disgusting things your partner wants you to do."

Peruse sex manuals throughout recent history and the quest for the lighthearted touch and perfect metaphor is evident. Alex Comfort revolutionized lovemaking in 1972 with *The Joy of Sex*—a book modeled on the culinary arts. Other advice givers felt sex was more akin to music. John Eichenlaub followed *The Marriage Art* with a second best-seller, *New Approaches to Sex in Marriage* (1980):

"Like the violin bow rubbing a string, which gives just as loud a note when moved slowly, shaft to inner lip friction stimulates just as keenly whether movement is slow or fast. Some husbands stimulate their wives most effectively with a sort of 'stutter movement,' giving a quick motion at the beginning of each inward or outward stroke (to turn the wife's inner lips in the right direction), followed by a long, slow movement the rest of the way. Others find slow movement in a regular rhythm easier, especially if the wife is making reciprocal movements of her own."

Dr. Irene Kassorla also reaches for a musical metaphor in *Nice Girls Do* (1980):

"At any point when the tide recedes and the man has a soft-on, he can maintain his partner's level of excitement in the orgasmic continuum by keeping her going. One way to do this is by getting into what I call the Bass Fiddle position.

"The man lies on his side, facing and holding his partner, who is on her back, lying next to him. Her hips are crossed over his hips, positioned so that she can feel his soft penis on the upper back side of her thighs, near her vagina. The upper part of his left arm is underneath her shoulders and the lower part of this arm comes around, leaving his left hand free to cover her breast. His right hand can then massage her vagina, anus and clitoris. He plays her body as a musician would play a bass fiddle."

AIDS forced Americans to ask how to make sex exciting, sensual and safe. Writers started to reexamine the basics. In 1988 Peter Brooks' *Terrific Sex in Fearful Times* managed to bring an upbeat tone to the national conversation about sex. He finds delicious variety in the subject of male masturbation:

"How about going double or nothing? Bring both well-lubricated hands down on his shaft. Some cocks are so big they require two hands. If your partner's doesn't, then use the other hand to caress and lightly flutter his balls, or tighten it around the base of his shaft. If both hands fit along the length of the shaft, move them together, up and down, in the typical pumping motion. Pretend that you're holding a baseball bat and are about to score a grand slam. You can also vary the directions of your hands—one up and one down at the same time."

Around 1993, sex manuals began to emphasize the pleasures of toys. The staff of a San Francisco store devoted to sex aids produced *The Good Vibrations Guide to Sex*, which suggests using more than one vibrator for simultaneous vaginal and anal stimulation. Trevor Jacques published a particularly thoughtful book called *On the Safe Edge*, in which he proposes the following:

"What do you do if you are in a hotel and have no toys from home with you? In most hotel rooms there are hangers with clips for trousers. These clips can be adjusted to the distance between the nipples and used to great effect. Even better, they come with a hook for attaching weights (such as your shoes or boots) or to pull upward with your teeth."

We'll never look at hotel hangers the same way again.

What is the secret of great sex—anatomy or intimacy? Sex guides went from telling lovers what they should do with their bodies during sex to telling them what they should do with their minds. In the 1992 version of *New Male Sexuality*, therapist Bernie Zilbergeld asks men to focus their attention:

"When you are kissing, keep your mind in your lips. When your partner is touching a part of you, put your attention in that part. When your penis is being touched or when you are having intercourse, put your attention inside your penis. Be aware of the fit between the penis and whatever is around it—pressure, texture, temperature and wetness."

Barbara De Angelis has explored the interplay of souls during lovemaking. Her 1995 work *Real Moments for Lovers* offers this observation:

"Many people avoid using words during sex because words of desire make them feel too naked and exposed. I can be feeling that my lover's touch makes me hot, but if I say to him, 'your touch makes me so hot,' now I am sure that he knows, and now I am more vulnerable. My words give him power over me, power that comes from knowing his seduction has been successful, from knowing that I want him."

There you have it—sexperts honing their craft in the interest of a more sexually fulfilled populace. The conclusion? We are thirsty for knowledge. We are not a nation that can be summed up in the bumper sticker SEX HAPPENS. We like to take control, to make sex varied and articulate. We like to tinker. We like to soar. And god, do we like to fuck.

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

BAD HAIR DAY

REDONDO BEACH, CALIFORNIA—*A hairdresser was convicted of lewd conduct after he masturbated while styling a customer's hair. According to the police report, Jay*

Middleton left the room after prepping the customer and returned naked from the waist down. He completed the haircut with one hand while saying aloud, "This is so bad, I can't believe I'm doing this." When Middleton realized the customer had noticed, he shouted, "Bad Jay! Bad Jay!" and slapped himself on the wrist. Neither the woman nor the cops were amused: A judge sentenced Middleton to a day in jail and 60 days of highway cleanup.

THE INNOCENCE OF GIRLS

LITTLE ROCK—*Ten students sued their high school after being strip-searched following the theft of a wallet. According to the ACLU, Conway High School's dean of women took the girls one by one into the bathroom and told them to drop their pants or lift their skirts and raise their shirts or dresses to their necks. The suit alleges that she then ran her fingers along the edges of their bras and panties looking for the missing $64. The students were told the search was necessary because "girls have more places to hide things" than the one boy in class, who was merely patted down. The wallet was later recovered from a female student's car.*

EAST STROUDSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA—*A female pediatrician hired to conduct physicals on 59 sixth-grade girls at their school caused an uproar when she included external genital exams. When parents complained that they should have been informed of the physicals and that the procedure upset their daughters, the school district responded that the exams had not violated Pennsylvania health regulations. According to the pediatrician, "Many physicians are afraid to do genital exams in this situation. It's not mandated by the state, but that's how I've always done exams."*

OLYMPIC SPIRIT

ATLANTA—*The torch that carried the Olympic spirit to Atlanta had to avoid a pothole along the way. An Olympic committee decided to route the flame around Cobb County, Georgia—Newt Gingrich country—because of a resolution by the county board that condemns homosexuality. The speaker's response to the snub? "If the Olympics can have Cubans, Syrians, Iranians and North Koreans, then Cobb is good enough to be part of the Olympics." Georgia's Wayne County played it safe: Officials voided an antigay resolution passed in 1994.*

PROTECT THE CHILDREN

GENEVA—*The U.N. Children's Fund estimates that at least 1 million children worldwide, mostly teenagers, are forced into prostitution each year and that some 300,000 American kids are involved in the trade. Unicef called for tougher laws, pointing to legislation in Australia and Germany that allows the prosecution of citizens who commit crimes against children in other countries.*

SCHOOL SACRILEGE

WILLIAMSBURG, OHIO—*A high school principal suspended a 16-year-old freshman for two days after he violated a rule against cursing. When instructed to sit down by his health teacher, an exasperated Jeremy Goodman exclaimed, "Jesus Christ!" "When you're being told to do something and you say that to a teacher," the principal explained, "that's an inappropriate use of the term." Goodman's mother disagreed, saying the suspension violated the separation of church and state. "Williamsburg is a very religious town, and I understand and respect that," Karen Goodman told "The Cincinnati Enquirer." "But I do not consider 'Jesus Christ' to be inappropriate language."*

BOOB ALERT

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*Needing a hot issue to spice up its fund-raising letters, the archconservative American Family Association filed the first formal complaint under the Communications Decency Act. The group targeted Compuserve's Macglamour Forum, which provides color nudes, video clips and discussion areas. "Web Review" magazine noted that the AFA's unrestricted Internet site includes much more graphic material—specifically, a list of alleged "homosexual sexual practices." Perhaps Compuserve should file a complaint.*

EUROPEAN FIT

BRUSSELS—*After studying the needs of men across Europe, the European Committee for Standardization agreed on a minimum condom size of 6.69 inches in length by a maximum 2.2 inches in diameter. Besides allowing for consistent quality tests, the new standard will correct size variations among 18 participating countries when it goes into effect in June 1998. The most noticeable difference will be in Britain, where the current standard is*

6.24 inches, about half an inch shorter than the rest of Europe. There will also be a condom gap between Europe and the U.S., where the industry standard is a minimum of 6.3 inches in length and a diameter of no more than 2.1 inches.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY KEVIN POPE

READER

POSTER ENVY

While we appreciate your endorsement of our public health activities with the poster displayed in the May issue ("Public Disservice," *The Playboy Forum*), we regret that you misstated our local issues. You said that "local councilmen . . . wanted to keep this poster under house arrest . . . to limit circulation." In fact, our council members have not interfered with the distribution of this poster. Rather, health department staff determined before the poster was produced that public health efforts to encourage safer sex could be compromised by uncontrolled distribution. The poster targets a specific audience (young men who have sex with men) and was intended for display in places where that audience congregates. Unlimited distribution was seen as unnecessarily provocative to the general public and potentially self-defeating, as the message could become worn out by overexposure. The Seattle–King County Department of Public Health pursues thoughtful, creative and effective programs to promote the public's health, not controversy.

Alonzo Plough, Director
Seattle–King County Department of Public Health
Seattle, Washington

A safe-sex message "worn out by overexposure"? Tell that to the unprotected kids who contract HIV. You have a great poster. Don't save it for the prom.

LUST-FREE LIBRARIES

I enjoyed Chip Rowe's report on the efforts of groups such as Family Friendly Libraries to restrict access to certain books ("Lust-Free Libraries," *The Playboy Forum*, May). I came across something just as ominous on the Internet. The Canadian Library Association has endorsed a V chip for books. According to the report, a bar code will be added to the spine of each library book in Canada with a rating of the book's content on several scales: sex, violence, coarse language, drug use, religion and "alternative lifestyles." Parents will then be able to set a tolerance level on family accounts, and by scanning a book and library card, the librarian would know immediately if a person is allowed to check it out.

Tom Randel
San Francisco, California

The release was a spoof written by David Jones, president of Electronic Frontier Canada, a lobbying group that opposes the V chip (beginning this year, all Canadian programming is required to be rated for the V chip). You weren't the only person taken in. The CLA received hundreds of angry calls, and Jones heard from a few people who really liked the idea. What's not funny is that events of the past year or so—the V chip, the Communications Decency Act, the growth of groups such as Family Friendly Libraries—made Jones' V bar code seem plausible.

FOR THE RECORD

SMELLS LIKE TEENS

"You just cake on the deodorant and hope you're not going to smell too bad."

—SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD SOPHOMORE C.J. GLAWE COMMENTING IN "THE NEW YORK TIMES" ON STUDENTS WHO REFUSE TO SHOWER AFTER GYM CLASS. THE NEW MODESTY (OR IS IT SEXUAL PARANOIA?) IS A FRAGRANT SIGN OF THE TIMES

Chip Rowe poses the question "How do we protect the children?" I don't know how to protect the children, and, bypassing parenthood by choice, I shouldn't have to answer. Yet thousands of nonparents are affected by laws that act in loco parentis. In the name of the children, our rights are being abridged and violated. In the name of the children, censorship is being pushed at every turn with restrictions in libraries, on the Internet and on television through a ridiculous rating system and the even more farcical V chip. I fail to see the effectiveness of cybercensorship in a society where the average adult can't program a VCR yet grade-schoolers create their own Web pages. The responsibility of protecting children should rest squarely on the shoulders of their parents. In some ways I believe children may be overprotected. I've been a PLAYBOY reader for 25 years, and it hasn't adversely affected me. Better the children have their curiosity satisfied by a reliable source than on the proverbial street corner.

Alex McTieg
Clarks Summit, Pennsylvania

I would like to point out that "Lust-Free Libraries" covers only part of the problem. Libraries have to deal with external forces in the community, including radical conservatives from whom you might like to hide the fact that you own a copy of *Vox* or the *Kama Sutra*. I suspect that some librarians might prefer to keep the obsolete and misleading subject headings dealing with sex. (Though it is usually the adult users who get lost.)

On the other hand, the Library of Congress is being less than honest in downplaying its part in assigning subject headings. Yes, libraries can change or add subject headings for their local catalog, but the LOC won't let me, as a cataloger, change or add to the records it has already created, even if I have

a unique perspective on how a book should be cataloged.

Earl Lee, Associate Editor
Librarians at Liberty
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Hurrah to PLAYBOY and Chip Rowe for recognizing that libraries have real potential for sex education. Libraries should have books on all sexuality topics, with viewpoints ranging from New Age to conservative Christian.

Can anyone today seriously argue that libraries should not shelve books on birth control, abortion, homosexuality or even garden-variety sexual pleasure?

Not all parents want their children's reading restricted to books about the traditional family. If parents want to keep their kids away from certain books, it is their responsibility to monitor their children's library use. Groups such as FFL want to force libraries, schools, media and the government to do their parenting for them. That's a cop-out.

Martha Cornog
Timothy Perper
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

SURFWATCH

Surfwatch ("Surfwatch Road Test," *The Playboy Forum*, May) is not in the business of keeping people innocent, nor do we claim that our product will magically whitewash kids' morality. A one-disk program can't transform American society—there are too many other influences that expose the underside of human nature. Surfwatch gives people a technological tool to help them choose what to view on the Internet. We are primarily concerned with keeping the Internet free from censorship. However, there must be options for people who do not want easy access to smut. Our program lets them make choices. Surfwatch offers an alternative to government regulations.

Ann Duvall, President
Surfwatch Software
Los Altos, California

We would like to hear your point of view. Send questions, opinions and quirky stuff to: Playboy Forum Reader Response, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Please include a daytime phone number. Fax number: 312-951-2939. E-mail: forum@playboy.com (please include city and state).*

Comics Under Fire

The moral mafia's crusade against sex has found a new target: comic books. Last year a Christian Coalition member walked into Planet Comics in Oklahoma City and bought a copy of

a comic called Verotika. To her diminutive mind, the work was obscene. She contacted a group called Oklahomans for Children and Families, which contacted the Oklahoma City vice squad, which raided Planet Comics with the media in tow. Police hauled off such treasures as Mighty Morphing Rump Rangers, The Viper Series Official Art Book, Screamers #2, Sex Wad #2, Nefarismo #5, Beatrix Dominatrix #2 and The Devil's Angel.

At the arraignment, a state prosecutor charged Planet Comics owners John Hunter and Michael Kennedy with six counts of selling, distributing or trafficking obscene material, one count of displaying material harmful to minors and one of possessing child porn (for The Devil's Angel, which depicts a spawn of Satan having sex with a male character). The retailers faced 86 years in prison and a $100,000 fine. The state later dropped the kid porn charge and reduced some felony charges to misdemeanors. But the damage had been done. Faced with mounting debts, Kennedy and Hunter had already closed Planet Comics.

Moral crusaders have long embraced the tactic of bust 'em and bankrupt 'em. Last year alone, the Comic Book Legal Defense Fund (P.O. Box 693, Northampton, MA 01061) spent more than $80,000 defending Planet Comics and other clients. Police in North Richland Hills, Texas charged a comic retailer with displaying obscenity after he sold a magazine that featured a drawing of fellatio. A shop owner in Glendale, California faced charges after police seized 25 comics that he had bagged, sealed and labeled "Adults Only." And in Ashland, Oregon, police confiscated $10,000 in merchandise and charged a shop owner with selling obscenity to a minor after a 17-year-old sting agent purchased a copy of Penthouse Comix. In each of these incidents, charges were

dropped after prosecutors could not prove their case. The sad truth is that a zealous prosecutor doesn't have to prove that a retailer is peddling illegal smut. He or she just has to pursue the case until the cost of doing business becomes too high.

PLAYBOY AT WAR

three congressmen think servicemen should be treated like children. where do we find these guys?

First they tried to throw gays out of the military. Now they want to make life hard for heterosexuals too.

In April, three Republicans on the House National Security Committee put together the Military Honor and Decency Act of 1996. The measure seeks to prohibit "the sale or rental of sexually explicit written or videotaped material on property under the jurisdiction of the Department of Defense." The bill calls for military bases to ban the sale of any magazine that "depicts or describes nudity, including sexual or excretory activities or organs, in a lascivious way."

During committee hearings, these politicians who get paid to split pubic hairs explained that while PLAYBOY, *Penthouse* and *Hustler* would get the ax, barely nonnude material such as the *Sports Illustrated* swimsuit issue and the Victoria's Secret catalog would be permitted.

The top brass at the Pentagon, who did not ask for this protection, could not long stand the embarrassing antics of the congressmen. They announced in a strongly worded memo that banning men's magazines is unconstitutional and would be an administrative nightmare.

We've been through this before. In 1986, at the height of the Meese Commission's follies, groups of conservatives wanted to ban PLAYBOY from military bases.

Patrick Buchanan, then director of communications at the White House, brought up the idea at a Reagan cabinet meeting. Perhaps the president could simply issue an executive order: No more pin-ups in the PX. Someone at the table said, "Well that would certainly do wonders for our recruiting program."

Reagan chuckled and the idea went away. Buchanan, it seems, is still a laughingstock, as are his conservative cohorts in Congress.

The sponsors of the bill are representatives Robert Dornan (R–Calif.), Roscoe Bartlett (R–Md.) and Christopher Smith (R–N.J.). Smith justified the proposed legislation with this amazing comment: "Military porn sales can compromise our defense readiness."

We can't imagine how. Unless, perhaps, if someone whose job it is to push the doomsday button were otherwise engaged. (Then again, you need only one hand to push a button.) Or is Smith one of the few who doesn't understand that *Dr. Strangelove* is a parody? Does he want our valiant youth to preserve their vital bodily fluids? In combat, blue balls can be heavier than any maneuver pack.

1966

Smith is a true believer in the domino theory of desire: Exposure to magazines such as PLAYBOY, he says, leads to the use of "progressively harder pornography" and ultimately to "deviant behavior." He must speak from personal experience, since there is no credible research to support this wild assertion. Call it porno madness.

"If people want to read pornography, that's their business," Smith says. "But the U.S. government shouldn't be facilitating and discounting the sale and promotion of materials that demean women."

Mr. Smith, the military has long carried pin-ups into combat. Cut them some slack—they're facing death for your freedoms. Soldiers in the Civil War coveted naughty daguerreotypes of girlfriends or models. Bomber crews in World War Two painted their aircraft with copies of Petty Girls, Vargas beauties and Betty Grable glamour shots. Servicemen in the Vietnam war carried PLAYBOYs in their packs, welcomed Playmates in USO shows and pitched in to help when the Big Bunny was used to airlift orphans from the war zone. We recall stories of combat units that marked their time in the field by the number of centerfolds affixed to the walls of their quarters. At the height of the war, *The Washington Post* ran an account of the important day when helicopters brought the latest PLAYBOY. Twenty-five years after the war, Playmates still receive fan letters from soldiers whose main contact with home was a centerfold. Cynthia Myers, who graced our pages in December 1968, received a letter from fan William Hanes asking for a picture. After Cynthia responded, he wrote: "I was delighted to receive a personal reply to my letter. I told you of the wonderful effect that your 1968 centerfold had on the morale of us chopper pilots in Vietnam. Although in truth, you had more than a few of us banging our heads against the wall, muttering, 'I've just got to get home.' Most of the memories I have of Vietnam are of sweat, fear and pain. You were one of the rare bits of beauty that came into our lives, and I treasure the memory."

In Los Angeles last year, a soldier asked DeDe Lind (Miss August 1967) to

1967

sign a tattered and torn centerfold. He told her that when a mortar shell destroyed his bunker, he had crawled through the wreckage to retrieve her picture. She gave him the autograph. "It was an honor," she said.

During the Gulf war, some State Department wonk decided that PLAYBOY might offend our host nation of Saudi Arabia. So PXs there didn't carry them, and subscriptions weren't always forwarded. Still, plenty of copies made it through as contraband, sent by relatives and friends back home. (Said one soldier, "We were there to save their ass, not kiss it.") Kimberley Conrad Hefner organized a group of Playmates to correspond with the troops. The resulting Operation Playmate proved to be a thorough morale booster. Norman Schwarzkopf even took pen to paper. "Please give a special thanks to all those who helped you in Operation Playmate," he wrote us. "You are true patriots."

Pin-ups mean different things to different people: To male soldiers they represent the life they left behind, the life they have sworn to defend, the life they are willing to die for. How this demeans women is beyond us.

Pin-ups represent an escape from the rigors of military life. As one soldier told the press: "When we got out of basic training, the first thing everybody went for was a PLAYBOY."

One colonel, Larry Rivers, put it even more succinctly: "It would piss us off if they weren't in stock."

We are, after all, entertainment for men.

In another ridiculous argument, Representative Bartlett complained that soldiers, sailors and pilots can buy PLAYBOY at a ten percent discount, claiming that somehow taxpayers are being cheated. "Uncle Sam should not be subsidizing smut."

The thing is, PXs sell everything at discount. Ten percent off the cover price of PLAYBOY, ten percent off a six-pack, ten percent off a loaf of bread. Whether they're selling food for the body or food for the soul, the people who run PXs do not want to make a profit off their fellow soldiers. This is not a subsidy.

Representative Dornan took another line of attack. He worried about sexual harassment.

"How do you tell an 18-year-old sailor, 'Don't undress that female yeoman with your eyes,' when you've got pictures up on your locker?"

Bob, he's going to do that anyway. Appreciating the yeoman is not conduct unbecoming an officer.

"Take any one of these pictures," said Dornan, "and put it up in your work area, and that is a prima facie case of sexual harassment." This from a politician who poses as a champion of women, yet wants to remove women from combat because they have "different personal hygiene" requirements. Possession of a copy of PLAYBOY is not sexual harassment, and putting up a centerfold in your locker does not create a "hostile sexual environment."

The moral posturing looked like calisthenics at a Christian Coalition camp.

"This material attacks the military family," droned Dornan. He should know about military families under attack. During his own stints as a pilot in the Air Force Reserve and as a journalist in Vietnam, his wife tried to divorce him, charging physical abuse and filing restraining orders, before she turned to drugs and alcohol and wound up in the Betty Ford Center. She later recanted her allegations of abuse and each divorce action was dropped. If men's magazines played a role in any of this, Dornan should come clean. If not, he should examine the real issues of military life.

The ACLU was quick to challenge the proposed law. A spokesperson said the legislation is too broad, that it would cover things like the sale of Michelangelo's *David* at PXs across the land. (Is there a huge market in reproductions of nude statues on Army bases?) Others point out that PLAYBOY has never been found obscene, that erotica is protected by the First Amendment, that both the military and Congress have sworn oaths to protect the Constitution.

Of the two, only the military seems to uphold that oath.

1991

MINDING THE STORE

the hmh first amendment award winners

Tom Hull is a large guy from Oregon. He dwarfs the podium, where he has just received the Hugh M. Hefner First Amendment Award. He seems shy and appears to have difficulty explaining to the audience how he ended up at the event.

He owns a video store. "You see them on every corner. One of them's mine. Well, now two of them. It's a family business. My sister is back home minding the store."

Hull explains what to him was an inescapable mission. Powerful people had decided that Oregonians had too much freedom. They proposed a referendum that would have rewritten the Oregon constitution and allowed each city and county to enact its own laws banning obscenity. "For me, this was a traitorous notion," Hull said.

To fight the proposal, he organized video dealers, booksellers, artists, librarians and individuals "committed to the defense of free expression, diversity of thought and the defeat of censorship." He was simply minding the store, and as a result, the initiative was defeated.

As the luncheon progressed, the story of one individual taking a stand for liberty was repeated over and over. Jeffrey DeBonis was a U.S. Forest Service employee who questioned the agency's practice of blaming declining jobs and mill closings in the Pacific Northwest on the "spotted owl and environmentalists." He sent e-mail to Forest Service employees suggesting that they retake "the moral high ground," that they use law to protect ancient forests. The timber industry demanded that he be reprimanded. DeBonis faced down managers, industry leaders and the 104th Congress and eventually formed the Association of Forest Service Employees for Environmental Ethics. He has expanded his organizing into other branches of the government, founding Public Employees for Environmental Responsibility.

Jocelyn Chadwick-Joshua took the podium to explain that not all challenges to the First Amendment come from conservatives. In the past decade, Mark Twain's *Huckleberry Finn* has been the target of liberal groups that object to the use of the word nigger. Chadwick-Joshua is an African American whose passion for the works of Mark Twain has inspired her to visit more than 20 school districts and 40 high school classes. She urges young people to read and understand the historical context of Twain's work as it relates to racism and slavery.

There are those who protect the First Amendment and those who practice it. Seth Rosenfeld fought the FBI for 14 years to gain access to documents exposing the bureau's surveillance and harassment of individuals and organizations at the University of California–Berkeley. He filed three Freedom of Information Act lawsuits, despite ridicule from one FBI agent who said that FOIA meant "freedom from information." Rosenfeld's quest eventually uncovered documents that showed the FBI tracked outspoken professors and actively tried to have Clark Kerr removed from his position as president. "It was less concerned with national security than with its own insecurity," he said.

Morton Mintz has spent a lifetime reporting for *The Washington Post*. To use the First Amendment is to defend it: Mintz reported on the dangers of thalidomide in 1962 and on the hidden hazards of the birth control pill in 1970, and he exposed corporate misconduct in the manufacture of the Dalkon Shield in 1985.

In 1987 Mary Morello, a retired schoolteacher, attended a PTA meeting at which a video produced by the Parents Music Resource Center was shown. Morello realized that the family values being espoused by Tipper Gore's group were not those of her family.

For one thing, Morello's son Tom plays guitar for Rage Against the Machine. After he gave her a folder of newspaper and magazine articles about music censorship, she used $100 of her own money to launch Parents for Rock and Rap. She gave several interviews a day and recruited more than 700 parents nationwide. The organization has grown from there. "If you think standing up for free expression is lonely, standing up for free speech in entertainment for teenagers is even lonelier," she said. "The librarian is the only person in town who cares." Morello despises the so-called family values of the Bob Dole crowd. "If they were serious they would be against poverty and parental abuse and neglect. No outsider should tell my kids what they can listen to."

Tom Morello watched as his mom received the applause of the audience. On that very day his album had reached the number one spot on the national charts.

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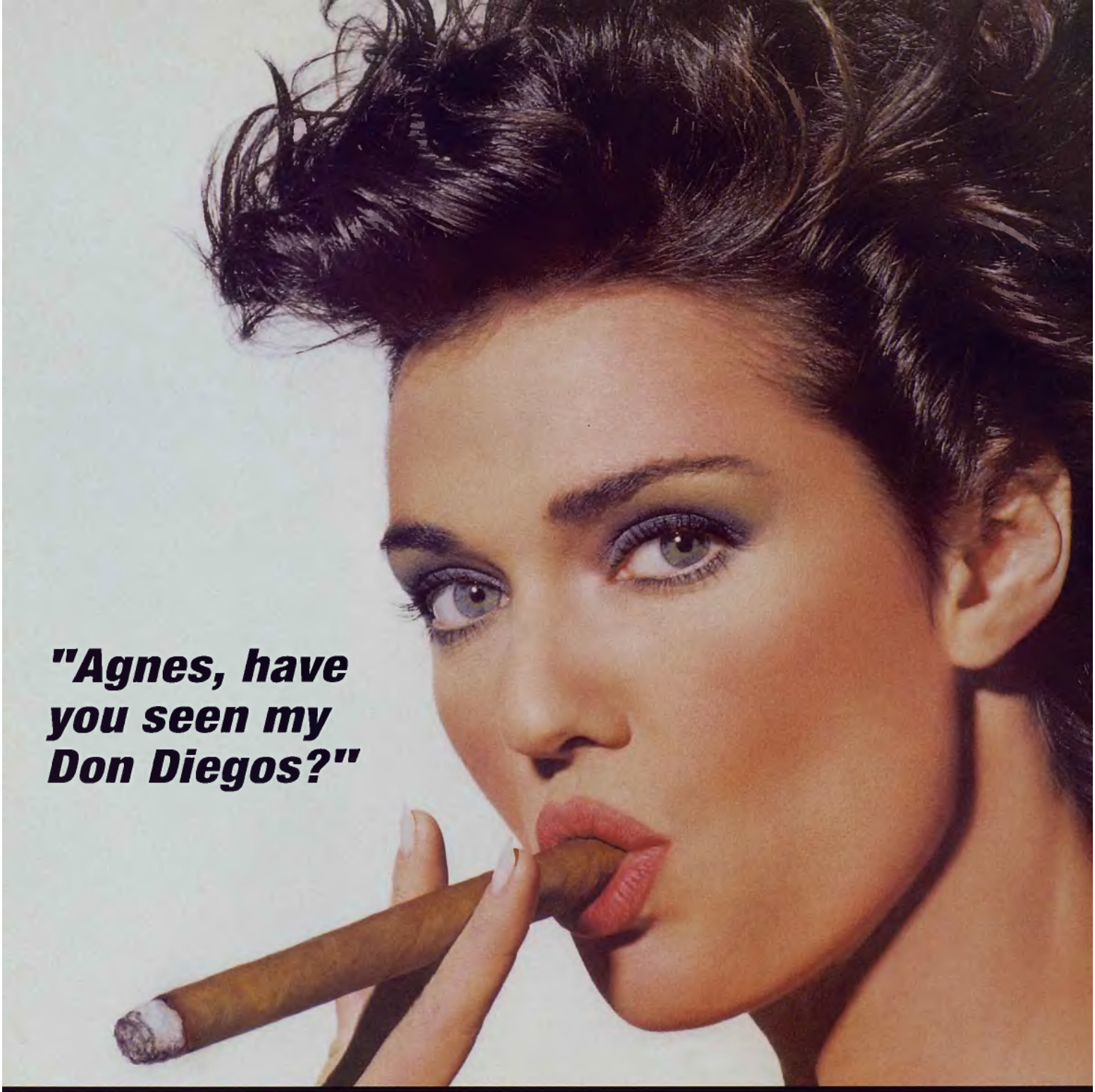

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: NICOLAS CAGE

a candid conversation with the oscar-winning actor about his strange dating habits, the famous coppola family and the fatal charm of that fabled cockroach

On the day of the 1996 Academy Awards ceremony, Nicolas Cage is dressed in a wide-lapelled Hugo Boss tux, walking around his apartment, a penthouse in downtown Los Angeles that could be a set in a "Batman" movie, with burgundy walls, deco furniture and sculptures of comic-book villains. He's pacing, "freaking out," while waiting for his wife, actress Patricia Arquette, to return home.

When she arrives, she finds a husband with nerves so frayed she realizes immediate action must be taken. She puts on a CD and asks him to dance. The couple do a spirited tango that calms Cage enough for them to leave in the limo outside.

At the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion, they sit for three interminable hours before Jessica Lange approaches the podium to announce the Best Actor winner. When Cage hears his name, he bounds up to the stage with his bow tie askew and his face smudged with lipstick from Arquette. He clutches his Oscar so tightly it looks as if he might crush it.

No one would blame him if he did.

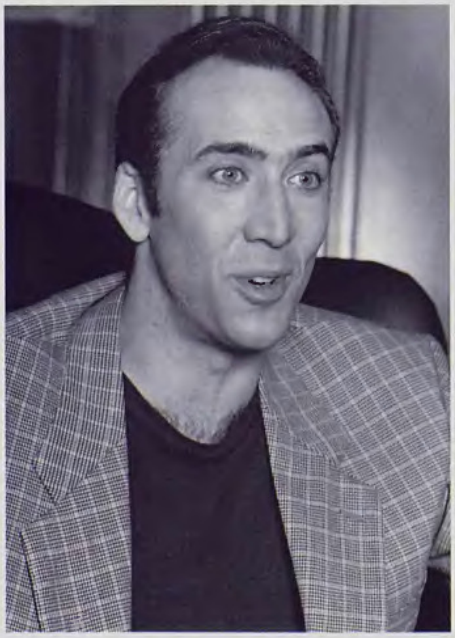
Cage, a professional actor since he was 17, has, at the age of 32, made more than two dozen movies. Although many of them have been celebrated, he has never been viewed as the type of mainstream actor—such as Tom Hanks or Tom Cruise—who collects the big awards. Rather, he is a quirky outsider who has portrayed, in the words of one writer, "more mondo bizarro, slack-jawed studs than any other actor of his generation." His reputation for recklessness, excess and oddness hasn't helped. Cage had his teeth pulled while shooting "Birdy" so he could "connect" to the pain of his character, a wounded veteran. He trashed a trailer on the set of "The Cotton Club." He ate a cockroach—a live one—for "Vampire's Kiss." With no movie role as an excuse, he smashed a ketchup bottle against the wall in a restaurant to impress a girl and, as he said, "heighten the moment."

This is not to say that Cage hasn't been taken seriously as an actor. He has a significant following of fawning reviewers (Janet Maslin recently wrote in "The New York Times" about the "riotous energy of his outward charm") and passionate fans. Although there have been a few forgettable roles in some abysmal bombs—"Trapped in Paradise" remains one of the worst motion pictures ever made—his great performances are remarkable.

Directors rave about him. Norman Jewison, who directed him in "Moonstruck," calls him "a poet who will do anything." Joel Coen, with whom Cage worked in "Raising Arizona," describes him as "a little Addams Family." David ("Wild at Heart") Lynch calls him "a jazz musician of actors, completely unafraid." Mike Figgis of "Leaving Las Vegas" says simply, "He's an artist. A brilliant artist."

Before adopting his current stage name, Cage was Nicolas Coppola, son of Joy Vogelsang, a modern dancer, and August Coppola of the famed Coppola family. His uncle is director Francis Coppola, his aunt is actress Talia Shire and his grandfather was the composer Carmine Coppola. August, a respected academic and artist, was an eccentric parent. Nicolas' mother suffered from mental illness and was often institutionalized (the couple divorced when Cage was 12), and August used a creative, if occasionally severe, hand in raising his three sons. As the inventor of the Tactile Dome in San Francisco's Exploratorium museum, August turned his children into guinea pigs by having them feel their way through early versions of the obstacle course in the dark. Other kids might watch sitcoms, but August took his children to see art-house movies to soak up Federico Fellini and "Nosferatu's" Max Schreck.

His first professional acting job was playing a surfer on TV's "The Best of Times." After dropping out in his senior year at Beverly Hills High School (he later earned a



"There's a strange mixture of pride and competition that I feel in the Coppola family. Very intense. We come from a long line of robbers and highwaymen in Italy. Killers, even. There is also a lot of creativity."

"When you're in Vegas, it's impossible to walk by the tables and not throw something down. I lost ten grand and I went and ran on the treadmill for an hour. Then I bet twenty grand and got all my money back."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MIZUNO

"There always was this strange dynamic with my father. He's given me so much, but there's this thing. I don't know how to explain it, but I think it has something to do with my mother telling him I wasn't his kid."

GED), Cage played small parts in "Fast Times at Ridgemont High" and his uncle's "Rumble Fish." Better roles came after he changed his name. First he was cast in "Valley Girl" by director Martha Coolidge and then in pivotal roles in such films as "Racing With the Moon," "Birdy," "Peggy Sue Got Married" (during which he met Jim Carrey, now a close friend), "Raising Arizona" and "Moonstruck." "Wild at Heart" and "Vampire's Kiss" both helped build his reputation for weirdness (as did the recent "Kiss of Death"). Then he began to cross over into more mainstream films, including "Honeymoon in Vegas," "Guarding Tess" and "It Could Happen to You." But just when it seemed that he was switching to family entertainment, he signed on to play the riveting main character in "Leaving Las Vegas."

The movie was based on a novel by John O'Brien, a writer who killed himself a few weeks after learning his book was to be made into a movie. Cage's character guzzles vast amounts of booze while carrying on a tortured affair with a hooker (played by Elisabeth Shue). The $3.5 million independent film almost wasn't released, but Cage's performance helped make it a quiet hit and brought him new stature—along with the Oscar statuette.

Cage followed "Leaving Las Vegas" with "The Rock," his first action-adventure film. Two more such movies are coming: "Con Air," in which he plays a prisoner, and a futuristic John Woo movie in which he will costar with John Travolta.

Cage, who lives between movie sets in two homes in Los Angeles and one in San Francisco, has had a series of turbulent relationships. With actress Kristina Fulton he had a son, Weston, now 5. Cage and Fulton split in 1991 during the filming of "Honeymoon in Vegas," but he remains close with his son. His two-year romance with model Kristen Zang ended during the filming of "Leaving Las Vegas." A year ago, he married Arquette, whom he met at a Los Angeles delicatessen.

Contributing Editor **David Sheff,** *whose interview with Salman Rushdie appeared here in April, caught up with Cage during a rare hiatus. Sheff reports:*

"Cage has two homes in L.A. The first is an 11-room house built in the style of a German castle in the Hollywood hills, and the second, where we met, is an apartment in a part of town that isn't frequented by white people, let alone white movie stars. That's exactly why he chose it. He's rarely recognized on the streets in the predominantly Hispanic neighborhood and says it's a revelation: 'I can pretend I'm living incognito in some South American country.'

"Cage gave me a tour of the apartment and offered coffee. Although he is said to be weird and intense, I found him sincere, gentle and circumspect. Once, when the tape recorder stopped rolling, he worried aloud if he might hurt people's feelings by his candor. But when the interview resumed, he said that he didn't know how to talk any way but truthfully."

PLAYBOY: You're the nephew of director Francis Coppola and his sister, actress Talia Shire, and your grandfather was an Academy Award–winning composer. Is talent genetic?

CAGE: There certainly are creative families. All I know is that for whatever reason, I was drawn to acting at an early age. It wasn't because of influences as much as it was a way of expressing myself. I put on puppet shows and wore makeup to disguise myself. I saw how one could go undercover and create characters. I used this knowledge once to stop getting beat up on my way to school.

PLAYBOY: How did acting stop you from getting beat up?

CAGE: Throughout fourth grade, a bully came up to me every day on the school bus. A big, fat bully. He forced me to give him the Twinkie from my lunch bag or get slammed. One day I thought, I'm not going to do this anymore. I put on my brother's jeans and a pair of cowboy boots, slicked back my hair and put on some shades. I got on the bus, went up to the bully and told him I was Roy Wilkinson, Nicky Coppola's cousin. I said, "If you mess with him again I'm going to kick your ass." He bought it, and the next day, when I got on the bus as Nicky Coppola, he left me alone.

I had a strong-willed way of looking at things. I guess you could say I was confident. I thought I could change acting.

PLAYBOY: That sounds like a story contrived for a movie star's bio. Did it really happen?

CAGE: It absolutely happened. I did it another time, too. There was another neighborhood bully who was always beating me and my older brothers up. One day I became the Incredible Hulk. I took off my shirt and screamed as loud as I could and chased him. I was just a skinny little runt of a kid, but he ran off.

PLAYBOY: What did you learn from those experiences?

CAGE: That I could act and that there was power in being able to act.

PLAYBOY: Were you encouraged by your family?

CAGE: The opposite. When I was in high school, I went to audition for a school play and came home late. The dishes weren't washed and my father let me know it. "Nicolas, you are never going to be an actor, so don't even bother to try." It was the one time I stood up to my father. I just lost it. I said, "You're wrong. I am going to be an actor. You are going to wish you hadn't said that to me." Later he said he did it to make me want to prove him wrong, but I don't believe him. There always was this strange dynamic with my father. He's given me so much in terms of my ability to look at the world in a special way, because he's a great thinker. But at the same time, there's this thing. I don't know how to explain it, but I think it has something to do with my mother telling him that I wasn't his kid.

PLAYBOY: Why did she do that?

CAGE: They were fighting and she just said it to him: "Nicky's not your child!" She admitted to me that she told him that in the heat of anger. I'm sure she doesn't feel good about it, but you know how people say things in an argument. I said, "But I've lived with that anger from my father for 30 years." The fact is, if you look at a picture of my dad and you look at me, it's obvious that I'm his son. But it was always there. I never knew there was this question until my mother, in the hospital, told me about it. She apologized. But there has always been an edge from my father toward me, and that must be the reason.

PLAYBOY: What kind of person is he?

CAGE: He's one of the most remarkable characters anybody's going to meet. How can I explain my father? He intimidates my friends. They get uncomfortable around him. For starters, he's an imposing-looking figure—white sideburns, a combination of Sean Connery and Beethoven. When I was a kid, the other kids were seeing Disney and he was showing us movies like Fellini's *Juliet of the Spirits*. This was before video, so he would take us to the art-house cinemas. I saw *Citizen Kane*, and that's when I discovered Max Schreck and *Nosferatu* and *Dr. Caligari*, which gave me nightmares.

PLAYBOY: What type of nightmares?

CAGE: At four, I used to have this terrible nightmare that I was on the toilet and this giant blonde genie woman in a gold bikini would reach into the bathroom window like King Kong and pluck me off of the toilet seat and laugh at me. My father would come into my room when I was screaming and say, "Think of the white horse. The white horse will come and take your bad dreams away." And it did. I would meditate on the white horse. I would visualize it in the black. Now I say that to my son, Weston.

PLAYBOY: Do you understand what that dream meant?

CAGE: No. But I remember another one, too: a clown scaling a building like Spider-Man. I knew he was coming and I would look out the window and he would look up and smile at me as he was coming. These and other dreams pervaded my childhood. I was scared of many things. My father created the

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Tactile Dome in San Francisco's Exploratorium. You crawl in total darkness and feel your way through sponges and netting and you fall into two tons of birdseed or land on a water bed. But we were going through this exhibit when we were, like, six, and it scared the shit out of me. Looking at it now, it's brilliant. Disneyland wanted him to do one, but he wouldn't because he wanted it to be free.

PLAYBOY: Your father was an unusual man, but your mother was deeply troubled for a long time, wasn't she?

CAGE: She was plagued with mental illness for most of my childhood. She was institutionalized for years and went through shock treatments. She would go into these states that lasted for years. She went through these episodes of poetry—I don't know what else to call it. She would say the most amazing things, beautiful but scary. I'm sure they had an impact on me. If I look at home movies of when I was two years old, I see that she was a very caring mother—the way she touched me. I remember one birthday party when I got scared by all the candles. I'd try to run away and she would turn me back. It was very beautiful. But the hardest part was going to visit her in the institutions. I was quite young. There was a long hallway we had to walk down to see Mom, past people grabbing at us. At the end of it, she was always there, sitting, waiting. Sometimes she would go into a Rip Van Winkle mode and forget everything that had happened—that her father had died or that I had become an actor. She's fine now, but much time was lost.

PLAYBOY: How does a child cope with something like that?

CAGE: The strangest thing about it is that, even when things got really bizarre, I was able to detach and look at it with a scientific curiosity. I'm sure it had some impact on me, though. I do consider her the driving force in my creativity.

PLAYBOY: Maybe her illness was behind the nightmares.

CAGE: Maybe, yet I always felt protected. She never wanted to hurt anybody. The hardest part was seeing someone I love suffer.

PLAYBOY: What was the impact on your father?

CAGE: He stayed married for 16 years trying to make it work, and that's a heck of a situation. His blood pressure went up. He did most of the raising of us.

PLAYBOY: Was he able to help you understand what was going on with your mother?

CAGE: I don't know. It was really hard on him. I think he got angry. It's an impossible situation, as anybody should know. I wouldn't change it for anything in one way: I think it made my life rich and gave me a depth of emotion; it's like a blessing in disguise. I gained something from it. It gave me an insight and a sensitivity that I don't think I would have had.

PLAYBOY: When they finally split up, was it traumatic?

CAGE: No. I was relieved. It was uncomfortable, though. I had to sit down and talk with the judge. I went in and smiled the whole way through the meeting.

PLAYBOY: Was it a question of whom you wanted to live with?

CAGE: Yeah. And that was a sad day because my mother, obviously, wasn't able to raise us, yet she still tried to be strong and have dignity, and she wanted custody. You know, you see shows like *The Brady Bunch* and they paint these pictures of a family without problems. That's not fair. It makes everybody feel like they are abnormal.

PLAYBOY: Was your Uncle Francis a major influence in your life?

CAGE: I had great summer vacations with his family, and I lived with them for a while. Francis is a powerful man who enjoys his position.

PLAYBOY: Like the Godfather?

CAGE: Yeah. There's a strange mixture of pride and competition that I sometimes feel in the family. Very intense. It's a family rich in the sense of passion and feeling. We come from a long line of robbers and highwaymen in Italy, you know. Killers, even. It's loaded with grudges and passion. There is also a lot of creativity.

PLAYBOY: Did you really once chase him around humming the theme from *The Godfather*?

CAGE: We were playing miniature golf when they decided to play that theme over the loudspeaker. So I continued to hum it. I wouldn't stop. He was ready to kill me.

PLAYBOY: Did he encourage you to act?

CAGE: In some ways, but he was always hard on me. It was a mixed blessing. I started acting when I was 17 and my fellow actors didn't accept me. They said I was there because of Francis Coppola. These actors know who they are. I felt I had to work twice as hard as the next guy to prove myself. I felt the burden of being his nephew. On the set of *Fast Times at Ridgemont High*, the actors would congregate outside my trailer and recite a version of Robert Duvall's line from *Apocalypse Now*: "I love the smell of napalm in the morning." But they said, "I love the smell of Nicolas in the morning." It was psychologically hard: No matter how good you are, you feel you're not good enough. So I really had something to prove.

PLAYBOY: To others or to yourself?

CAGE: To others. See, I knew something that no one else could possibly know. I knew that I had wanted to act long before I knew anything else. Long before I knew who Francis was. I knew it as a six-year-old boy sitting on the rug in my living room, fantasizing about how I could get inside the TV and be one of those people. It was a coincidence that my uncle was a great director.

PLAYBOY: Still, do you deny that Coppola opened doors for you in the beginning?

CAGE: I can't deny that he had an impact on my career, but, as I said, in some ways I had to work harder. When I finally auditioned for him—for *The Outsiders*—he kept me there for hours and turned me down.

PLAYBOY: But he did cast you in *Rumble Fish*, *The Cotton Club* and *Peggy Sue Got Married*.

CAGE: Yeah. But what really helped me was when I was able to disassociate myself from him. At first I was working as Nicolas Coppola. When I changed my name, everything changed. I auditioned for *Valley Girl* as Nicolas Cage.

PLAYBOY: How did you decide on Cage?

CAGE: The name came from an African American comic-book superhero I love, Luke Cage.

PLAYBOY: And what happened after you changed your name?

CAGE: I arrived on the set of *Valley Girl* and the director didn't know I was related to anyone. I got the part that day. It was the validation I needed. I felt like I was floating, like all this baggage was gone. Francis saw the movie and called. I could hear the excitement in his voice. He wanted me to be in his next two movies.

PLAYBOY: The most often reported story about one of those movies, *Cotton Club*, is how you destroyed a trailer.

CAGE: I was very frustrated on *Cotton Club*. I was slated for three weeks of work. I was there for six months, in costume, in makeup, on the set, in case Francis got an idea that would involve my character. Meanwhile, I'm getting offers for starring roles in other movies and I can't do them. So my behavior—all the acting out—came from frustration. I was young.

PLAYBOY: Despite that, he cast you in *Peggy Sue Got Married*.

CAGE: Yeah. I turned it down four times.

PLAYBOY: What convinced you to take it?

CAGE: Francis did. He said it was like *Our Town*. He said he really wanted me to be in it. I asked, "If I do it, can I change my voice and do something different with it?" He asked, "How different?" I said, "I want to talk like Pokey." You know, from *The Gumby Show*.

PLAYBOY: Why Pokey?

CAGE: I was channel surfing and I heard that voice. It stuck with me. That's the way my brain works. My character was an adult who goes back to high school, when guy's voices haven't necessarily changed yet. Also, Francis was doing a story about a woman who goes back in time via her dream. He painted the trees pink and the sidewalk salmon. Why can't actors bend things a little bit, too?

PLAYBOY: And Coppola went for it?

CAGE: He said, "We'll see what happens in rehearsals." So I started doing this way-out voice and people were rolling

their eyes, saying, "What the hell is going on?" Kathleen Turner came over and said, "You know, film is a permanent record. Be careful what you do."

PLAYBOY: Why didn't you listen?

CAGE: I had a strong-willed way of looking at things. I guess you could say I was confident. In my 22-year-old mind, I wanted to change acting. I was reading books about Edvard Munch, about how people were lambasted for their art. I welcomed the idea of bad reviews because that would mean I was doing something that challenged the critics. I thought I could change acting, which isn't really my goal anymore. But at that time I was headstrong.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you were unfairly skewered for *Peggy Sue Got Married*?

CAGE: It was expected. I didn't care. I was happy with the result of the movie. A lot of my friends who didn't like it at first now like it. It did well; Kathleen Turner got an Academy Award nomination and it made a lot of money. But I was lambasted by critics. I was the wart on an otherwise beautiful movie. Francis blamed me; he hasn't asked me to work with him since. I wanted to be in *The Godfather Part III*. I thought that I would be a more logical choice as Jimmy Caan's son than Andy Garcia. I would have loved to be in *Dracula*. Dracula is one of my favorite characters in literature. Much of my lifestyle is modeled after him. I don't drink blood, but otherwise——

PLAYBOY: Otherwise?

CAGE: I just admire the sensibility. The Gothic decor of my homes is inspired by it. To me Dracula is love in exile. I'm very inspired by that idea.

PLAYBOY: Have you told your uncle that you feel slighted?

CAGE: No. That's not the way it works in my family.

PLAYBOY: Although many reviewers hated your performance in *Peggy Sue*, Cher apparently liked it. Based on it she selected you as her co-star in *Moonstruck*.

CAGE: She was amazing that way. She saw something that nobody else saw. You wouldn't think of the guy who was sort of Jerry Lewis on acid as a romantic, powerful lead.

PLAYBOY: Did she ever tell you what convinced her?

CAGE: She said she had just recovered from a car accident when she saw *Peggy Sue Got Married*. My performance, she said, was like watching a two-hour car accident.

PLAYBOY: That made her want to work with you?

CAGE: [*Shrugs*] I know how it sounds.

PLAYBOY: Do you consider *Moonstruck* an important movie in your career?

CAGE: That was the only movie I made that went into blockbuster status. Now I look back on it and think, God, I was starring opposite Cher. I was 23 and doing romantic scenes with her. I was about the same age as Eric Stoltz, who played her son in *Mask*. There was an incredible amount of pressure to have a certain amount of male power with her. I remember thinking, I'm going to imagine what it would be like to kiss her. When we did kiss, there was a lot of power there. She's obviously a passionate woman. My only disappointment was that some of my best work was cut by the director. Norman Jewison took me out for dinner afterward and said he had to cut some of my scenes because they overshadowed the star.

PLAYBOY: Was he right?

CAGE: I don't know. On the one hand, if he had kept them in, maybe I would have gotten an Oscar nomination, too. You have to understand: This man is the conductor and he's trying to make the orchestra work. I am more certain that some of my work in *Vampire's Kiss* should not have been cut. It was unfair: I was the driving force of that movie. And it was some of the best work that I have ever done.

PLAYBOY: Did you really eat a live cockroach for that movie?

CAGE: Yeah. The script said it was supposed to be a raw egg. But it didn't make sense to me that my character would eat a raw egg. He thinks he's a vampire. I was trying to graduate up the food chain

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PLAYBOY: Sounds logical.

CAGE: Yeah. And there was another factor: I knew that if I ate the bug, you and I would still be talking about it today. People wouldn't forget that.

PLAYBOY: Couldn't it have been a fake cockroach?

CAGE: It had to be real. I wanted everyone to know that the bug went into my mouth. I'm sure that's the reason the movie has stayed on video-store shelves for so long. I hope there are other reasons—I think it's a good movie—but people want to see the movie in which the guy eats a real bug.

The fact is, I'm not sure I like being associated with cockroaches. I'm not that wild about them. Yet cockroaches and I have become linked. My manager threw a birthday party for me once and there was a giant cake in the shape of a fucking cockroach.

PLAYBOY: Would you do something that extreme for a role now?

CAGE: I don't think so. I've learned a lot since then.

PLAYBOY: Would you have your teeth pulled for a movie, as you did for *Birdy*?

CAGE: I wouldn't. I didn't need to pull my teeth out then. Medically I did—my baby teeth weren't coming out—but I didn't need to do it while I was making the movie.

PLAYBOY: Why did you?

CAGE: I thought it would be a way to connect with some kind of physical pain. I don't know what I was doing. I found myself, at 19, in a demanding role without proper training. I would cut my script up into a million pieces and tape monologs all over my hotel-room walls so that wherever I looked I saw my lines. I kept on the facial bandages I wore for the role, which was more interesting than pulling the teeth because of the reaction in public places. The way teenage girls would look at me and laugh. I thought, What if I really were bandaged up? What would that reaction do to me?

PLAYBOY: The lore is that your dentist didn't use Novocain.

CAGE: Of course he did. But it still was painful when the Novocain wore off. People embellish things. But I admit I did things for effect that I wouldn't do now. I no longer need to live my part when I'm not in front of the camera.

PLAYBOY: There are other infamous off-screen antics. What's the truth behind the bizarre story about you and Jim Carrey abducting a room-service waiter when you were making *Peggy Sue*?

CAGE: That story was blown out of proportion. We were young and fooling around, and the guy knew we were joking. I know there are stories about me, some of which I generated. But I started acting at an early age and didn't have proper training. I was doing what I thought my heroes would do. In those days I was trying to create my own mythology. I had heard all the stories about my heroes, so I wanted to make stories for myself.

PLAYBOY: Heroes such as?

CAGE: Marlon Brando, Montgomery Clift, Cary Grant, Robert De Niro.

PLAYBOY: Stories like?

CAGE: Living the part, pushing things past the limit, pushing yourself the way Brando, in his death scene in *Mutiny on the Bounty*, was lying on a block of ice so that he would be shivering the shivers of death. The way Clift stayed up all night to do a scene in which he was tired or De Niro gained 40 or 50 pounds to play Jake LaMotta. That kind of stuff. That reckless, adventurous style was fun and fascinating.

PLAYBOY: But it's behind you now?

CAGE: Yes. I learned from that period in my life. I sensed what was useful and what wasn't. I also came to understand that I have a life to live. I can't interrupt my life each time a new role comes along. That's not to say that an element of the character doesn't stay with me. But I know how to turn it off when I go home. And I've learned that you can use the feelings better from a distance than by being immersed in someone else. The poet doesn't write the poem when he's crying the tears of pain that inspired it. He writes the poem after he has cried the tears.

PLAYBOY: Did you learn this the hard way?

CAGE: Women in my life were not happy living with a character who wasn't me. I don't do that anymore, though there is always an influence of the character you're playing.

PLAYBOY: During *Honeymoon in Vegas*, you apparently freaked out your co-star, Sarah Jessica Parker, because of your gambling. Was that more method acting?

CAGE: When you're living in Las Vegas for a couple of months, it's impossible to walk by the tables and not throw something down to see what happens. The whole casino is geared so you do that. You can't find where you want to go, you can't find exits easily, the rooms are pumped with oxygen so you can't sleep. You're always up and you go downstairs and you gamble. I was making small bets—$50 on red or black—but wasn't getting off on them. So I started going for the bigger numbers. It made her a little nervous. But I wasn't the guy at the baccarat table betting a million dollars.

PLAYBOY: How much were you betting?

CAGE: At one point it got up to about ten grand. She was getting ill. I lost ten grand and I couldn't get it back. I went up to my room and ran on the treadmill for about an hour so I could feel better about myself. Then I set my alarm for half an hour before the set call. I went down to the table and bet twenty grand and got all my money back. Then I stopped. I never bet again. I didn't like the way it made me feel. The only feeling that's more poignant than being a winner is the feeling of being a loser. I don't like that feeling, so I never did it again.

PLAYBOY: But what would have happened if you had lost the $20,000?

CAGE: I would have gone to 40, 80, 160—until I got it back. I was going to get my money back.

PLAYBOY: That movie began what you call your "sunshine trilogy." Did you plan to lighten up?

CAGE: It was an accident and it was also thought out. I had reached a point where people had an idea about who I was. There is a narrow-minded consciousness in Hollywood. As shocking as it seems, they really think you're the character you play. I did weird movies like *Wild at Heart*, in which I wore a snakeskin jacket and, part of the time, a prosthetic: a big, black-and-blue nose. I did other weird movies. So it was, "Nick Cage? He's the guy with the snakeskin jacket and the wooden hand [in *Moonstruck*], and he eats cockroaches. He's not right for that role, you know." You can intense yourself right out of the business; I've seen it happen.

I neglected doing comedies for some time. Part of it was that I didn't want to acknowledge that side of myself. I knew it was there, though; I knew that in elementary school, it helped me make friends and survive. So I decided to tap into comedy. The three movies I did at that time were *Honeymoon in Vegas*, *It Could Happen to You* and *Guarding Tess*.

PLAYBOY: After these mainstream movies, what drew you to *Leaving Las Vegas*?

CAGE: The script astounded me. I was crying when I finished reading it. It is, more than anything, a story about unconditional love. It is definitely one of the coolest relationships I've ever read in a screenplay. There's something about true love that is incredibly elusive. But my character, Ben Sanderson, found true love. Ben dies, but is it a sad ending? I don't know.

PLAYBOY: We read that the breakup with your girlfriend, Kristen Zang, fueled your performance.

CAGE: The split-up was a difficult one; it had been a tumultuous relationship. But it was also a sweet relationship. We just weren't right for each other. I was a lot older than she was. I had to get up early and she liked to sleep in like you do when you're 18. She wanted to go to nightclubs. So there was a sadness when we had to split up and that sadness went into the movie, because the breakup came around the same time. A lot of the times when I was saying "I love you," I was just heartbroken.

PLAYBOY: Did it surprise you that this was the movie that brought you an Academy Award?

CAGE: I was surprised it got released. Maybe the Academy is changing. I'm not

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knocking studio movies; I think they're cogent and valuable and help people enjoy their lives—and I make them. But the past few Oscars were geared toward big studio movies. It seemed as if a movie had to do well to have a shot. Well, the fact that they gave me the award for a movie that cost $3.5 million and which was shot on 16mm film seemed like a huge statement on their behalf: that they were changing and now were open to alternative movies that took chances and weren't afraid to end tragically. A lot of people had said *Leaving Las Vegas* would be too dark for the Academy.

PLAYBOY: You were predicted to win. Did that make you less nervous?

CAGE: No. In some ways it was worse: What if I don't win? I'm not one to assume. I didn't even want to prepare a speech; I had written one in case I won the Independent Spirit Award that was presented a few weeks earlier. When Sean Penn won that one, I crumpled up my speech and threw it out. It's not something you want to do to yourself. I was afraid that that would happen again.

PLAYBOY: Was it jarring to go from the small, low-budget *Leaving Las Vegas* to your latest release, *The Rock*, a big-budget thriller with Sean Connery?

CAGE: Yeah, but that's the idea. I was trying to go as far away from *Leaving Las Vegas* as I could. I did *Las Vegas* for me, for my soul—I wanted to do something that I could be proud of. There are certain movies like that. *Red Rock West* was another guerrilla, low-budget movie I did without even knowing if it would be released. I thought it would be an interesting dichotomy. I thought it would be mysterious: How is he going from this little art film to a $70 million studio film? It's not the kind of thing you're normally allowed to do. It's also a way to keep the machinery going—big-paying movies help me afford to do things like *Leaving Las Vegas*.

PLAYBOY: Are you a Sean Connery fan?

CAGE: He was one of my heroes at an early age. I kind of learned what being a man was about by watching James Bond. Now I realize that it's other things—more important other things. But I loved that image. My father looks a lot like Sean Connery. When my dad took me to see *Dr. No* at the drive-in, I imagined myself as James Bond's son.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of Pierce Brosnan and the other Bonds?

CAGE: Connery was the best by far. He had an ease in that role that no one has touched. Of course, part of it was the times. Now you can't do a lot of what he did in those movies. If you were to smack a woman's behind to send her out of the room, you would be in big trouble. He didn't have to worry about being politically correct. But for all the talk about how sexist that early Bond was, every woman I know thinks Sean Connery is the greatest thing that ever happened. So he's doing something right.

PLAYBOY: Your salary is shooting up into the multimillions per movie—reportedly $4 million to $7 million. Do those numbers make you chuckle?

CAGE: I don't chuckle. I have respect for the dollar.

PLAYBOY: It's a lot of money.

CAGE: There's one thing I have some difficulty with, and that's hanging on to money. I find ways of spending money that mystify everybody around me. They're amazed. They want to know how I do it.

PLAYBOY: How do you?

CAGE: OK, let's break it down. I live in Los Angeles and grew up in the car culture. When I was 16, I got my first Triumph Spitfire, and my father wouldn't let me drive it.

PLAYBOY: Was he afraid you'd crash?

CAGE: I don't know why he wouldn't let me drive my own car. I would sit in that car and pretend to drive it. In the meantime, he would drive it with my stepmother. I bought it with my own money but had to watch him and my stepmother driving it with the top down. I would have to pretend that I was driving. Finally I got it registered and then the car didn't want to work. It was always breaking down and I was always dragging it into the shop. I went to a rather well-off high school, Beverly Hills High, but we didn't have any money. We lived right where it says YOU ARE NOW ENTERING BEVERLY HILLS. My father wanted me to go to that school because he thought it was a good one, so I would take the bus. None of the pretty girls wanted to go out with me. They didn't want to ride the fucking bus with me! OK? On prom night, I had a date. My grandmother had given my brothers and me savings bonds. One brother cashed his bonds and got a stereo system. My other brother bought a used car. I cashed my bonds and rented a tuxedo and a limousine so I could take this beautiful girl to the prom. We're at the prom and I kissed her. When she responded I was so nervous I started throwing up. The limo driver wouldn't let me back into the limousine because there was vomit on my shoes. So I walked home. That was my prom.

That's the background. Then I finally started to make some money. I go for cars. Do you understand? The cars I go for are the ones I've always dreamed about. Italian cars.

PLAYBOY: Specifically?

CAGE: Ferraris, Lamborghinis. I have a lot of Italian furniture, I love Italian wine, I love Italian clothes, and there is nothing like an Italian car. Forget the fashion or the status crap—I don't buy into that. But I do think there's an incredible amount of creativity coming out of that country. They say the three ways that God shows himself to us is through the birth of a child, the discovery of true love and the creation of a work of art. To me, a handmade car is a work of art. It's rolling sculpture.

PLAYBOY: Of all your cars, do you have a favorite?

CAGE: The Lamborghini is like a triple espresso. It's like a bull, which is its symbol. You can't go anywhere without the police stopping you. You don't have to be moving. They'll stop you just because you're in that car. They will give you a ticket even when the guy in the AMC Pacer is doing 100 and you're doing 35. They resent it. So I rarely drive it; only very late at night. Anyway, at least I admit it. These actors work all their lives and start to make money and say, "I'm not really into it, the money's no big deal." I think about the guy who's out there struggling for his next dime, listening to the actor saying his millions are no big deal, and the guy says, "Fuck you." I agree: Fuck him. I admit I like having the ability to buy these cars. The money also allows me to make low-budget movies for no pay, and it may allow me to branch out and try other things. I want to make my own car—to design one. I'd like to start a music company and a comic-book company.

PLAYBOY: What types of comic books do you read?

CAGE: All sorts. There's one I like called *Hard Boiled* by Frank Miller and Geof Darrow. It's very intense with highly detailed drawings. I also like some of the erotic comics. There's a lot to be said for these Japanese cartoons of girls doing sexy things.

PLAYBOY: What are the best sex comics?

CAGE: *Legend of the Overfiend* is a great one. It's operatic. It's not something you'd want your kids to look at, but it's wonderful.

PLAYBOY: For a fan of comic books, it's surprising that you haven't done more thrillers or science fiction movies.

CAGE: Yeah. I would do them if they were offered to me. I want to be able to make every kind of movie, whatever comes along that keeps it interesting. The action-adventure genre is seen by more people than any other kind of movie in the world. It's nice to know that the work is going to be seen. This genre pays better, too. And I see a need in this genre for character. With the exceptions of Harrison Ford, Sean Connery and Clint Eastwood, I don't think actors in action movies have figured out how to do thoughtful characters. The others are the same stoic, monotone men who obliterate everybody and save the day. So there is an opportunity to inject the character with flaws and depth. That's what I'm going for.

PLAYBOY: Might you be accused of selling out for the big bucks?

CAGE: People will say whatever they want to say, but I do what I want. I can't worry about what people think. I'm interested in doing what I want and working

(continued on page 142)

WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

He's a man with a discriminating eye. He deciphers a Sotheby's catalog as cannily as he spots trends at the new gallery. He knows that taste is acquired, and that's one of the reasons he reads PLAYBOY. Every month the magazine features the world's top artists, cartoonists and illustrators. More than 2.3 million of the magazine's readers make a habit of attending art events, concerts, the ballet and the theater. PLAYBOY—it puts you in the picture. (Source: 1995 Fall MRI.)

JUSTICE MILITIA STYLE

in common-law courts, outlaw juries mete out "soft terror" and the government is always guilty

article By T.C. BROWN

IT WAS a frigid spring day when the militia-minded Montana Freemen barricaded themselves and began their 81-day standoff with the FBI. The siege outside Jordan, Montana came as no surprise to a group of people who had convened in an old garage in Lithopolis, Ohio shortly before the Montana confrontation reached the point of no return. The garage was 1000 miles away, but the people who gathered there shared many of the beliefs of the Montana Freemen and spoke the same political language.

There was a racket that night in Lithopolis, as nearly 60 people, mostly men and all white, milled around in a waxy yellow glow cast by fluorescent lights. There were suits and ties, jeans and boots, and a few men wore camouflage and Old Testament beards. Most were between 30 and 60 years old.

The atmosphere was that of a church

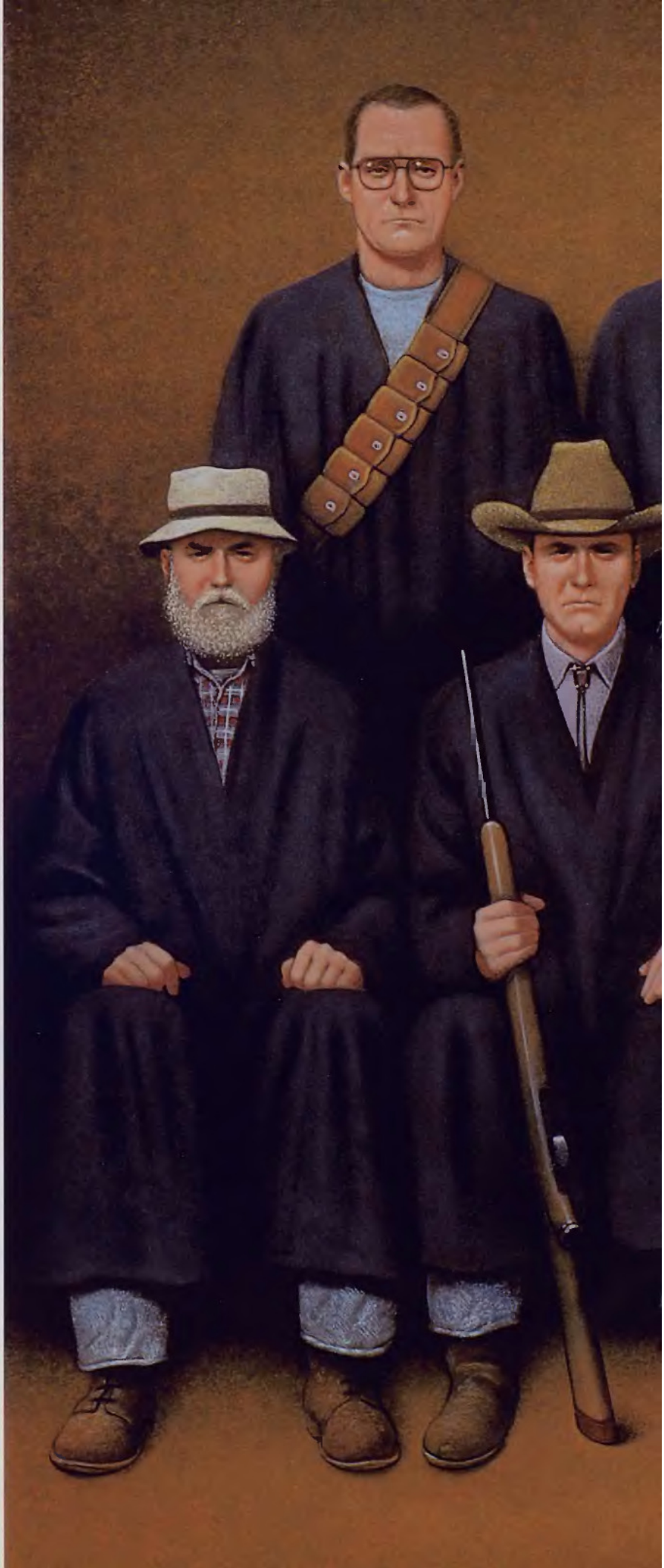

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID WILCOX

social. White paper plates taped unevenly to the back wall offered a menu of sandwiches, sweets and drinks. A cook slapped bread and cheese on a hot plate, one sandwich at a time, as the crowd lingered at a table heaped with books and pamphlets such as *The New World Order*, *The Coming Revolution*, *Employment Without a Social Security Number*, *Silent Weapons for Quiet Wars*, *Brain Washing*, *Titles of Nobility*, *U.S. Militiaman's Handbook*, *The Protocols of the Elders of Zion* and *Trance: Transformation of America Through Mind Control (The True Life Story of a CIA Slave)*. The last accuses Ronald Reagan and Lamar Alexander of gross misconduct, and it was a big seller.

This was the regular Tuesday meeting of a local chapter of a common-law court. Its adherents renounced most established state and federal laws in favor of laws promulgated by their own courts. The chapter that met that night had first convened in a Columbus cafeteria in early 1995. Since then it had moved to a bingo hall, where as many as 250 people would show up. Some attendees, it turned out, were undercover police. The group had tried to evade them by coming to this sleepy village 20 miles southeast of Columbus.

Bill Ellwood, the chief justice of the court, banged his pistol-grip gavel and tried to quiet the crowd. An unemployed carpenter these days, Ellwood blames his hard times on the U.S. government. Until 1981 he ran a body shop that specialized in van conversions. The business folded, he said, because of the energy crisis. Ellwood came to believe the government orchestrated that crisis. "I busted my ass for 16 hours a day for nine years and just at the point I was at the pinnacle, I began losing the American dream.

"This isn't the land of the free and home of the brave," Ellwood went on, "it's the land of the fee and home of the slave. People saw that government was becoming a predator on the American people. I saw a lot of people wiped out. They lost everything they had. That's caused by the system, and that's how they maintain ultimate control."

Ellwood rejects established laws and embraces the common-law court system and all its tenets. In essence it claims, with references to the Bible, the Magna Carta, the Declaration of Independence, the Articles of Confederation and the Constitution (especially the Bill of Rights), that every American is a sovereign entity and that legal power derives from individuals. The theory stresses the primacy of localities and condemns most state and federal laws as attempts at usurping the "sovereignty" of individuals.

"Forget ever going into their courts," Ellwood told the crowd. "There's no justice there, no truth. They don't want the truth. If they ever summon me they'll have to come and get me, or my dead body." Ellwood then told his audience that it must challenge and educate judges about what he called Americans' God-given right to have their cases heard before courts of common law—such as the one convened that night in Lithopolis.

"You all have to start complaining," he went on. "You ain't complaining enough, OK? Go into the courtrooms and tell the judge, 'We're going to quiz you on this later, probably at your hanging.'"

Ellwood then moved to a fundamental part of the program that, with some variations, is practiced wherever common-law courts gather: the convening of a jury. There were plenty of volunteers. Twelve men quickly took their seats at a table in the back of the garage. There are three such courts in Ohio. Ellwood and other partisans say that more than 1000 adherents have declared their sovereignty before common-law juries in the state.

First, the jury members renewed their oaths of allegiance to the Constitution. Then they settled down to the business of the evening. A handful of people came before the jury to seek its approval to declare their sovereignty (and thus their immunity from the established legal system). By declaring themselves "Freemen," they, in effect, began their initiation into the common-law movement. They also filled out documents called "quiet titles," which, with plenty of references to weighty legal precedent, asserted that each person was free of most state and federal laws.

James Curtis George, a 60-year-old retired high school teacher from nearby Lancaster, Ohio, looked more like a suburban neighbor in the garage than he did a rebel who had renounced the authority of the U.S. legal system. Polite and soft-spoken, George wore a plaid shirt and jeans and had a benign expression on his face. He is a widower and something of a local celebrity for starting a soccer league.

But beneath the gentle exterior George was fighting mad and eager to tell his story.

His problems began a decade ago, he said, when the IRS ordered payment of taxes in connection with a business deal that had gone sour. George said the IRS also sought certain information about some of his former business partners and he refused to provide it.

In January 1989 the government began demanding money and filing a series of liens against him. The agency managed to extract approximately $8000 from his pension fund. In December 1992 George declared bankruptcy and then, by his account, began paying more attention over the next few years to so-called patriotic organizations.

In March 1995 he countered by suing seven IRS agents in the Ohio Supreme Court for unlawful seizure of his pension fund. He maintained the IRS had no jurisdiction to seize money from a "sovereign" citizen. His case was transferred to federal court two weeks later and was soon afterward rejected.

Early in 1996 George set about trying to ruin the credit of and otherwise intimidate two leading representatives of the legal system who had overseen his IRS case—Ohio Supreme Court Chief Justice Thomas Moyer and U.S. District Judge John Holschuh.

First, George drew up $100 million liens against the judges and placed notices of them in the classified ads of a local newspaper. Then he notified Moyer and Holschuh by mail of his actions. Neither man responded.

When the Montana standoff began on March 25, George was poised to take the next step: delivering the paperwork to the county recorder where, without reference to the validity of his charges, the "liens" might officially be recorded. Even if his targets were to remain unaware of his action, the credit-rating agencies would know all about it once the liens were on record.

"These liens will tie up everything they've got financially and shut down their credit so they won't be able to operate," George boasted. "They've been doing it to us for years, so we'll turn the tide and let them see how it feels."

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The history of the common-law movement is relatively short but dramatic, quite apart from the events in Montana. The movement started in Tampa in 1992 when Emilio Ippolito and his daughter, Susan Mokdad, founded the Constitutional Court of We the People in and for the United States of America and started talking about it through their right-wing network. "This is not a game," Mokdad said recently. "It is serious. Public servants are committing treasonous acts of sedition against the people, who are trying to hold them accountable. We are not terrorists. But this is going to be so big it's not even funny. The government will not be able to stop this. The people are aware."

By January 1994 activists involved in the white supremacist movement in

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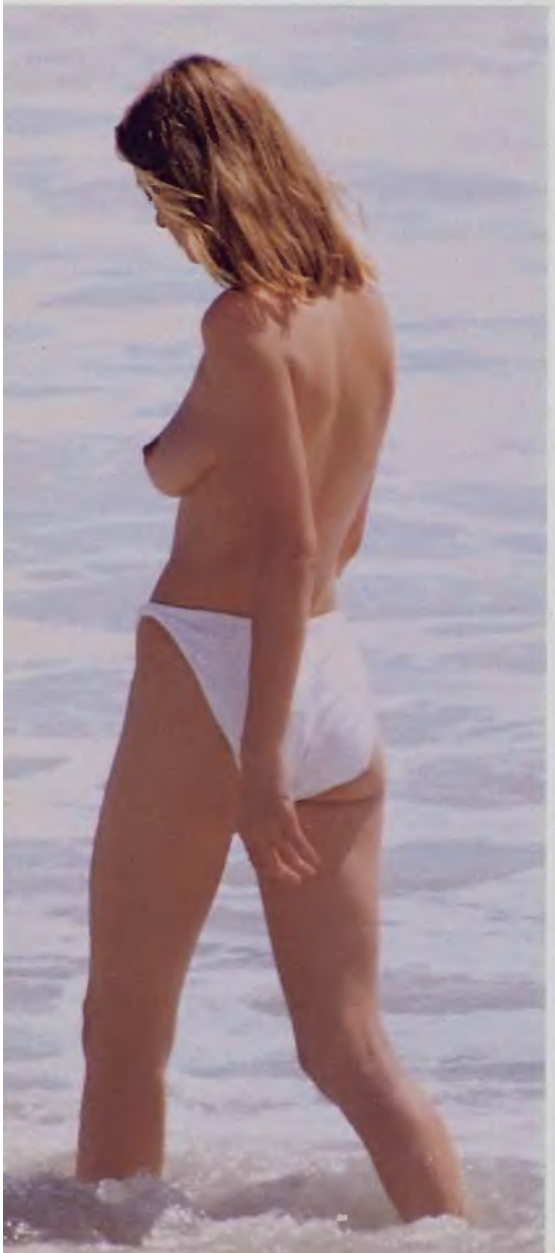
"I'm sorry, Miss, but I'll have to ask you for some proof of age."

UMA GOSH!

as an ingenue turned sex star, life for uma thurman is a day at the beach

We have turned away lots of paparazzi photos, but we weren't about to turn down these photos of the exceptional Uma Thurman, taken in exceptional circumstances. Frankly, we are not usually fans of long-range-lens photography and we scrupulously respect privacy when it's private. We just don't think it's fair when someone as gorgeous as Uma frolics nude for a bunch of tourists without sharing with everyone else. With Uma, the conditions were just right—we simply used two hands to steady our shaky loupes. What you see here came about when Uma marched onto a public beach in St. Barts, stripped off her swimsuit and revealed the PG-13 body barely hinted at in our now-favorite movies *Dangerous Liaisons*, *Pulp Fiction* and *The Truth About Cats and Dogs*. In the crowd of sunbathers, two equally lucky photographers recorded the glorious event—as Uma must have guessed they would.

In *Cats and Dogs* (above, with Ben Chaplin), Uma plays the friend of a veterinarian and finds herself forced to put her finger up a tortoise's butt (to get it out of its shell). Bottom right, she shows us all about turning turtle.



Uma's Swedish-born mother, Neno von Schlebrugge, was once a model. When Uma was 15, she decided to try to become one, too, but gave it up because "modeling is basically 'Buy more stuff!'" Robert Thurman, her father, was one of the first Americans to be ordained a Buddhist monk and is a close friend of the Dalai Lama's. Uma's name means "bestower of blessings" in Hindi. In English it means Wow.

Divorced from actor Gory Oldmon, Umo began dating Timothy Hutton when they met on the set of her recent film *Beautiful Girls*, but thot romonce, too, is koput. Currently, she's slated to appear in the next Batman movie os Poison Ivy. The movie won't be released until next summer, but there are plenty of reasons to look forword to it. Soys director Joel Schumacher: "She'll be weoring almost nothing."

Pizza Man

when trouble threatens, say the magic word "stromboli," and pizza man will appear to save the day

fiction by Lucius Shepard

I WAS WORKING at this grease pit on Broadway up near 110th, Leontonio's, basically a take-out joint, four tables, smoke-stained graphics of baseball players on the walls and a skinhead cleanup guy named Curt who had green teeth and once wore a T-shirt for two weeks straight that read DEATH TO MAMMALS. Business, as you might suspect, was often slow, and it was dead slow in the afternoons after lunch. So whenever a woman, a girl, anything approximately female, came in during those slow times, it verged on a life event for Curt and me, and we would conference and make an evaluation.

This was in March, and the afternoon was even slower than usual, because it was the city's first taste of spring after a bitch of a winter, and the last thing on the minds of all the bicyclists and strollers and joggers was a slab of slimy dough and cheese from the fabulous carbon-encrusted ovens of Leontonio's. So it was something of a surprise when in walked this tall brunette with a ponytail and the knapsack–baggy shorts–T-shirt spring uniform of a Columbia undergrad. She ordered two slices pepperoni and mush and sat down primly at table four, out of the sun. Her face was just OK, but her body was a 70-yard burst up the middle by Emmitt Smith, a reverse jam in traffic by Penny, an end-to-end

ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES BURNS

rush by Mario Lemieux . . . in other words, it made you want to stand up and fuck. Even Curt, generally a harsher judge of female flesh than I, was moved to superlatives.

"Yes, indeed," he said. "You can still kick the tires on that one."

When I failed to respond, Curt got testy and went back to his Slayer tapes and to the deep thoughts that attended them.

I served the lady her pizza and stood awhile watching her shift around on the chair as she shook Parmesan and red pepper onto the slices. I summoned up a brief fantasy, then considered making an approach, but I was batting zero with student types and figured it wasn't worth the effort. Since there were no other customers, I grabbed the book I was reading and took a chair at table one.

Now, I am not what you'd call intellectual, and my choice of reading material was to an extent job-related. The majority of our customers were Columbia students, and each time I tried my usual brand of small talk, like, You see the Knicks last night? Geez, that Mason got his head up his ass or what? they mostly said "Uh-huh" and walked away. I hoped by reading to come up with a conversational strategy to please these sports-hating jujubes to whom I was serving grease and cheese.

The book was *Best American Short Stories,* edited by Robert Stone, and it wasn't half bad. I'd read other years in the series edited by different writers. I didn't enjoy them as much, but they always had a few cool stories, and I got off on them, maybe because the characters were so unlike people I knew. But as raw material for over-the-counter chats, the books flat sucked. Until that March afternoon, when a sugary voice broke into my zone, saying, "You read a lot, don't you?"

Miss From the Neck Down America was standing by my table, looking all kinds of excellent, favoring me with a demure smile. I was caught short for a response, but I believe I made some sort of affirmative noise.

"Every time I walk by," she said, taking the chair opposite me, "I see you reading in the window."

"Yeah, well, I just read these things here, you know." I flapped the book at her. "It's like a series. Every year's a different editor."

This aw-shucks yokel delivery I was giving her was my typical response to social pressure.

"So do you want to be a writer?" she asked.

I didn't want to disappoint her, and I mumbled something like, Maybe, I don't know, I guess.

Her smile had stiffened: Oh, God! A real first-class geek!

"Guess you're not a typical pizza man," she said.

Yes, it was truly a gift from the gods of conversation.

"Not at all," I said. "Fact is, I'm the one and only, the ultimate Pizza Man."

"Really?" she said, not sure of me.

"Yeah, really," I told her. "When I was a kid, I worked in my mom and dad's place on Flatbush Ave., Direnzi's. Time I was nine, I could do this here. Watch!"

I went behind the counter and started throwing some dough I'd been working earlier, sailing it up in the air and catching it on the whirl, spreading it into a wheel.

The girl applauded. "That's terrific!"

"That's nothing," I said. "See, what happened was, we used to get all of these junkies coming in. Street people. Droolers of every description. And they were always giving my dad shit. So one night, I'm doing like you see here, and this guy's ranking on my dad about how our slices aren't big enough, and I had a breakthrough moment. I invented Pizza Man."

I gave the wheel an extra-high toss. "All I had to do was pronounce the magic word *stromboli,* and the dough became an extension of my flesh, and I could spin my butt up onto my thumbs and fingers, creating enough suction to draw streams of toppings from the bins. And then I'd spin myself faster and faster until the friction was cooking me into a red-hot pizza with this scowling face."

She was laughing, and I knew I was in, but I kept going, telling her about the fantasy that had saved me from boredom and frustration for nine years on Flatbush Avenue. How when my temperature and consistency were just right, I'd hurl my pizzoid self at the offending customer, unerring in both a moral and a physical sense, wrapping around his face, sheathing him in scalding globs of cheese and flaming sausage brands and salt-in-your-wounds anchovies, and send him yowling out into the street, ripping at the $16.99 house special that was cooking his cheeks and forehead, never to dick around with the good guys at Direnzi's again.

I gave the wheel another high toss, did a 360-degree spin beneath it, caught it, let it settle to the counter and began slapping on the sauce.

"Whenever trouble threatens," I said, "even if you're just being undertipped, all you need do is say *stromboli,* and Pizza Man will be there to save the day. Remember that and you'll be all right."

"I don't see how I could possibly forget," she said.

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Her name was Shelley Tartaglia. Her mom owned a couple of jewelry shops on Staten Island, her dad had died when she was a kid, she was a junior majoring in Comparative Lit, she had ended a long relationship about six months ago and hadn't gone out with anyone since. From the outset, we had a good thing going. We couldn't keep our hands off each other, we rarely got any sleep; every afternoon Shelley would come to Leontonio's and keep me company until I got off. But a little more than a month after we started going out, something happened to throw our relationship off its natural course.

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It was the usual slow afternoon, exceptional only in that winter seemed to have returned with a last blast, and Curt had taken the day off to testify in an assault case—some poor bastard must have been desperate for witnesses. I had a couple of pies cooking for slice customers, and I had just stepped behind the counter to check on them when these two guys wearing overcoats, young guys, 25, 26, around there, pushed in from the street. They were totally fucked up, giggling, both with bad nasal drips—you could see red splotches on their cheeks mapping their sinuses. The taller of them, this skull-faced, skinny guy, he spotted Shelley and went, "Whoa! Hey!" and started strutting around, pulling out the front of his coat at chest level, making like he had big pointy tits. The other guy, your basic Little Italy stud, was more solid, with long black hair falling down over a velvet collar and lapels, heavy beard shadow and a crop of acne following the line of his jaw. He thought Skullface's act was hilarious and went down in a crouch, pounding his thigh with a fist. Shelley sat with her back stiff, pretending not to notice.

"So what can I do for you guys?" I asked. "You want a pie or what?"

"Oh, yeah!" said Velvet Collar. "We can definitely use a pie." He essayed a laugh that turned into a wet sneeze; he wiped his nose. "How 'bout some hair pie, man?"

They both about bust their guts over that one.

"Yeah, yeah, real funny," I said. "Sorry, man. We're fresh out. How's about a couple slices pepperoni?"

"Fuck your pepperoni!" said Skullface, staring at Shelley. "And fuck you!"

"Yeah, fuck you, man," said Velvet Collar; he was zoning on the graphics

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"During the commercial break someone made an interesting suggestion."

SUIT YOURSELF

FALL PREVIEW

designers go to classic tailored looks in the dark, rich shades of autumn

Fashion By HOLLIS WAYNE

Lose the loose-fitting jackets, bag the baggy pants. Elegance is in order for fall. The tailored suits and sports jackets that garnered headlines last year are also this season's buzz thanks to slick variations from top menswear designers. The word is lean. Look for jackets that are slender at the waist, with strong shoulders and armholes cut high to accentuate a slim silhouette. Pants are fitted, too, and colors are rich and dark. Combine a charcoal chalk-striped suit with an eggplant-striped shirt. Wear a rust windowpane-plaid sports jacket with a black turtleneck sweater. Or match a brown velvet suit with a lime polo shirt. You get the picture.

Opposite page: A wool chalk-striped suit by Calvin Klein ($2050); a striped shirt ($165) and a wool tie ($75), both by Vestimenta; and boots by Cole-Haan ($195). (Female model: October 1995 Playmate Alicia Rickter.) Right: A wool-and-mohair sports jacket by Baldessarini Hugo Boss ($900); bootleg pants ($365) and a cashmere turtleneck ($395), both by Donna Karan; and sunglasses by Paul Smith Spectacles from Oliver Peoples ($265).

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHUCK BAKER

To give this buttoned-up look a casual feel, we've combined a wool-crepe double-breasted suit with peaked lapels and double-pleated trousers, by Vestimenta (about $1300), a flecked wool turtleneck that's ribbed at the cuffs and waistband (from PS by Paul Smith, about $280) and a pair of rugged-looking, waterproof leather cap-toe boots with lug soles, by Cole-Haan ($225).

Prefer to dress up your double-breasted? Try a wool-crepe model with double-pleated trousers, from the Ralph Lauren Collection ($940); a striped cotton French-cuff shirt with a spread collar ($195) and a silk-satin tie ($95), both from Ralph Lauren Purple Label; gold cuff links with onyx centers, by Cartier ($2550); and oxfords by Kenneth Cole ($160).

Among the season's most stylish options is this Air Force–inspired wool-blend military jacket with four button-through flap-patch pockets (about $520) and matching double-pleated trousers ($220), both by Emporio Armani, combined with a wool wide-ribbed turtleneck by Calvin Klein (about $280) and leather slip-on loafers with lug soles, also by Emporio Armani ($275).

GROOMING BY LOSI FOR FORD BEAUTY

HAIR AND MAKEUP BY FERIDE USLU FOR ELIZABETH WATSON, INC.

Velvet is back—and not just for late-night gatherings. This plush cotton-and-velvet single-breasted suit with double-pleated trousers, by Joseph Abboud (about $900), goes great by day with a casual merino-wool polo sweater by Baldessarini Hugo Boss ($250) and a pair of nubuck chukka boots by Salvatore Ferragamo ($330). (Again, our model is Playmate Alicia Rickter.)

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WOMEN'S STYLING BY MANÉ DUPLAN FOR JAM ARTS, NYC

Pizza Man (continued from page 74)

Velvet Collar turned to watch the show, grinning like a dog, the gun dangling from his hand.

of the baseball players, probably thinking about when he was a kid and loved Reggie Jackson, and didn't put much oomph into the words.

I had a bad feeling about how this was going to go, but there weren't many options open. "OK, guys," I said. "You're out having fun. That's cool. But don't be hassling the customers, all right? Why don't you let me set you up with a couple of slices and——"

"You piece of shit!" said Velvet Collar, and he whipped out this enormous chrome-plated revolver, the sight of which bred a cold weakness in my chest. "Don't be telling me what to do, you pussy! I'll fuck you up the ass with this motherfucker, you open your goddamn mouth!"

Behind him, Skullface had wrestled Shelley to her feet. She let out a shriek and he slung her forward, slammed her head into the wall. At the same time Velvet Collar stepped back of the counter and pounded on the register until the drawer popped open.

"How 'bout that shit, huh?" he said, fisting up the bills, waving them at me. "Cocksucker! How 'bout that?"

Skullface was dancing Shelley around from behind, working over her breasts with one hand, holding her up with the other and singing in her ear. Her eyes were partway open, but I didn't think she was fully conscious.

"Anybody in back?" Velvet Collar asked.

"There was a guy," I said. "But I heard him run out."

"You heard him run out, huh? Sure, with your supersensitive X-ray fuckin' ears, you heard him run out!"

He came a step toward me, jabbing at my chest with the gun, and said, "Well, looks like we got the place all to ourselves, don't we?" Then to his pal: "Lock the fuckin' door, Jerry!"

Out of the corner of my eye I saw Jerry dragging Shelley to the door; he locked it and flipped over the CLOSED sign.

"I don't know 'bout you," Velvet Collar said to me, his tone almost amiable, "but I'm in a kinda party mood, y'know?"

He held the gun barrel-up beside his cheek and glanced over at his buddy. "Feel like a party, Jerry?"

Jerry just grunted, his mouth muffled in Shelley's neck. Then he started singing again, the words all mushy and unintelligible.

I felt like throwing up, I was so angry and scared. It must have been in my face, because Velvet Collar's smile broadened as he stared at me.

"I'm gettin' a little hungry here," he said, and sniffed to clear his sinuses. "Didn't you mention something 'bout a coupla slices?"

My hands were shaking, my throat was tight. I knew the son of a bitch was going to whack me, I knew they were going to rape Shelley and I couldn't make a move.

"Go on," Velvet Collar said, gesturing at the ovens with the gun. "Grab us a couple. Little something for the inner man. Then a little entertainment. Whaddya say?"

I managed to get my legs working enough to turn around; I picked up the shovel and went over to the oven, facing away from the table area where Jerry was waltzing Shelley around. "Oh, man! Yeah!" he said. "Lookit them monsters!" I started to look back, but Velvet Collar screamed at me to get the slices, and I opened up the oven. The pizzas weren't quite done; they'd burn their lips on the sauce when the cheese fell off. I slipped the shovel under one of the pies, hauled it out and turned to the front of the store. Jerry had pulled Shelley's sweater up so it was bunched around her armpits. He'd unhooked her bra, letting her breasts spill out, and he was pinching her nipple hard. That was the first thing I saw. The second was that Velvet Collar had turned to watch the show, grinning like a dog; the gun was dangling from his hand, barrel down.

What happened next wasn't really an act of courage on my part, or if it was, it was courage on a cellular level, all those years of fantasy behind the counter at Direnzi's, years of imagining violent retribution against undertippers and rude bastards by the pizza shop people's own special superhero, a decade of pretend lightning reflexes burned into the patterns of my central nervous system, thousands of episodes in which I prefaced action with word balloon slogans such as . . .

Never take your eyes off Pizza Man!

I swung the shovel at Velvet Collar, twisting it sideways in midair as I swung, just as he turned back to me.

It was perfect.

The pie thwapped into his face, the undercooked dough wrapping around him like a big mitt, and he went down on his back, screaming, tearing at the gooey mass burning his skin, his eyes. The gun went flying under the counter. I dug out the second pie, and as he struggled to sit up, the mess dripping off his face like he was a melting zombie in some horror flick, protoplasm and chunks hanging from the bone, I hit him again. The Meateater's Deluxe this time. Pepperoni, sausage, Canadian bacon. Bolts of Pizza Man energy jolted through my arms, resulting in another perfect strike. I spanked his face with the sizzling shovel for good measure, patting the stuff into his skin, and let it stick there for a few seconds. Then I grabbed a knife from beside the bins and went for Jerry. He had let Shelley drop to the floor and was coming to help his pal, but now he sprinted for the door. Which he'd locked. His head cracked the glass and he flew backward, sprawling into one of the tables. I kicked him once, twice, maybe half a dozen times, and when he stopped moving, I ran back of the counter and started kicking Velvet Collar, who had managed to get to his hands and knees. I spat on him, screamed at him. He rolled onto his stomach. I straddled his back, grabbed him by the hair and went to beating his face against the floor. Finally I wore down, breathless and overwhelmed by adrenaline. I staggered to my feet to find Shelley staring at me with an expression that was maybe three parts My Hero, two parts shock. She had picked up the gun. I took it from her and hugged her sobbing against my chest. Jerry moaned. I eased away from Shelley, walked out to where he was lying and gave him a couple of whacks with the gun butt. Then I called the police.

Velvet Collar tried to chill me with a stare as the cops led him away in cuffs, but there was no fear in me. His face was scarlet, inflamed, with these scorched pepperoni marks on his cheeks and forehead, little indented circles such as might have been made by the suckers of a red-hot octopus, and there was a glaze of melted cheese on his skin, strings of it hanging from his nose, his jaw, all congealed with drips of blood. The face of a Pizza Man victim. It cracked me up.

"See ya around, pizza face!" I said.

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The cops at the precinct where I went to give my statement glad-handed me and slapped me on the back. It weirded me out, them treating me this way, because I'd never been what you might call a big booster of New York's

(continued on page 156)

"I'm sorry, dear, but it seemed like a good idea at the time."

Rachel? Monica? Phoebe?

it's never easy choosing favorites—particularly when you want to be more than friends

article by A.J. Benza

I'M GOING to get right down to why I tune in *Friends*. Actually, "tune in" is a mild way of describing my loyalty to the NBC sitcom. Let me tell you why nothing else in my miserable life matters during that half hour every Thursday night and why nothing—not even a triple homicide going down behind my couch—could tear me away.

It's about action, pure and simple. It's about me pretending to have a shot at Phoebe, Rachel or Monica. Or all three at the same time. I'm not choosy. It's about three stunners suddenly moving into my town, and me not having their phone numbers.

To me—and I'm all I really care about Thursday nights—the show is not about comedic timing or the physical asides or the nuances of being young in New York City or the cutesy give-and-take the sextet has developed. Not at all. It's about T-shirts. And tight pants. And perfect hair. And me not knowing where to train my eyeballs when one of the girls bounces into the fluffy two-bedroom in the West Village. You can keep your Baskin-Robbins and its 31 flavors. I'll take the vanilla, chocolate and strawberry available at Central Perk. I think you know where I'm going from here. Stay behind me, I'll pay your toll.

The way I see it, outside of this sudden sexual relationship between Rachel and Ross, there isn't a whole

ILLUSTRATION BY WILSON MCLEAN

lot of sheet-creasing going on with the tight-tummied triplets. Maybe I'm wrong, but I never read in any one of the girls an active past of any kind. Being the guy I am, I just hate to see fruit hang on the vine too long.

Week after week, I watch these three overripe peaches falling from the tree, and I wonder: Which girl would I make my own, given the chance? Now, I'm not talking about a foreign film at the Angelika and a drop-by at Central Perk to see if I bond with Ross, Chandler and Joey. I'm thinking more along the lines of taking one of the girls to Brooklyn, namely the Vegas Diner in Bensonhurst (where we'd each have a cheeseburger, fries and a vanilla malt), and maybe—if she's good—for a walk along the Promenade in Brooklyn Heights. And there, with Manhattan's skyline as a backdrop, is where I'd kiss her hard on the mouth. Maybe tug her hair a bit and squeeze her ass too, just to show her she's forever finished with whiny prep-school boys. If she has the nerve, we'd stop at the gun range to fire off a few rounds from my 9mm and then—once again, if she's good—we'd breeze through a raucous Soho restaurant, kick the glasses out of the way and dance on the tables. I'm talking about taking one of the women on my own terms.

But which one? There is a lot to consider here. There are body types, hairstyles, eating habits, sexual appetites, senses of humor. Does she have a career? Is she too concerned with money? How does she treat her parents? I'll need to see her in shorts—I don't want to find chunky calves and varicose veins the first day we roll out on the beach. Does she drink, smoke, eat red meat, do drugs, clip her toenails and let them fall to the shag rug? How does her breath smell in the morning? What does she look like with wet hair? Is her mom a heifer? Who's her daddy? Is he rich like me?

I need to know things.

The show makes it virtually impossible to come away with a clear-cut choice week in and week out. We're talking about *Three's Company* with the benefit of plastic surgery or a *Charlie's Angels* in which the women actually have sex. And frankly, I have a hard time deciding who to choose. That, dear boys, is the psychological warfare the show's producers wage on us every Thursday night.

So there I sit and there I stare, trying to decide which of the *Friends* women would be willing to share more than just a friendship with me. Each one already has three guys as buddies. Now it's time for one of them to have her very own Romeo in black jeans, a West Village wolf at the door. Which one should I choose?

Let's weigh Phoebe. And, actually, weighing her is a good start. From the get-go, she's a little bigger than Monica and Rachel. And, truth be told, I'm not big on big women. This isn't to say Phoebe is a *big woman* by most guys' standards. To my eyes she looks like a size eight, and that ain't so bad. It's just that my last few squeezes were model types, ranging from a size two to a size five, and an eight is better suited to motherhood than modeling.

But maybe I'm being too hard on Phoebe. On the plus side, I like her hair better than Rachel's, hereafter referred to as the Rachel. It's dyed a nice, sexy shade of blonde, it falls naturally and it doesn't look as—what's the phrase I'm looking for?—tried on. She is the tallest, and I like height, particularly when it's combined with nice breasts and long legs. I also think she's the funniest chick in the bunch, with a quick, Goldie Hawn–type wit. Now that I think of it, I've had Goldie fantasies since *Laugh-In*.

Have you ever looked at Phoebe's face? Her mouth reminds me of those wax-candy mouths my mom used to buy me at the five-and-ten. I'm talking full, soft lips, perfectly shaped, with pearly whites and not too much gumline on the smile. And I'm really high on the wild invitation Phoebe's eyes invoke. There's something distantly warm about them, which makes me think (actually pray) she might like servicing me when I come home bruised from another night gathering gossip for the *New York Daily News*, my lovable and most generous employer.

And no, I didn't forget. Phoebe's got the nicest rack on the show. I'm a tried-and-true breast man, even when a woman is walking away from me. I realize Phoebe's high beams aren't on quite as often as Monica's and Rachel's, but for pure cleavage and cup size—and jiggle factor, by the way—Phoebe wins going away. Don't be fooled by the fact that the producers don't generally let her wear the skimpy and desirable outfits worn by her friends.

In terms of real life—and I have to figure this in from time to time because, hey, I'm not that shallow—I'm a little upset that Lisa Kudrow got herself hitched just when her star was rising. When a man sees that, he instantly turns off the libido switch. Worse than that, she married a French guy. Even worse, like so many other Frenchmen, he has a girlie name—Michel.

So when I weigh her beauty and wit and mix it in with the length of time she's been married and who she's married to, I'd have to say that Phoebe/Lisa—though a damn good catch and a sure bet for a memorable night of I'll-never-tell tumbling—would probably get cut from my quest.

Now let's jump to Rachel. And, actually, that's a good choice of words too, because lately I've found myself leaping onto the *Rolling Stone* with Jennifer Aniston on the cover, naked and uncensored and bare-assed for all the world to see. This photo, by the way, was the one she had to have taken for her career to skyrocket. My friend Johnny Boy, who wouldn't be caught dead pining for TV girls like I do, told me, "I never wanted to do any of them—I swear to God. But when I saw Jennifer on that cover, I wanted to mount her instantly."

We might as well stay down low, since I've dragged us there to begin with. There's no denying it, I enjoyed seeing Rachel in another light. It mattered to me. In fact, if I saw one more magazine cover with her button-cute face staring back at me, my eyes were going to bleed. That nude photo, complete with the Rachel in a never-before-seen just-fucked comb-out, did the trick for me. I've always considered Rachel the kind of chick I could drag to a Knicks game or the gun club or even a relative's wedding in Brooklyn without hearing a disparaging peep out of her. She's the kind of girl you genuinely want to make love to, not necessarily fuck. There's a big difference—and not only in the length of time it takes you to turn on *Letterman* afterward.

Take your gaze off her nipples for a moment. Look at her eyes. It looks like everything bad in the world just happened to her and you're the only guy who can fix it. Her eyes are perfect in shape, size and color. Her mouth, though small, is kissable enough that you wouldn't mind wiping away some corner goo, should it develop in mid-afternoon. Rachel mixes tenacity and tenderness. Did you see the episode where she screwed Ross inside the museum's caveman exhibit? Better yet, did you see how quickly she was ready to forgive him when she mistook spilled juice for his premature ejaculation? You marry a girl like this.

So let's recap: Jennifer is a young, beautiful and gifted actress who seems to have a heart and love for her family. I think she'll keep her head throughout her success and maybe even run wild for several more years. It's comforting knowing she's out there, and I think she makes a guy, any guy, believe he has a shot at her.

A few years ago nobody wanted a shot at Monica. Did you see the episode where she's about 250 pounds and eating away her blues while she waits for her senior-prom date? That image, computer generated or not, left an

(concluded on page 153)

Japanese surrealist Shig Ikeda photographed the female body in a most intriguing manner. Acknowledging a host of influences, from Man Ray and Salvador Dalí to Sigmund Freud, Ikeda created his portraits with multiple exposures, one piece at a time. The nude on a table with apple is from a portfolio in the September 1971 PLAYBOY. "I'm fascinated by the human mind," Ikeda said of his sensual photographs, "and its ability to construct scenes only in the imagination."

JUSTICE MILITIA STYLE *(continued from page 64)*

Authorities estimate the groups may have generated half a billion dollars in worthless documents.

Montana and Oklahoma had set up common-law courts of their own. From these beginnings came an extremist right-wing group headquartered in Del City, Oklahoma called the United Sovereigns of America. United Sovereigns' leaders took to the road in various parts of the country to teach people the techniques of the common-law court system. In small towns and big cities they spread the word through three-day seminars, at $125 a person or $150 a couple. More courts sprouted up.

Judges were the earliest and favorite targets of common-law intimidation. In 1992 Jerry Patterson, a municipal judge in Marshall, Arkansas, began receiving threatening letters and phone calls from various points across the country. It turned out that Patterson had sentenced a man to jail who had refused to get a state license plate and instead used a homemade plate with a religious message.

"They threatened me with arrest and told me I would be taken before a common-law court. I got word I was on a purgatory list to be prayed into hell," Patterson said. "One caller said, 'I would repent if I were you, Jerry. Some very interesting judgments come from the court of divine justice.' It was unnerving."

Through 1993 and 1994 the movement grew quietly. In 1995 some advocates grew more aggressive.

That January Pete Miller walked into the courtroom of city judge Martha Bethel in Darby, Montana. Miller had several friends with him and told Judge Bethel that because he was a Freeman she had no power over him. He was thus ignoring the three traffic citations against him. Bethel cut off Miller as he tried to make a longer speech.

One month later the Common-Law Venue–Supreme Court of Ravalli County, Country of Montana ordered Bethel, through legal-looking documents, to dismiss the charges against Miller. The documents listed as justices Leroy Schweitzer and Daniel Petersen, both of whom were later arrested on a variety of fraud charges in Jordan at the beginning of the Montana showdown.

Bethel ignored the notification and soon began receiving threatening telephone calls and tips from concerned citizens. "Your house will be burned to the ground. Your house will be riddled with gunfire," she was warned. "You will be kidnapped and tried before a common-law court for treasonous acts."

After one late-night court session a car followed Bethel to her remote home. On two occasions she returned there to find the doors of her house wide open. In March 1995 the police warned her to take her three children and leave town immediately because they feared for her family's safety. "For three days I slept with a Mini-14 by my bed," Bethel said. In June 1995 the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms informed her of a murder contract put out by the Aryan Brotherhood in Texas. "This has been very scary and very real. The whole thing has been a living nightmare."

On June 3, 1995 more than 600 people from 32 states showed up in Wichita, Kansas for a national Common-Law Grand Jury. The date was significant. It was the 12th anniversary of the death of Posse Comitatus martyr Gordon Kahl, a tax protester who was killed at the home of fellow extremist Leonard Ginter several months after Kahl had been involved in a North Dakota shootout during which two U.S. marshals were killed.

The Wichita "grand jury" made several rulings. One of them was to send common-law "marshals" to Arkansas to "arrest" municipal judge Larry Hayes, who was then presiding over the trespassing trial of Ginter, who had served five years in jail for harboring Kahl. The three marshals walked unchallenged into Judge Hayes' chambers. A local criminal investigator, Sam Spades, was in the room and recalled what happened. "These fellows in blue-jean overalls had them a nice little sheriff's-type star and said they was serving papers on him. They wanted him to appear before their Grand Wazoo meeting in Kansas." When Spades and others challenged them, the men in overalls fled.

The Wichita grand jury also adopted two other resolutions. One declared the U.S. government unconstitutional. The other directed President Clinton and Attorney General Janet Reno to revoke the 1933 War and Emergency Powers Act.

The common-law movement gained its own martyr in the summer of 1995. Michael Hill, 50, a former Canton, Ohio policeman, was an early member of the movement and the chief justice of Ohio's first common-law court. On June 28, 1995 police noticed his homemade license plate that read MILITIA 3-13 CHAPLAIN and pulled him over. After a short argument, Hill jumped back into his car and drove away. He was pulled over again about a half mile away from a roadblock. According to the police report, Hill leapt from his car brandishing a .45-caliber revolver. A police sergeant fired four times and hit Hill with three of the shots, killing him instantly.

After Hill's death local police received a deluge of threatening letters and phone calls from all over the country vowing revenge.

A week before Hill's death, he had attended a seminar on common law taught by Freemen leaders Schweitzer and Petersen in Roundup, Montana. When searching Hill's car police found three bogus checks and once again the signatures of Schweitzer and Petersen. This evidence (and other documents unearthed since the Jordan siege began in late March) reveals a popular scam for the movement. Bogus liens become more than attacks on someone's credit rating. They also are used as "assets," and collateral for checks and money orders. More than $10 million in such sham documents have surfaced in Ohio alone. Law enforcement authorities estimate that common-law groups may have generated as much as half a billion dollars in worthless documents nationwide. They used them to pay taxes, loans and bonds, to avoid foreclosure on property and for general purchases. Patrick Rudd, 57, was convicted in February of fraud for doling out sham money orders. Rudd convinced church members to donate money to his organizations in return for taking care of their debts. He then sent out bogus money orders to pay those debts.

•

"It will be only a matter of time before some loose cannon decides to pull a judge off the street, put him in a car and drive him across a state line to try him for treason," said Mike Reynolds of the Southern Poverty Law Center.

Meanwhile, the Montana Freemen remained the most conspicuous advocates of the common-law movement—as well as the most embarrassing. Retired Special Forces Colonel James "Bo" Gritz referred to their negotiating position as "legal mumbo jumbo." So-called patriot leader (and Colorado state senator) Charles Duke grew

(concluded on page 154)

"You have my deepest thanks for letting me go this far—now may I ask permission to kiss the hollow of your neck?"

DESERT FLOWER

playmate jennifer allan plays las vegas with a full deck

JENNIFER ALLAN smiles as she unfastens her green-eyed gaze from the menu at one of Chicago's better *ristorantes*, apparently unaware that the gazes of nearby diners are fastened on her. "What do you think?" she asks. "The ravioli or the fusilli?" Temptation is strong to tell her she would look fabulous eating anything.

However, Miss September has made it clear she is in need of some serious refueling after a full day of shooting. She has also made passing mention of an aversion to come-ons, of which she's had more than her share. No doubt this has a lot to do with her friendly manner and alluring Irish-Swedish features. But according to Jennifer, it's also an occupational hazard of working as a cigarette girl in one of the casinos for which her hometown is famous. Jennifer appreciates a compliment as much as the next girl, but she is suspicious when they come from guys who have lost their luck at the tables and are trying to find it with the ladies. Well, so much for the glamour of Las Vegas.

When an opportunity came up to model swimwear, Jennifer, who loves to water-ski, dove right in. "I wasn't thinking of modeling as a

A Las Vegas native and an avid water-skier, Jennifer has a decided preference for the area's outdoor offerings. "I don't gamble—that's for tourists! The best thing about living in Vegas is you're a few minutes from Lake Mead and a short drive from the mountains."

career. I just saw it as an alternative to working a regular job." Since then she's made a splash in catalogs and has appeared in a country-music video and local TV commercials. (Our more attentive readers may recognize her from a few of PLAYBOY's newsstand specials). She was nervous at first about the idea of posing for PLAYBOY, but she received encouragement from friends. "Most people don't realize how much work is involved in being a Playmate. But once I start something, it's important to see it through. This is a great opportunity and I'm excited to find where it will lead. Too

Although Jennifer plans to see where modeling will lead, her long-standing ambition has been to teach second grade. "My gift in life is a bond with children," she says. Boys, stay in your seats.

Jennifer confesses to being "a modest person, self-conscious about my appearance. Modeling has given me self-assurance, it's a validation. Getting through the selection process for PLAYBOY definitely adds to that. I'm dealing with extremely talented people on a professional level. When you pose, you're not simply trying to look pretty or sexy. You're disclosing something inside you, something you usually don't let out."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

many people give up and give in. It's so easy to get stuck in a rut."

Jennifer won't have that problem. In the unlikelihood that her modeling career does not keep soaring, she has a fallback position. "My goal has always been to be a schoolteacher. I love small children and I'd like to teach second grade." Why second grade? It's a long story involving a teacher named Mrs. Brady, who inspired Jennifer. The short version: "I was her favorite kid."

Jennifer's long-term plans include having kids of her own. But that will wait until she's sure she's ready. "At different times in your life, certain things are more of a priority," she says. Right now, she's working hard to become a successful model. If she sounds serious about it, that's because she is. But over dinner she is charmingly forthcoming both about her idiosyncrasies and her enthusiasms.

Like her passion for open water and her recurrent dream of being attacked by a shark. ("I absolutely will not go into the ocean, but a lake—in a second.") Or her daily ritual of plucking her eyebrows the moment she wakes up. ("I never leave home without my tweezers.") Or her skill at making chicken enchiladas. Or that her friends think she's mysterious, that she chooses her words carefully, that they say they never really know what she's thinking. Or that she adores cats—to the point you suspect she just might have been one in a previous life.

Oh, one other refreshing quality comes to mind: She accepts advice. She ordered the ravioli. —PAUL ENGLEMAN

MISS SEPTEMBER PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Jennifer Allan

BUST: 34" WAIST: 24" HIPS: 34"

HEIGHT: 5'8" WEIGHT: 120

BIRTH DATE: 5/14/74 BIRTHPLACE: Las Vegas, Nevada

AMBITIONS: To teach elementary school, preferably second grade.

TURN-ONS: Hairy chests, knowing eyes, winning smiles. Men in sport coats and jeans.

TURNOFFS: Overly macho, insensitive men. Men who stare at women like they've never seen one before.

IDEAL MAN: Smart, honest, compassionate with a sense of humor that keeps me laughing.

I'M HAPPIEST WHEN: I'm eating at my favorite Mexican restaurant or home having my feet massaged while watching a movie.

MY FAVORITE THING: Afternoon nap on a rainy day.

Ms. Fitness 1982

Urban Cowgirl

Vegas Heat

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

When a terrible car wreck left Marsha's husband badly injured, her best friend rushed to be by her side. "Does the doctor think he's going to make it?" the friend asked.

"I don't know," Marsha replied.

"Didn't she tell you what the chances were?"

"Yeah, she told me to prepare for the worst," Marsha said. "And damned if she hasn't got me guessing."

What do you call a lesbian with fat fingers? Well hung.

As the two drunks sat on a curb sharing a bottle of cheap wine, one turned to the other and asked, "Have you ever been so loaded that when you went to kiss a woman on the lips you kissed her belly button instead?"

The other took a long swig and slowly wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. "Drunker," he mumbled.

Shortly after Bill Gates was killed in a freak accident, he found himself being sized up by Saint Peter. "Bill, this is a tough call. You've made great technological advancements with Microsoft, but you've also given us Windows 95. I think I'm going to let you choose between heaven and hell."

"That sounds fair," Gates replied. "Can I have a look at hell first?"

Saint Peter showed his guest a wonderland of sunny beaches, beautiful women, sumptuous food and an ideal climate. "If this is hell," Gates exclaimed, "I want to see heaven."

Saint Peter led the way through billowy clouds filled with angels playing golden harps. "Hmm," Gates pondered. "This is nice, but I think I prefer hell."

Two weeks later, Saint Peter went to hell to check on the billionaire. He found him shackled to a wall, surrounded by shooting flames and tormenting demons. "Saint Peter!" Gates cried. "This is awful! This is nothing like the hell I visited. What happened to that other place, the one with the beaches, the beautiful women and the delicious food?"

"Oh, that," Saint Peter replied. "That was just a demo."

What's the difference between a city zoo and a redneck zoo? The signs at the city zoo give each species' common name and scientific name. At the redneck zoo, signs give each species' common name and a recipe.

PLAYBOY CLASSIC: After telling the doctor he thought he was becoming impotent, the depressed old man listened as the physician patiently explained that as the body ages, certain bodily functions slow down. "It's perfectly normal to suffer some decrease in sexual desire. You shouldn't worry or become upset about it. Just relax and things will improve. Now exactly when," the doctor asked, "did you first begin to notice this problem?"

"Three times last night," the old fellow replied, "and again this morning."

Two seasoned hookers were watching a parade when one of them began waving her flag, whistling and cheering wildly. "I just love soldiers," she gushed.

"Yeah, yeah, yeah," her friend replied. "You say that every war."

Sandra, I know I shouldn't worry about Arthur," Kate told her neighbor, "but I'm always filled with doubts when I leave him here by himself for three days."

"Tell you what," Sandra said, "I'll keep an eye on him while you're away."

When Kate returned home, Sandra gave her the bad news. "The very first night you were gone, a woman came to your house," she related. "Arthur kissed her, took her to the couch and undressed her."

"And then?"

"They closed the drapes."

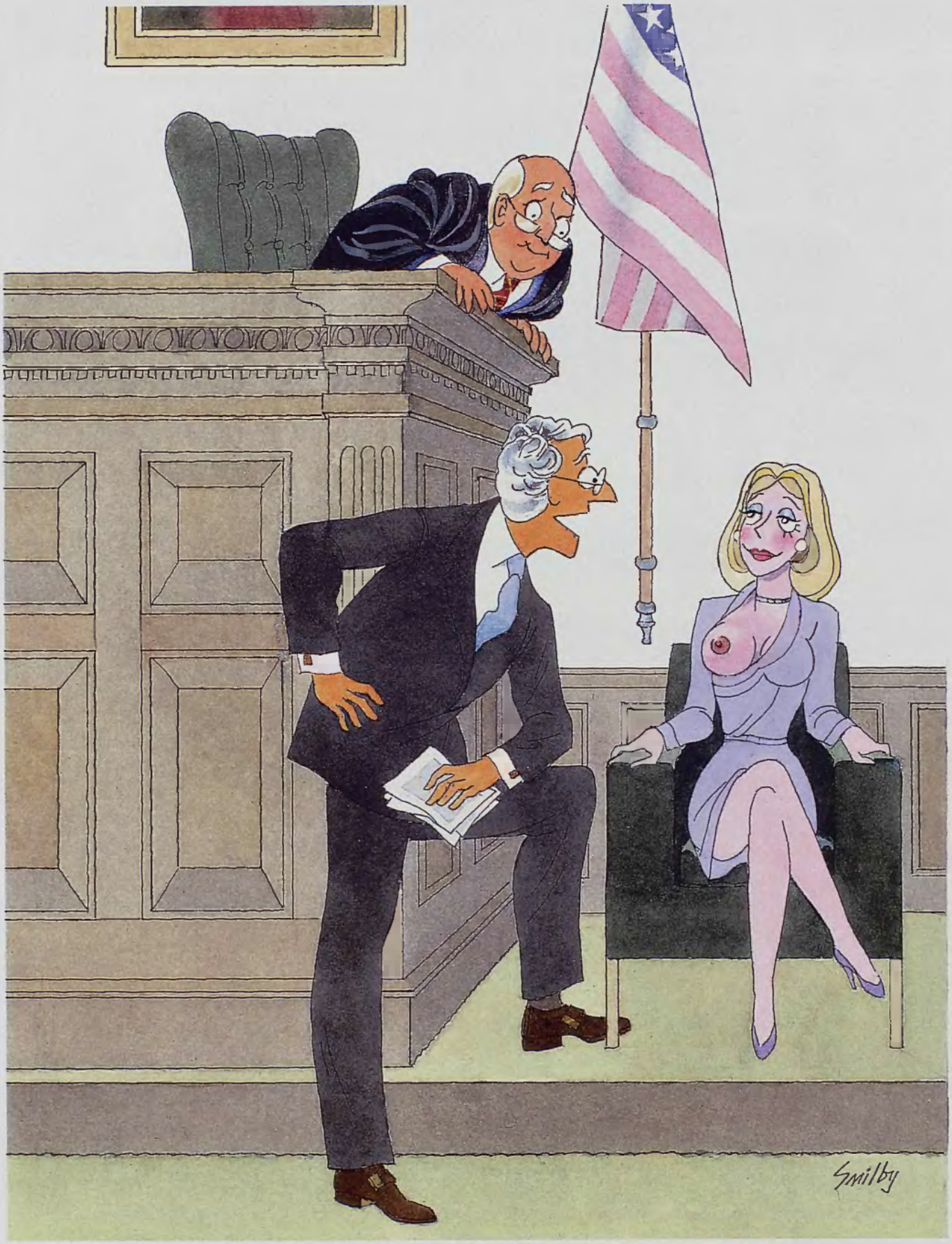
"Damn!" Kate exclaimed. "See what I mean? Doubts, always the doubts."

THIS MONTH'S MOST FREQUENT SUBMISSION: Why do blondes pencil in their eyebrows? They have to draw the line somewhere.

A Texas oilman settled back for his annual dental checkup. After completing a thorough examination, the dentist had good news. "Henry, your teeth are in great shape. There isn't a thing we need to do to them."

"Drill anyway, Doc," the Texan insisted. "I feel lucky today."

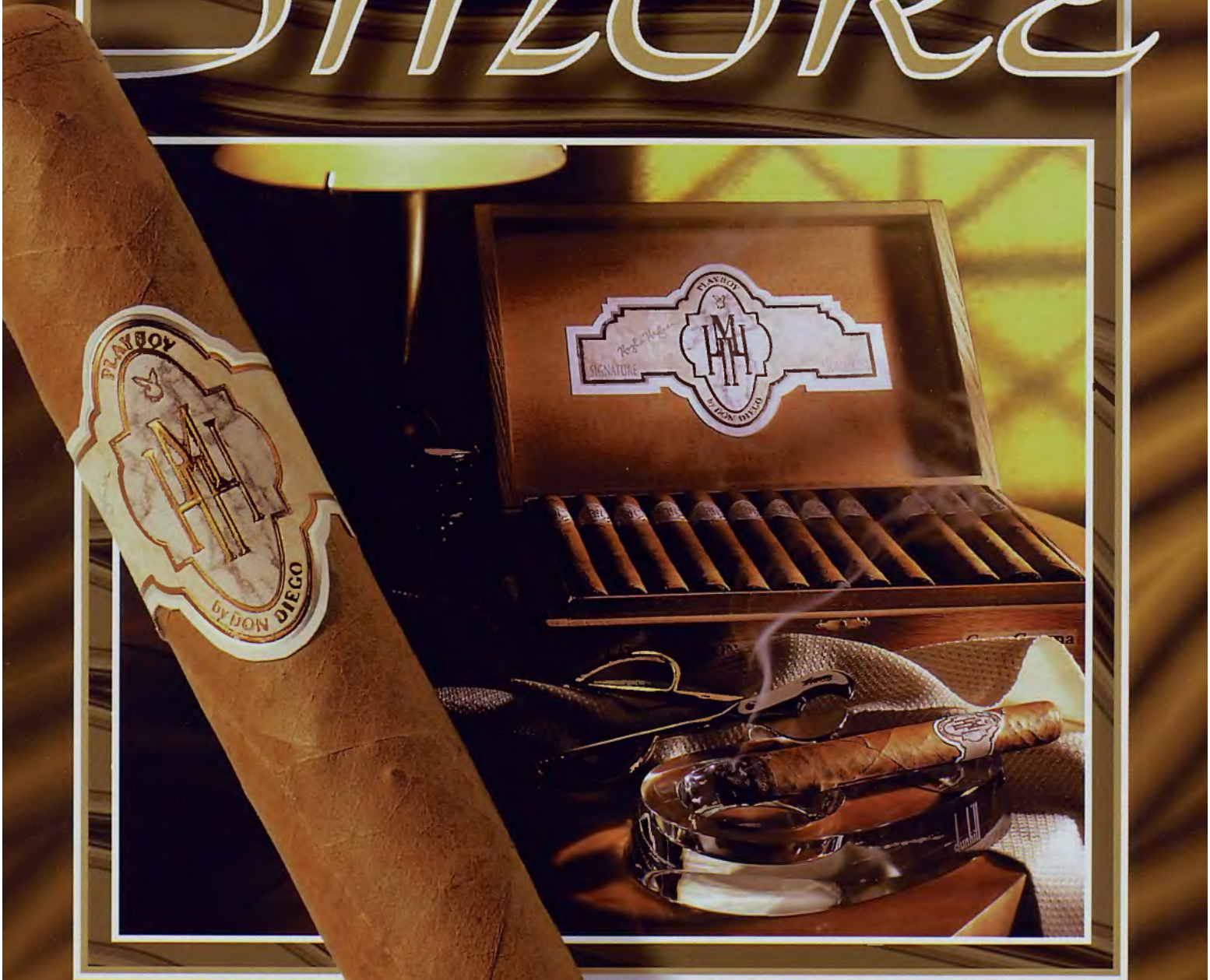
Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*



"And now, Miss Bennett, I think the court would like to move on to exhibit B."

Gentlemen (and Ladies)

You May Smoke



EVERYBODY'S LIGHTING UP, AND CIGARS HAVE NEVER BEEN HOTTER

Basically, Christopher Columbus didn't have a clue about what he was sailing into when he anchored the Santa María off the island of San Salvador in 1492. Most people think he merely found the New World for Spain. But he also got his first glimpse of cigars. On an island now known as Cuba, the natives were blissfully puffing away on tobacco leaves that had been rolled into tubes. Today those crude stogies have been dramatically refined into premium cigars, and Columbus' discovery has exploded into a worldwide trend. Consumption of premium cigars has increased by more than 40 percent since 1995, and some of the most popular brands are backordered by 8 million to 10 million "sticks." The cigar-smoking craze has spawned several slick magazines, such as *Cigar Aficionado* and *Smoke*, and cigar dinners, where what's being served takes second place to what's being smoked. Smoking clubs such as Beverly Hills' celebrity hot spot Grand Havana and the new Club Macanudo in

Opposite page: Our new superpremium Playboy cigar by Dan Diego (hand-rolled with Cuban-seed tobacco in the Dominican Republic) comes in a distinctive box embossed with Hef's monogram and signature. Smokes available include an imposing double corona, a short, thick robusto, a hefty churchill, a slim lonsdale and the grand corona shown here. Prices range from $125 to $375 for a box of 25. Also pictured are Davidoff of Geneva's gold-plate-and-stainless-steel cigar scissors ($450) and Alfred Dunhill of London's classic crystal teardrop ashtray ($350). Right, top to bottom: Hand-lacquered and inlaid mahogany humidor made in France by Elie Bleu ($1300). Regal mahogany butane table lighter with inlaid brass by Michel Perrenoud ($400). Zino double-action cigar cutter by Davidoff of Geneva (about $55) is just above an 18-kt.-gold-plated barleycorn-pattern Rallagas butane lighter ($450) and matching guillotine cigar cutter ($540), both from Alfred Dunhill of London. Last, a box of Pléiades cedar cigar matches (about $5.50) and an ostrich-skin cigar case by Alfred Dunhill of London ($595).

ARTICLE BY
RICHARD CARLETON HACKER

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO

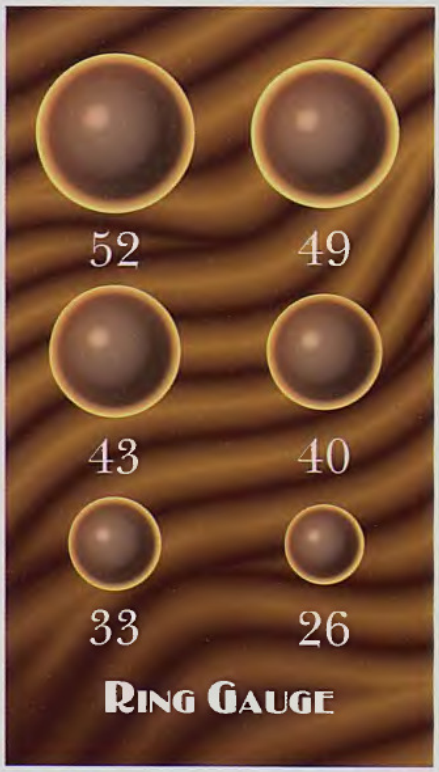
From the Thirties until the Cuban embargo in 1962, Montecristo was one of the most coveted names in cigars. Now the cigar named after Alexandre Dumas' mysterious count is back, hand-rolled in the Dominican Republic. Price: about $190 for a box of 25 double coronas.

Cutting: Place the blade of a guillatine-type cutter slightly above the lowest part of the cigar's cap. You will want to leave a thin ring of tobacco around the wrapper, which will keep the cigar from unroveling in your mouth. Now, with a quick cut, slice off the cap and deftly catch it in your hand.

Lighting: Hold your cigar just above the flame, not in it. Slowly turn and toast the cigar's foot until the tobacco blackens and begins to smoke. Gently puff, rotating your cigar over the flame. A sudden burst of fire will encircle the entire ring of the cigar tip, letting you know that it is completely lit.

New York have become elegant enclaves. Women are holding cigar-smoking seminars and creating their own cigar clubs. Jam-packed cigar gatherings, such as *Cigar Aficionado*'s Big Smoke events, attract thousands eager to light up samples of the latest hand-rolled offerings. And syndicated Top 40 disc jockey Rick Dees has produced a new cigar video entitled *Cigars: The New Rage* (and promises the world's first cigar CD-ROM).

With more than 10 million smokers nationwide, it seemed the perfect time to launch the Playboy cigar by Don Diego. In fact, this superpremium smoke should be in your tobacconist's humidors by now. Patterned after Don Diego's European blend, the Playboy cigar is hand-rolled in the Dominican Republic from all long-leaf tobaccos. The filler is a Cuban-seed Dominican blend, encased in a Dominican binder. The cigar is topped off with a smooth and oily Connecticut shade wrapper. Like a fine wine, the cigars are aged. The resulting upscale smoke is smooth and rich in taste, with an undercurrent of spice. The *(concluded on page 138)*



Left: A cigar's diameter is measured by ring gauge. One ring equals 1/64 of an inch. (A 36-ring cigar is just a little over half an inch in diameter.) Right: Cigar wrappers are defined by color, from very light to extremely dark. Generally, the lighter the wrapper, the milder the taste. This Macanudo has a candela wrapper, the lightest of all. Beneath it is an H. Upmann that features an EMS wrapper (it stands for English market selection)—today's most popular type. The dark Onyx madura is a richer-flavored smoke because the wrapper tobacco is aged longer.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 156.

PLAYBOY'S PRO FOOTBALL FORECAST

shuffled cities and wheeler-dealer owners won't change the nature of the super bowl. the niners and cowboys march on

sports

By DANNY SHERIDAN

After the most turbulent and chaotic year in its history, the National Football League may wish to reflect on what it's doing. I hesitate to point out the obvious, but the NFL has suddenly become all about teams moving into new stadiums in new cities. Instead of being the Tiffany of sports leagues, the NFL looks like a hangout for wheeler-dealers ready to turn a fast buck.

Rams owner Georgia Frontiere started the league's rush to relocation (or is it dislocation?) at a special meeting of owners a month after the NFL's 1995 winter meetings. That's when she received permission to go to St. Louis. That's also when all hell broke loose. Over the next ten months, four more owners broke faith with their teams' fans and cities:

Al Davis took his Raiders back to Oakland without league approval (which came after the fact). In November, Art Modell announced he was moving his Browns to Baltimore. Bud Adams was desperately hoping to ship his Oilers to Nashville (he'll have to wait a year or two). In Seattle, Ken Behring had moving vans transport the Seahawks' equipment to Anaheim.

Welcome to the Nomadic Football

Super mistakes: Pittsburgh QB Neil O'Donnell threw two perfect passes—to Dallas' Larry Brown. Now O'Donnell is a Jet and the AFC is coming up lame again.

ILLUSTRATION BY GARY KELLEY

PLAYBOY'S PICKS

American Football Conference

Eastern Division...Dolphins

Central Division...Steelers

Western Division...Raiders

Wild Cards...Bills, Patriots, Seahawks

AFC Champion...Steelers over Raiders

National Football Conference

Eastern Division...Cowboys

Central Division...Packers

Western Division...49ers

Wild Cards...Falcons, Bears, Eagles

NFC Champion...49ers over Cowboys

SUPER BOWL

49ers over Steelers

League. Is this any way for the NFL to conduct itself?

Football fans don't think so, and neither do a number of team owners, including the Buffalo Bills' venerable Ralph Wilson. "We need to take a stand about franchise free agency and this should be that time," he says. "Let's fight it out."

Unfortunately, NFL commissioner Paul Tagliabue may not have Wilson's moxie. It was Tagliabue who opened the floodgates by approving the Rams' move, and thus gave every NFL team the right to go wherever a sweetheart stadium deal takes them.

When Tagliabue saw the unintended results of his ruling, he showed some spine and ordered the Seahawks to shift their off-season workouts from Anaheim back to Seattle.

Let's talk football instead of economics. Last season Miami's Don Shula "retired" after 33 years on the job (he's the NFL's winningest coach). Dolphin fans got their man in Jimmy Johnson and the Dallas Cowboys won a Super Bowl with Barry Switzer. Dan Marino set four career passing records and Jerry Rice became the NFL's all-time leading touchdown-maker.

What can we expect to see this fall? I'm going with the 49ers to win an unprecedented sixth Super Bowl. I also make the NFC an 11-point favorite to win its 13th straight Super Bowl. Can't anyone in the AFC play this game? We'll see about that soon. Let's start with the NFC:

NATIONAL FOOTBALL CONFERENCE
EASTERN DIVISION

Dallas	11–5
Philadelphia*	9–7
Washington	7–9
New York Giants	6–10
Arizona	6–10

*Wild-card team

Pardon Jerry Jones for smirking. The so-called experts said he didn't know what he was doing when he bought the **Cowboys** and fired legendary head coach Tom Landry. They said it was dumb to hire Jimmy Johnson and even dumber to replace him with Barry Switzer.

Jones, who's obsessed with winning, never lost his cool. The bottom line is that Dallas, the team of the decade, has won three of the past four Super Bowls. But the Cowboys' latest ride to the championship was bumpier than it seemed. A much-reported rift between Switzer and quarterback Troy Aikman threatened to split the team into factions.

Switzer defused the time bomb. "Winning is more important than any relationship you have with any player," he calmly explains. "Everybody would like Utopia, but life doesn't work that way."

What worked for the Cowboys were the brilliant performances of Aikman, running back Emmitt Smith and wide receiver Michael Irvin. Aikman threw for 3304 yards, 16 touchdowns and only seven interceptions. Smith ran for a career-high 1773 yards and set an NFL season record with 25 TDs. Irvin also had a career year (111 receptions for 1603 yards and 10 touchdowns), but his drug arrest several months ago left an uneasy feeling around Cowboy headquarters in Valley Ranch.

Free agency took a big bite out of the Dallas defense. Gone are cornerback (and Super Bowl MVP) Larry Brown, linebacker Dixon Edwards and defensive tackle Russell Maryland. Dallas has lost 21 of its top players to free agency in the past three years. The Cowboys' superstar offense has yet to show signs of slowing, but their seemingly bottomless pool of defensive talent has begun to dry up.

Teams ran on Dallas last year. The Cowboys' defense against the rush was 16th best in the league, and despite Deion Sanders, their pass defense was ranked only eighth. Even so, I still think the NFL is a two-tiered league: Dallas and San Francisco, and everybody else.

Last season the **Eagles** resembled an expansion team. They had a new (and first-time) head coach in Ray Rhodes, and an entirely new coaching staff. At Rhodes' urging, Philadelphia signed 34 new players, the most ever for a nonexpansion team. The results? Philly, the surprise of the NFC, finished 10–6 and reached the playoffs.

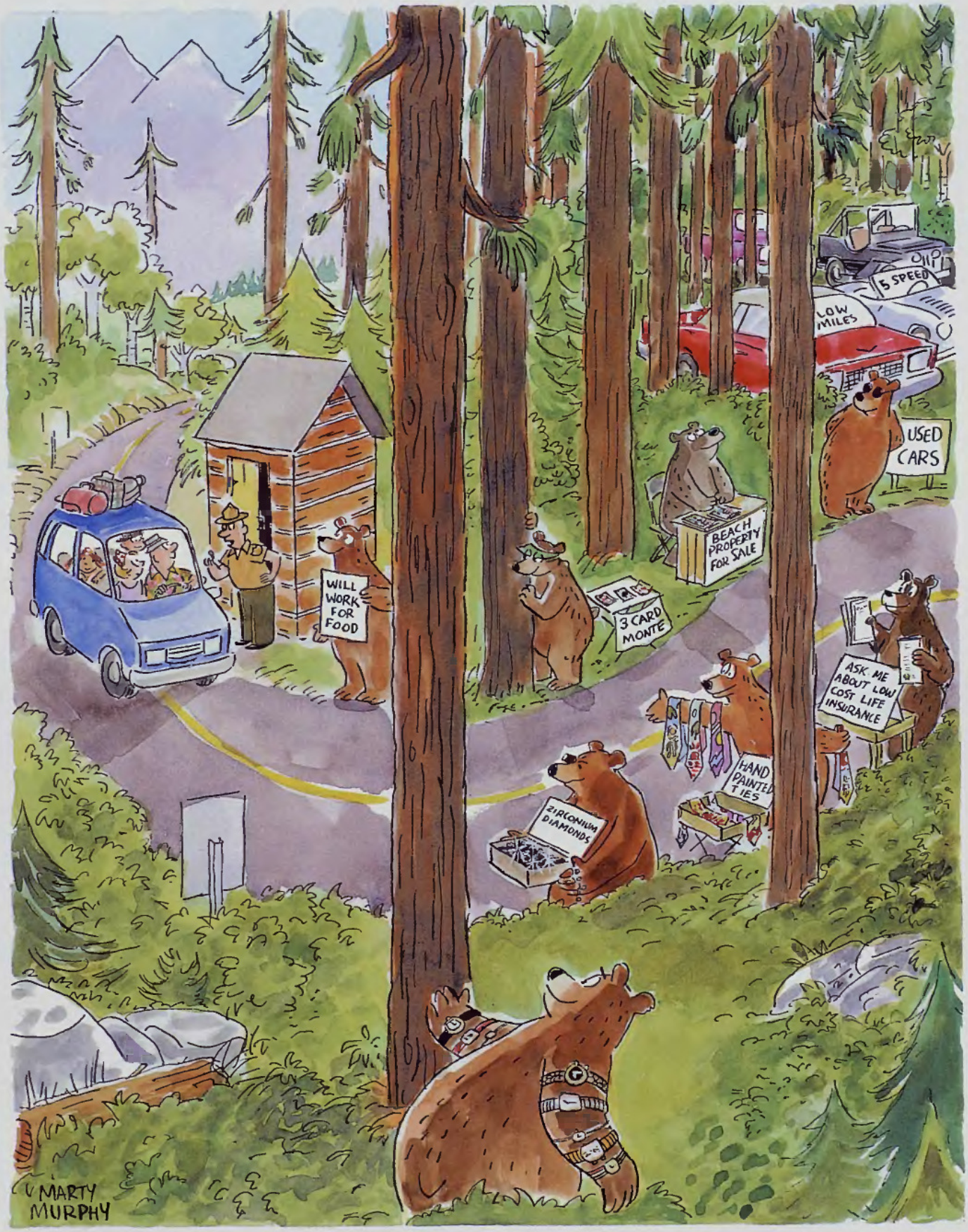
Rhodes, voted NFC coach of the year, did a masterful job. During the season, the Eagles were outscored by 20 points. They had the second-worst passing attack in the league. And they started the season by losing three of their first four games.

That's when Rhodes made his boldest move: He benched QB Randall Cunningham and replaced him with Dallas discard Rodney Peete. Peete passed for only eight TDs and was intercepted 14 times, yet he somehow led the Eagles to victory in nine of the 12 games he appeared in.

Philly's most valuable offensive asset is RB Ricky Watters, who came along with Rhodes from San Francisco. Last year Watters ran for 1273 yards and 11 touchdowns. He also caught 62 passes for 434 yards and one TD. All told, Watters accounted for 36 percent of the Eagles' offense.

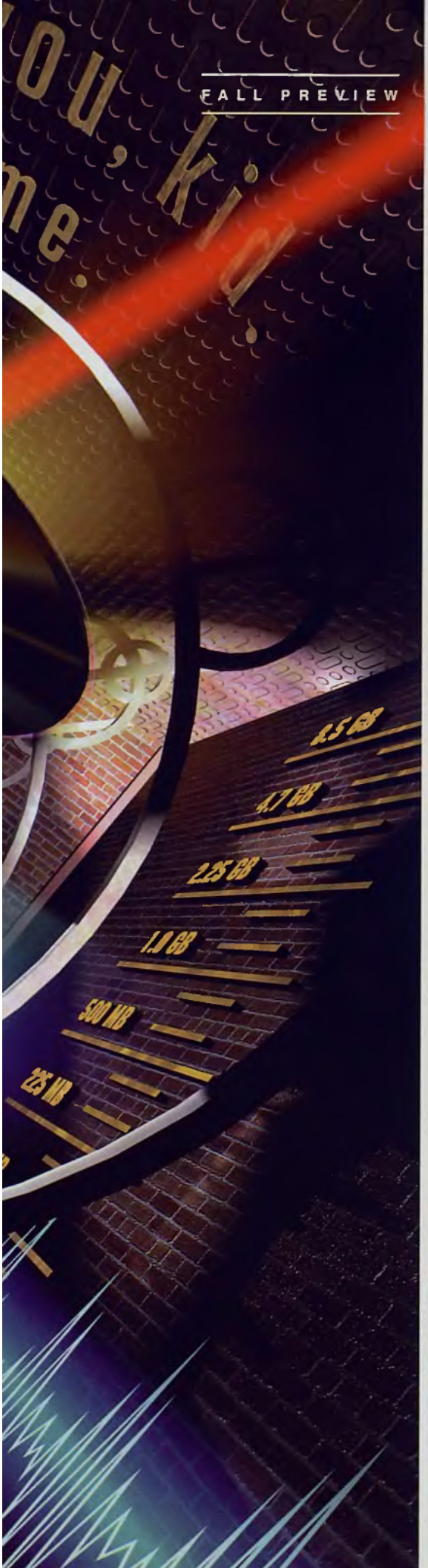
"Ricky Watters is our Michael Jordan," says Eagles offensive coordinator

(continued on page 118)



"And I must warn you about the bears . . . although they look friendly, they can be very treacherous."

Here's looking at
A votre santé,
¡Salud, salero!
Auf dei



Digital Rush

dvd is coming. check it out pdq

FIGURE, you're skeptical of yet another hot new consumer electronics format—especially with those compact-disc-interactive and digital-compact-cassette systems collecting dust. But give us just a minute. Barring eleventh-hour disputes over technical standards and legal issues, the digital versatile disc should be on store shelves this fall—and it is here to stay. In fact, DVD could do to VCRs and VHS tapes what the compact disc did to turntables and vinyl. Just as the audio CD's lures were (and are) its sound quality, portability, track access and durability, DVD offers those same advantages for both audio and video, then goes several steps further. Consider storage: Audio CDs and regular CD-ROMs can hold a maximum of 680 megabytes of data, the equivalent of 485 floppy disks. A single-sided five-inch DVD holds at least 4.7 gigabytes, or some 3400 floppies. In real-world terms, that means a DVD can easily hold a feature-length movie, including multiple soundtracks (in different languages) and a slew of subtitling options. • With DVD, moviemakers can incorporate multiple plot lines and scenes shot from different camera angles. • DVD provides a digital picture more than twice as sharp as videotape, and about 20 percent sharper than high-quality laser discs. • DVDs will play back on your TV set or computer with a DVD-ROM drive. But instead of confining Arnold Schwarzenegger to a postage-stamp window marred by low resolution and jerkiness, this format will have him wreaking havoc smoothly across every inch of your computer monitor, as well as your television screen. What's more, in addition to choosing to fill the screen of a standard 4:3 set, you can view a movie in letterbox format with the touch of a button. And when you eventually buy one of those wide-screen monsters that already account for 40 percent of TV sales in Japan, you can enjoy DVD in the wide screen's 16:9 ratio, too. • Many DVDs will have a control feature that provides parents the option of toning down the sex and violence in movies. Similarly, a studio could give users the option of seeing the director's cut or the theatrical release. • Want state-of-the-art digital sound? Most movies on DVD will be ready for Dolby Digital (also known as AC-3). Dolby Digital is the next step up from Dolby Pro Logic, which is compatible with the new

article by **Rogier van Bakel**

ILLUSTRATION BY JIM LUDTKE / WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 156.

More Digital Diversions

This fall, you'll find a slew of new tech toys beyond DVD that deliver on digital's promise of crystal-clear audio and video. If you're into the superior sound of digital-to-digital recording, Pioneer offers the PDR-05, a recordable CD player priced at $1950. Hook it up to one of the 100-plus CD changers from Pioneer, Panasonic, Fisher or Sony and store 72 minutes' worth of favorite tracks on your own custom compilation discs. The minidisc player is another great digital-audio option—and the $1000 tag on Sony's slick Qbric CMT-M1 pictured here indicates that prices are coming down. This microsystem includes an AM-FM tuner and both CD and recordable MD players. On a larger scale, Sony's DHC-MD7 ($1900) and Sharp's MD-X3 ($1000) team a tuner with a three-disc changer and an MD player-recorder. If you already own a CD changer, Sony is selling an MD home audio deck with an MZ-E3 portable for only $800. That's a deal.

PERFECT VISION

Interested in a digital camera? Canon's new Power Shot 600 ($950) works like a point-and-shoot automatic but stores up to 900 high-resolution shots in its electronic memory. You can also talk to the camera, appending pictures with reminders of why you took them. Images can be viewed, edited and stored on a PC, then reproduced on a color printer or distributed electronically.

For camcorder users, the jump to digital promises sharper images and enhanced sound (both of which can be manipulated on a PC), plus smaller, analog cassette–size tapes that store up to an hour of footage. Sharp's digital Viewcam VL-D5000U (about $4600, pictured below) offers resolutions that are 25 percent better than those shot with Hi-8mm analog camcorders. If you're in a miniaturization mode, try RCA's CC900D ($2595) or JVC's similarly designed DV1 Cybercam ($3000). Each camcorder is about the size and weight of a paperback thriller—and will probably be included in one soon.

LOOK TO THE SKY

Joining RCA and Sony in producing Digital Satellite System 18-inch dish and receiver packages this fall are Panasonic, Toshiba, Sanyo, Hughes Network Systems, Samsung, Daewoo, Hitachi, Philips and Uniden. Although individual features may vary, all of the new equipment will deliver 175-plus channels of digital audio and video. Costs range from $500 for a basic setup to $1000 for a top-of-the-line system capable of sending signals to multiple television sets. Programming packages from DirecTV and USSB are priced on a par with cable and include Playboy TV, multiple HBO and Showtime channels, pay-per-view movies every half hour and lots of sports. How does the entire NBA schedule sound? —TED C. FISHMAN

Sharp's digital Viewcam VL-D5000U with 30x zoom features a five-inch LCD monitor for viewing footage while it's being shot and afterward, about $4600.

Sony's Qbric measures less than a foot in all directions and teams an AM-FM tuner and CD and recordable minidisc players with two great speakers, $1000.

format. Dolby's latest and greatest offering re-creates movie-theater thrills by delivering the sound into six channels of digital audio, plus a low-frequency effects channel for a subwoofer. With this configuration, sounds can shoot across the room diagonally, in addition to left–right and front–back (Pro Logic, by comparison, sends one audio signal to both rear speakers).

Finally, you'll be able to play back your audio CDs on a DVD machine, making it a possible replacement for your VCR, laser disc player and CD player.

That's the good news. The bad news is that for now, DVD is a playback-only medium. Taping TV shows and transferring your home movies onto silver disc are still a few years away. Some manufacturers feel that DVD's initial success could be limited by the lack of recording capability. They expect many consumers will wait a year or two until DVD recorders become available and prices come down. (Currently, a recording version would cost at least $8000 extra.)

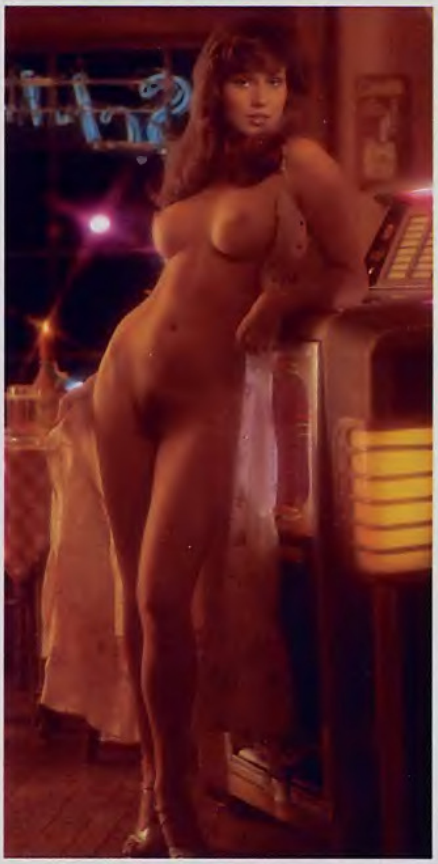
Certainly, if history is any guide, prices should drop fairly quickly. But even without cost reductions, the full suggested retail price for today's promised players doesn't seem half bad. The first DVD machines are expected to have tags between $500 and $1000. That's three times cheaper (in real dollars) than first-generation CD players were 14 years ago, and only marginally more expensive than high-quality VHS machines today.

Pricing aside, some industry insiders feel the format is "not yet ready for prime time" and worry that the first generation of DVD machines may have annoying "bugs and incompatibility problems."

Toshiba disagrees: "We have invested tremendous R&D time into this technology," says Craig Eggers, DVD director of marketing at Toshiba. Eggers also points out that the industry, which had previously wrangled over competing incompatible videodisc formats (one by Toshiba and Time Warner, the other by Philips and Sony), came to its senses last September when it agreed to create a single standard.

This unified effort has inspired several other major players to take the DVD plunge this fall. Thomson Consumer Electronics plans to introduce a machine under the RCA banner this fall, which will be followed by GE and Pro Scan offerings. Panasonic will launch two players, including one with a built-in Dolby Digital decoder. (Basic systems will require a separate receiver to use this DVD feature.) Samsung and Goldstar will release variations as well, and Pioneer *(concluded on page 144)*

PLAYMATE REVISITED: PATTI McGUIRE



PLAYBOY
NOW, THE REAL JIMMY CARTER ON POLITICS, RELIGION, THE PRESS AND SEX IN AN INCREDIBLE PLAYBOY INTERVIEW
MUCH MORE SEX IN CINEMA
YOU AND THE STOCK MARKET: WHERE THE BIG MONEY IS
TURN ON TO OUR C.B. PLAYMATE: COVER GIRL PATTI McGUIRE

PLAYBOY's interview with Jimmy Carter made headlines, but the presidential hopeful had tough competition in our November 1976 issue. That's where we introduced Patti, o devoted CB-radio "ladybreaker." Carter won the election, ond Potti claimed our lustful hearts.

she wowed us in straight sets

THE SCORE was love. In 1978 tennis star Jimmy Connors hit the biggest ace of his career—he met our 1977 Playmate of the Year, Patti McGuire. Three months later they were hitched. We mourned the loss, but at least we had plenty of pictures. For one shoot, we sent the Missouri heartbreaker to Arizona on a white-water rafting trip—her idea. These days Patti plays Mom to 16-year-old Brett and 11-year-old Aubree-Leigh while Jimmy and his racket tour the country.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY POMPEO POSAR

Jimmy and Patti, shown above left at a movie premiere in 1992, credit PLAYBOY with bringing them together. "She is fram St. Lauis and I'm from East St. Louis, and we never would have met back there," Connors has said. Instead, they met in California, where Patti had moved after becaming a Playmate. "Suddenly, I had someone to spend my life with," Cannors tald reporters. It's a championship match.

PRO FOOTBALL FORECAST

(continued from page 110)

No one's nose was bent out of shape. These are the 49ers, who pride themselves on their cool.

Jon Gruden.

Philly's defense, which has no household names, was the league's second-toughest to pass against. Linebacker William Thomas had seven interceptions and defensive end William Fuller rang up 13 sacks.

The **Redskins** showed enough improvement in their second season under head coach Norv Turner to assure him and general manager Charley Casserly of jobs for another year. Despite the team's 6–10 finish, team owner Jack Kent Cooke was genuinely thrilled by the Redskins' two wins over divisional rival Dallas. In both of those games, Washington stuffed Emmitt Smith when it had to and held him to less than 100 yards.

The Skins' offense was a pleasant surprise. Unheralded free-agent RB Terry Allen rushed for 1309 yards and ten touchdowns. In his 13th season, WR Henry Ellard (who played his first 11 with the Rams), pulled down 56 receptions for 1005 yards. He'll make life easier for second-year receiver Michael Westbrook.

Washington's raging quarterback controversy is almost (but not quite) over. After the team's top 1994 draft choice, Heath Shuler, separated his shoulder in the season opener, lightly regarded Gus Frerotte took over and refused to fall apart. We'll see what happens.

The Skins' defense against the run, 29th in the league, was the team's weakest link. Defensive tackle Sean Gilbert, who was acquired in a trade with St. Louis, will provide some welcome muscle.

Going into last season, New York head coach Dan Reeves predicted his **Giants** might go 11–5 and challenge Dallas for the divisional title. The Giants opened at home against the Cowboys and were routed 35–0. Reeves' guys never recovered. The Giants finished 5–11 and didn't beat a single team with a winning record.

New York's passing attack was the lousiest in the league and figures to remain that way this fall. The Giants' lone offensive standout was Rodney Hampton, who rushed for a career-high 1182 yards and ten touchdowns. During the winter, the 49ers made Hampton, then a free agent, an offer he couldn't refuse. The Giants were smart to match it and hold on to him.

New York's defense, traditionally its trademark, was AWOL last year. Opposing teams ran through the Giants at will. Top draft choice Cedric Jones, a defensive end from Oklahoma, should help the Giants tighten up.

Vince Tobin, who did a great job as defensive coordinator for the Colts, is the **Cardinals'** new head coach, the fifth hired since owner Bill Bidwill moved from St. Louis in 1988. Tobin takes over a 4–12 team that's getting old. The team's newest passing threat is 35-year-old Boomer Esiason, the Cards' 12th starting quarterback since moving to the desert. Arizona has a couple of fine young RBs in Garrison Hearst (1070 yards in 1995) and Larry Centers (who caught 101 passes for 962 yards, an NFL record for a running back).

Tobin's forte is defense, and he has a pair of Pro Bowl players in tackle Eric Swann and CB Aeneas Williams. Illinois DE Simeon Rice, Tobin's top draft choice, seems to have all the tools necessary for superstardom. The rest of the Cards' cast is mostly made up of bit players. Even though Bidwill is again ready to relocate the team—this time he's talking about Los Angeles—the Cards really aren't going anywhere.

NATIONAL FOOTBALL CONFERENCE
CENTRAL DIVISION

Green Bay	10–6
Chicago*	9–7
Tampa Bay	8–8
Detroit	8–8
Minnesota	7–9

*Wild-card team

Brett Favre has arrived big-time. Last season he came into his own as a quarterback, and was the league's MVP. Favre led the **Packers** to an 11–5 season and the divisional title before running out of heroics against Dallas in the NFC championship game. During the season, Favre completed 63 percent of his passes for 4413 yards and 38 touchdowns, with only 13 interceptions. Off-season he admitted to drug abuse—pain medication—and entered a substance-abuse program. Outcome uncertain.

General manager Ron Wolf and head coach Mike Holmgren have done a great job in rebuilding the Packers. Edgar Bennett (1067 yards) was Green Bay's first 1000-yard runner since 1978. Receiver Robert Brooks, with 102 receptions for 1497 yards and 13 touchdowns, made up for the loss of All-Pro Sterling Sharpe. Tight end Mark Chmura (54 receptions for 679 yards) was so impressive that the Packers made him a millionaire.

Green Bay's pass defense (21st in the league) obviously needs improvement, but the Packers have an excellent seventh-ranked rushing defense. One needn't be a cheesehead to realize the Packers are poised for a serious run at the Super Bowl.

After reaching the playoffs in his second year as a head coach, Dave Wannstedt eagerly awaited the 1995 season. He thought the **Bears** were ready to take the Central Division title. When the Bears won six of their first eight games, a lot of people agreed with him. But then Chicago blew a big lead at home and lost to Pittsburgh in overtime. That game cost the Bears their confidence and their season. Chicago's 9–7 finish wasn't good enough to make the playoffs.

Quarterback Erik Kramer wasn't part of the team's disappearing act. Last year he shattered every single-season Bears passing record: most attempts (522), most completions (315), most passing yards (3838), most touchdowns (29) and fewest interceptions (ten).

The loss of free agent Jeff Graham, Kramer's leading receiver (82 receptions for 1301 yards), upset the quarterback. But Curtis Conway also had a big year (62 for 1037 yards). He'll be the team's deep threat.

Chicago's offense, with rookie back Rashaan Salaam running for 1074 yards and ten TDs, had more than enough punch to propel the Bears into the playoffs. Unfortunately, Chicago's pathetic pass defense (27th in the league) sealed the Bears' fate. That's why Wannstedt's first-round draft choice was Mississippi State cornerback Walt Harris. That's also why the Bears signed volatile Miami linebacker Bryan Cox.

The Bears have extended Wannstedt's contract. Wise move.

Deposed **Buccaneers** head coach Sam Wyche said it about a month after he was fired: "I'd give anything to be back one more year. A couple of lucky bounces and I'm a hero instead of an idiot."

Wyche put together a competitive 7–9 Bucs team that has been inherited by former Vikings defensive coordinator Tony Dungy. Says Dungy, "We feel that we're going to make a run at the playoffs."

That may be possible, but Tampa

(continued on page 144)

"Hey, it could happen to anyone getting a blow job on a curve at 70 miles an hour."

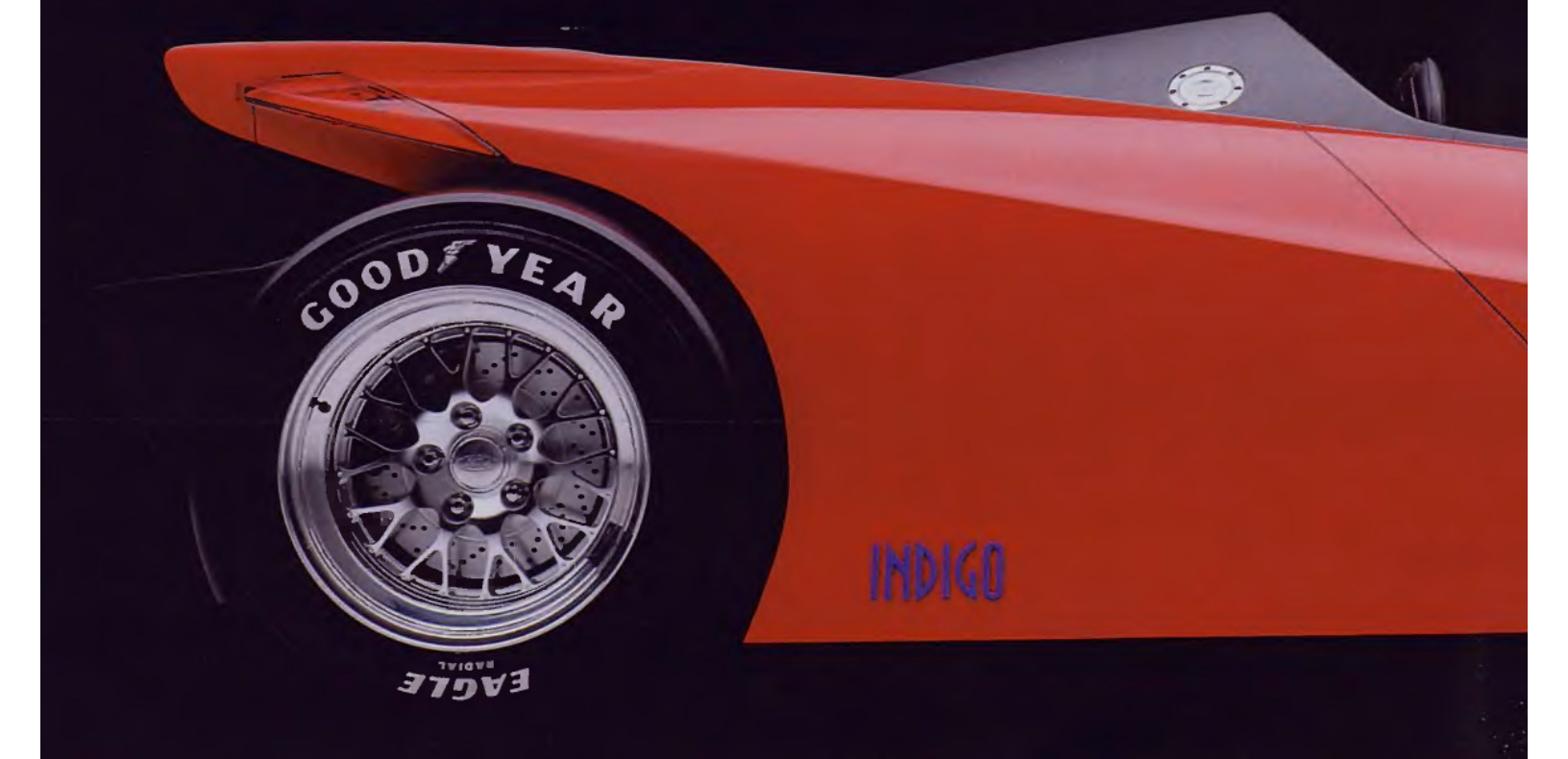
CARS '97

LIFE IN TOMORROW'S FAST LANE

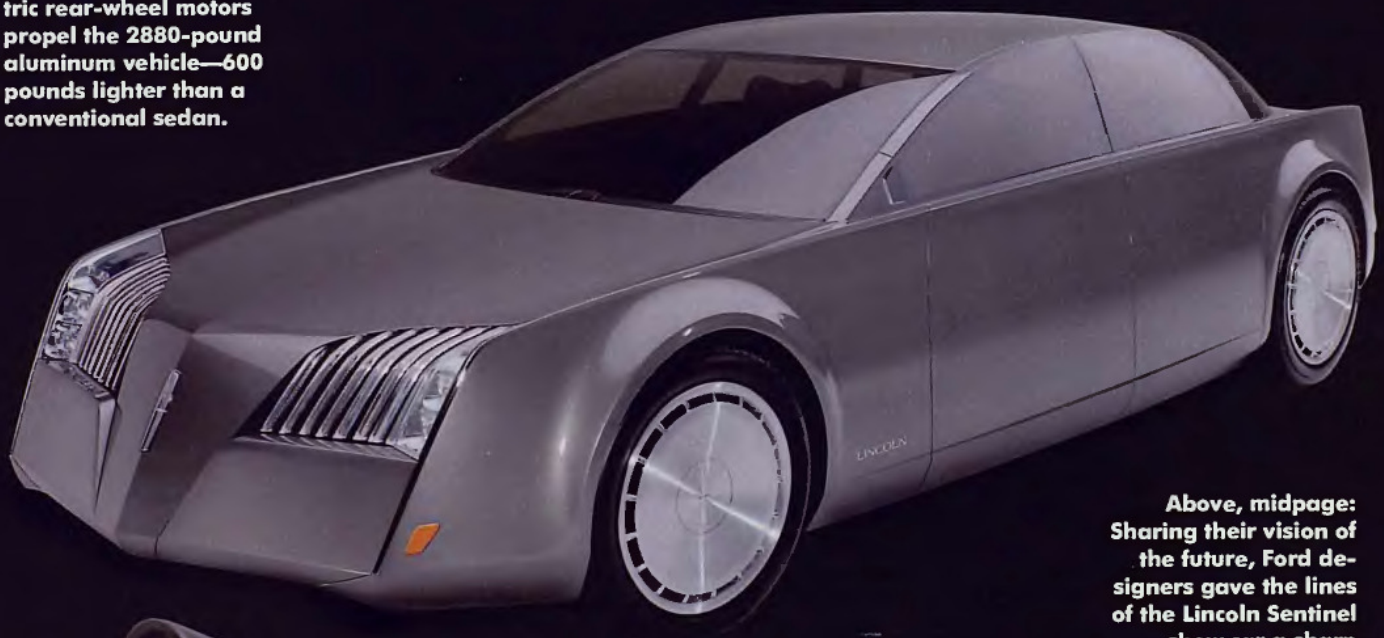
ARTICLE BY HEN GROSS Carmakers love to tempt us with dramatic machines. These could be here by the millennium. Among the Big Three automakers, Chrysler leads the design parade, fiercely challenged by Ford. Both offer different visions of tomorrow's automobiles. Ford's styling is angular and crisp, epitomized by its Darth Vaderesque Lincoln Sentinel sedan and the race car–inspired Indigo roadster. Chrysler's stylists see the future in a more fluid fashion. The Chrysler LHX and the Dodge ESX sedans tease the eyes with *(concluded on page 136)*

Above: Chrysler's LHX show car takes cab-forward architecture to extremes: A 124-inch wheelbase makes for a roomy cabin. Warning lights and speed are displayed in front of the driver, and there are multiple air bags.

Below: Ford's 435-hp V12-powered Indigo is street-legal. A limited number may be sold, for about $100,000. Top speed: 200-plus. Zero-to-60: 3.8 seconds. Brembo disc brakes let you stop within 100 feet at 60 mph.



Above right: Dodge's Intrepid ESX sedan blends exotic coupe-type looks with a fuel-efficient diesel-electric power plant. Two electric rear-wheel motors propel the 2880-pound aluminum vehicle—600 pounds lighter than a conventional sedan.



Above, midpage: Sharing their vision of the future, Ford designers gave the lines of the Lincoln Sentinel show car a sharp edge. Although this rear-wheel-drive sedan looks big, it's actually shorter than a Lincoln Town Car. Batman would love it.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI

20 QUESTIONS

JANEANE GAROFALO

Actress and comedian Janeane Garofalo, 32, is fearless when it comes to answering questions. She cannot tell a lie. She is also unself-conscious—starting this interview in her hotel bathroom while brushing her teeth and putting on makeup. Such forthrightness also informs her stand-up act, in which she eschews the setup–and–punch line method for the slice-of-life on wry. Her deadpan veracity also comes through in her role as Paula the talent booker on HBO's "Larry Sanders Show," and in her duties as host of Comedy Central's "Comedy Product." Garofalo, who thinks she will never be more than a cult figure, has also found success in the movies. She was Winona Ryder's friend and roommate in "Reality Bites" and Randy Quaid's acerbic date-from-hell in "Bye Bye Love." Another recent success was as Abby, the talk-show veterinarian with a self-esteem problem, in last spring's hit romantic comedy "The Truth About Cats and Dogs." Next she plays an elephant trainer in "Larger Than Life" with Bill Murray. Contributing Editor David Rensin met with her in Aspen during the U.S. Comedy Arts Festival. Says Rensin of the experience: "I've never met a woman more clear about who she is than Janeane Garofalo. It definitely takes your breath away."

1.

PLAYBOY: You've been called the patron saint of alternative comedy. Why?

GAROFALO: I hate the word alternative. It's a dumb label, just like grunge and Gen-X. If you wanted to apply the word literally, it would be the alternative to shticky, hacky, jokey comedy. And the venue is an alternative to the comedy clubs. Usually you see this comedy in a coffee shop, bookstore or bar. The style is more spoken word–meets–stand-up. I've done it since I started, and so have many of my friends, like David Cross, Bob Odenkirk and Dana Gould. We've all written stuff down, but we're also just as likely on some nights to completely go off for the 30 minutes we're onstage. We've always been here. It's just that if you are around long enough, people start seeing you and go, "Oh!"

the actress sounds off on underwear, the hootification of america and the quest for the perfect latte

2.

PLAYBOY: Onstage you've talked about feeling like you want to slug a guy while he's having sex with you and scream, "Stop fucking me!" We suspect this story is based on real life. Care to elaborate?

GAROFALO: I was dating a comedian who is now a friend of mine. We were out once, and I was eating Ben & Jerry's ice cream out of the carton. He said, "I hope you're not going to finish that." When I heard that I was seething. Like: *You're not supposed to say anything about what I eat. You're supposed to think I'm a goddess, no matter what.* I didn't say anything about it, but all I could think was, If you think we're gonna have sex later, you're high. When we got home, we went to bed and . . . we had sex. But I couldn't forget the Ben & Jerry's comment, and all I could think was, Stop fucking me or I'm gonna punch you in the face. Didn't say anything, though. [*Laughs*] Ah, the thoughts that run through one's head.

3.

PLAYBOY: You've also complained about the tyranny of lookism, that women are made to feel bad about themselves because of their physical appearance. But is this perpetuated only by men? Don't women have visual standards too?

GAROFALO: I had this discussion over dinner with Jon Lovitz. He said that the first thing 90 percent of guys focus on is looks. They want their peers to find their girlfriend hot. Women can be more impressed by wit, intelligence and warmth. Let's break it down this way, if we can go shallow: Look at the "Star Tracks" pages in *People* magazine. Whenever you see an actor and his girlfriend, is it surprising what the girl looks like? When Charlie Sheen gets married, are you shocked that his bride is stunning? Are you shocked when Nicholson squires around somebody who looks so good? It's always like that. The shock is when they have someone who doesn't look like that. And it's noticeable. It's so rare, you make a mental note of it. You go, Oh my God, his wife is actually his age and looks like a normal woman.

4.

PLAYBOY: You recently lost about 25 pounds, despite having said that doing so would be selling out. Please defend yourself.

GAROFALO: I am a sellout, I admit it. I will not pretend. I joined the other side, the wrong team. I am not proud of it. It was a calculated career move. After *Larry Sanders* wrapped for last season I wasn't working. I had just bought a co-op and wasn't doing real well financially. I thought, Fuck, I've got to work. What would help? The answer: being thinner. Talent isn't the first thing people look at, obviously. You can tell that by the people who are working. Especially for women, thinness and looks are key, unless you want to play only one type of part, over and over and over again: the bitter, because-you're-overweight-means-you-don't-have-a-vagina sidekick, best friend, roommate, single gal. The Eve Arden part. That's boring. Now that I'm thinner I get to audition for the wife and love-interest parts I didn't get to do before. That's a step in the right direction. Wait. I don't even want to say "right direction." It's a step in a different direction. If I could have fought the good fight and kept working at my former weight, I'd have done it. After all that work and not eating after five P.M. I don't feel thin. I feel like I could lose more weight. I'm not proud of this. I know I'm being a loser. I've bought into the patriarchal standard of what's acceptable. I don't recommend it.

5.

PLAYBOY: But you've had some good parts. You made a movie with Bill Murray, *Larger Than Life*, in which you play an elephant wrangler. In *The Truth About Cats and Dogs*, with Uma Thurman, you play a radio veterinarian. Is this a trend? What phrases from the pachyderm vernacular now show up in your everyday lexicon?

GAROFALO: Two animal movies are sheer happenstance. The elephant, Tai, had worked in *Operation Dumbo Drop*. We had coffee together, talked about the biz. Nice elephant, kept taking big dumps everywhere. "Ew, what's that smell?" is about the only phrase that leaked into my vocabulary.

6.

PLAYBOY: Are you ever afraid that you may inspire such intense fandom that one becomes a stalker?

GAROFALO: I'm not worried about that. I don't think I'll ever achieve a level in this business beyond having a small

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL GRECCO

core of people who like what I do. I'll never be so big that I can't go out. I'm not saying that in an aw-shucks way, I'm speaking realistically. I may be one of those people about whom someone occasionally says, "That girl over there drinking coffee, how do I know her? Do I know her from TV or is that your roommate's ex-girlfriend?"

7.

PLAYBOY: You've made no bones about despising Hootie & the Blowfish. Describe the Hootification of America and tell us if their popularity is emblematic of some deep-seated social malaise.

GAROFALO: Most of the huge artists, musically speaking—Mariah Carey, Hootie, Michael Jackson, Michael Bolton—are popular because they are utterly mediocre. Mariah Carey is the definition of mediocrity to me, so how could she not be embraced by the public? The American public is not an arbiter of taste. People go to what they know. And radio force-feeds you Hootie and Mariah. You are forced to listen to that bullshit. You don't want it. I want to hear more Elvis Costello, more P.J. Harvey, and I have to seek it out. They won't give it to me, and I don't think that's fair. But I don't dislike middle America and John and Jane Q. Public. Most of my relatives are middle America. I dislike the taste makers. I dislike what tends to be popular. I don't like T.G.I. Friday's, I don't like Planet Hollywood. I don't like stuffed potato skins. I don't like that kind of culture. I dislike the Super Bowl in my face all the time. I don't give a fuck about the Super Bowl. I don't want to see *Friends* anymore, even though I am friends with some of the *Friends*. I don't want to see any more ads for Got Milk? or Diet Coke. I don't want to see a Gap store every five seconds. I don't like those clothes. Starbucks is the only thing that I will put up with that permeates the culture.

8.

PLAYBOY: Describe the perfect latte.

GAROFALO: This is really important to me. I prefer less foam. I like it to be a flat latte, if you will. There has to be the perfect ratio of steamed milk to coffee. I don't like it when I pick up my latte off the counter and it's light, like there's hardly any coffee in there and it's all foam. I like it to be a heavy latte with a lot of coffee. Sometimes they pour in coffee, then milk, then more coffee, like in layers. That, no foam on top and a shot of hazelnut syrup. A grande hazelnut latte.

9.

PLAYBOY: David Letterman reportedly once held up a handwritten note to Sandra Bernhard that read "I hate myself." Your production company is called I Hate Myself. Have you and Letterman discussed your mutual self-loathings?

GAROFALO: He knows I hate myself. Once when I was on the show he said, "Don't be so hard on yourself." I said, "If I don't have my self-loathing, what do I have?" He laughed and looked at me, and I knew he hated himself too. But I don't think he's going to confide in me. I have self-loathing in that I am frequently disappointed in myself. I don't work hard enough, don't write enough, don't donate enough to charity, don't read enough. But I don't have low self-esteem. I am a confident person. I don't make bad choices in destructive relationships. I don't abuse myself in a major way. I just grind my teeth. I have a bite plate, but unfortunately I can't wear it. It covers the roof of my mouth and I can't sleep in it. So I've wasted a lot of money on it, which causes more self-loathing, which makes me grind my teeth more. I just want to be a better person. I want to be funnier, I want to be smarter, I want to be healthier, I want to be nicer. But self-loathing drives me. I guess it's a good thing. Better than being arrogant or being content to be a dick.

10.

PLAYBOY: Which particular aspect of your personality gets you into the most trouble?

GAROFALO: I can't keep my mouth shut. When people ask me a direct question, I answer it.

11.

PLAYBOY: OK. What's in your underwear drawer that might surprise us?

GAROFALO: I have some underwear by a line called Pussy Scented. They're a little racy. That's not very me. I got them because there's a cute little kitty on the crotch. They were at X-Girl or someplace, five pairs for $5—that's unheard of for women's underwear. One hundred percent cotton. White with a triangle, strings on the side and a kitty over the crotch panel, winking. A former boyfriend liked them. The first time he saw them it was like wow, because that's not something I usually wear. I don't try to dress provocatively. I dress exactly like the millions of people who listen to college radio. In other words, I dress to the far left of the dial. And I don't do any weird shenanigans in the bedroom. I don't have oils. I'm meat and potatoes when it comes to sexuality. In fact, sexuality embarrasses me. I'm very anxious about having sex with the lights on. I'm so *not* a person who would try to entice my lover with Pussy Scented underwear.

12.

PLAYBOY: Men know what a high-maintenance woman is. Do you qualify? Are there high-maintenance men? Describe their care and feeding.

GAROFALO: I don't think it knows gender. I don't think most high-maintenance people know they are, either. I've had high-maintenance boyfriends. You have to be supportive of them in all aspects of life, to the nth degree. It's all about them, and you have to be willing to submit to that. So your dysfunction and theirs must fit like a glove. I'm high-maintenance in one area. Environmentally speaking, I'm highly adaptable. I'm not a complainer when it comes to, "What are we doing this weekend?" I don't have to be entertained. I don't care where we go. My only neurosis is insecurity, and I always admit it. I warn the person if I'm about to go on a rant. Some people think that makes it charming. My insecurity covers all the bases: sexual, career, physical. I worry that all of a sudden the people in my life are going to wake up and ask, "How could we have fooled ourselves about Janeane?" I'm always thinking my boyfriends will break up with me first, so I try to beat them to the punch. Then I wind up really screwing myself over, and I'm the only one who suffers in the end.

13.

PLAYBOY: What do you drink, when you drink, and what have you discovered the morning after that you have no memory of doing the night before?

GAROFALO: The only thing I'll drink is Stoli on the rocks or good tequila, like Patrón. I'm a totally cheap date. It takes me only two drinks to forget. For instance, a couple weeks ago three of my comedian friends, David Cross, Bob Odenkirk and Ross Brockley, and I went out for drinks in New York. I thought I'd just had a few drinks and walked home, I swear to God. But the next morning I woke up and rolled over, and there was Ross Brockley. My first thought was, Oh, I know that guy! He's funny. Thank God it's a good comic. I mean, he could have been a hack. Anyway, we were both fully clothed. We hadn't done anything. I mean, we weren't so drunk that we did it and then put our clothes on and contacts back in so that when we got up we wouldn't be embarrassed—though that would have been interesting. I asked him what happened and he said I said, "You wanna go listen to CDs?" We walked home, got something to eat on the way, went to my apartment and listened to CDs till dawn, and then just fell out on the bed.

(concluded on page 140)

"Will that be with or without a side salad, sir?"

SMALL-TOWN *Girls*

main street never looked so good

IN THE FINAL SCENE of *The Wizard of Oz*, Dorothy reminds us that, despite the razzmatazz of Oz, her Kansas community has its pluses. We'd now like to add a plus of our own: Small-town women are lookers. "Every day, beautiful women from tiny townships send us their pictures," says PLAYBOY's Senior Photo Editor Jim Larson. "We finally said, 'Hey, forget the big city—let's honor the hometown girl.'" Winnowing down the list was the first step ("the smaller the town the better"); then PLAYBOY's photo corps hit the road. "But this wasn't like jetting down to Atlanta for a quick shoot," Larson continues. "It was more like getting on one plane, transferring to a smaller one, then taking a three-hour car ride out to a place that's barely on the map." But, Larson reports, the treks were worth the effort. "Not only were the women fresh and down-to-earth, but the folks we met along the way were delightful. They were so flattered that PLAYBOY would make such a long trip just to visit their town." Call it civic pride, call it a knockout pictorial. Either way, Dorothy is right: There's no place like home.

JACKI MORRISON Robinson, IL (pop. 6740) Jacki (hanging loose on o coboose, obove) wos born in Illinois, raised in Texos ond ottended college in Californio—but she pocked it oll up for the pocket-size city of Robinson. Some towns hove oll the luck.

CHRISTY OWENS Gravel Switch, KY (pop. 75) Opposite, Christy graces the porch of Penn's Store, known as the oldest fomily-run country store in Americo. Among Penn's events: "Whittling & Fiddling" shindigs and "The Greot Outhouse Blowout."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

TRACY LYNN RICHLAND
Bluffton, SC
(pop. 738)

Bluffton doesn't have a hockey team, so Tracy Lynn (left and below) prefers to call the Pittsburgh Penguins her own. Off the ice, she's a fan of chocolate and her pups.

MELISSA INGRAM
Trappe, PA
(pop. 2115)

Financial advisor Melissa (above) is studying to be a personal trainer—that is, when she's not pampering herself with strawberries and champogne. This small-town girl's big-time dreom? To meet Hugh M. Hefner.

CALEY EASON
Castle Rock, CO
(pop. 8708)

Living in tiny Castle Rock hasn't kept Caley (right) out of the fast lane: She is the personal assistant to race-car driver Al Unser Sr. She's also an avid skier and snowmobiler, and—take note, gentlemen—simply adores flowers.

GINA HIGH
Huntertown, IN
(pop. 1330)

Even though Gina (kicking back, top left) includes traveling among her favorite activities, she's as down-home as you can get. Dutifully employed in the family business (horse raising), she thrives on "being a homebody—when the mood strikes."

LESLI ANN SCHRAUBEN
Portland, MI
(pop. 3889)

Sampling the bridges of Portland, Michigan (top)—and in from the cold (right)—Lesli Ann is no stranger to the Midwest: She attended high school in Oshkosh and college in Kalamazoo. When she's not doing crosswords, she's plotting her business career.

MONIQUE FOSTER
Cloudcroft, NM
(pop. 636)

You'll always find Monique (benched at left, grounded below) on the art beat—whether modeling or selling oils and sculptures. "I like good art, good wine, good food and good company," she says. Good enough.

TAMMY CANTINI
Orient, OH
(pop. 273)

Living in a town of 300 doesn't slow down nursing student Tammy (above). If she isn't go-cart racing, she's most likely playing softball (coed) or volleyball. Her ambition: "to be the best mommy ever."

BRITT MORRIS
Philipsburg, PA
(pop. 3048)

By land or by loke, Britt (below and left) is a true girl of summer. "We hove baseball fever here," she says. "My grondfather pitched for the St. Louis Browns in the minors ond my mother worked for major-leogue baseball. We love the game."

SHELBY HERRINGTON
Ballston Spa, NY
(pop. 4937)

Shelby (in the brisk outdoors, above; unbundled at left) says the perfect way to take in her homey hometown is via sleigh. Otherwise, she's content with being inside—provided indoors is a mall. Shelby also rides horses, loves the scent of vanilla and collects *Wizard of Oz* memorabilia.

CINDY ROUBAL
Bruno, NB
(pop. 141)

"I grew up in this very small town," says Cindy (below and right), "where my mom works in a bar and my dad owns a gas station." The upshot? "I'll always enjoy the simple pleasures of life—like early mornings, fresh coffee and the clean smell of rain." Nebraska, here we came.

CARS '97

(continued from page 120)

rounded forms and expansive, sweeping curves. Regardless of which interpretation prevails, we can expect intriguing new cars over the next decade. And while we won't see that quartet next year, here's what will be hot in 1997.

PORSCHE BOXSTER

Porsche's exciting 1997 Boxster roadster debuts next month at the Paris Automobile Show. This racy two-seater echoes Porsche's racing heritage with a sporty alloy body, competition-derived suspension and a 204-horsepower, 2.5-liter, flat-six power plant. The name Boxster refers to Porsche's traditional horizontally opposed cylinders: The pistons move in opposition, similar to the punches of a boxer. Extensive use of lightweight components means the mid-engine Boxster will weigh under 3000 pounds, so zero-to-60 times of less than seven seconds are predicted along with a top speed of 150 miles per hour. And unlike most two-seaters, the Boxster has two luggage compartments totaling 9.1 cubic feet, which is double that of a Mazda Miata.

The U.S. price is estimated at $40,000. Porsche claims it has received 10,000 advance orders.

MIGHTY MITE

Honda will join the market of small sports utility vehicles in January with its 1997 CR-V, a mini-SUV that outsold the Toyota RAV4 in Japan. The CR-V packs a two-liter, four-cylinder engine mated to a four-speed electronic automatic with fuzzy logic control. After you've been on the road a few minutes, the transmission adapts to your driving style.

Most of the time, the CR-V operates in front-wheel drive. But if its front wheels begin to slip, a lightweight torque-distribution system kicks in and a set of hydraulic pumps engages the CR-V's rear wheels for immediate all-wheel drive. This innovation also gives the CR-V a flat floor and a clear center walk-through, so it's bigger inside than an RAV4 or the Suzuki Sidekick. Independent A-arm suspension ensures a carlike ride and handling. The CR-V is expected to sell for about $20,000, including twin air bags; air-conditioning; power locks, mirrors and windows; a rear wiper; a four-speaker stereo and even a picnic table.

SHO TIME

BMW's 1997 528i and Mercedes-Benz' E320 are brilliant sports sedans. But if you would like to save about $10,000—and enjoy equal performance—check out the 1997 Ford Taurus SHO. The new 235-hp, 3.4-liter V8 SHO (for super high output) boasts more power than its German rivals, along with improved suspension and variable-assist rack-and-pinion steering. Best of all, its base price is only $25,000. A four-speed automatic transaxle gets the V8's power to the pavement, and a specially calibrated sports suspension with electronic semiactive struts and bigger sway bars improves handling over the base Taurus. Power disc brakes with Bosch ABS, a rear spoiler and a tuned, dual-outlet exhaust are all included in the price.

ON THE PROWL

The Prowler, Plymouth's dramatic factory hot rod, will be launched early in 1997. This wedge-shaped roadster is a close copy of the show car first seen in 1993, with its hot-rod "big-and-little" tires, tachometer on the steering column and brazen exhaust note from two beer can–sized pipes. It will be priced at $35,000. With a shape loosely based on that of the classic 1933–1934 Ford roadster, the Prowler packs a 214-hp, 3.5-liter V6 engine with a clever transaxle arrangement that permits traditional rear-wheel drive. Chrysler's Mopar high-performance subsidiary is already planning unique Prowler accessories, including a tow-along trailer (the Prowler's trunk is tiny). Reportedly, there's even a flame paint kit in the works. Although it'll be offered only in purple at first, don't despair. Dodge's Viper was originally available only in red, but as sales increased, so did color choices.

SAFETY CHECK

BMW's head air bags, available here early next year, are a clever first. In the event of a side hit, an inflatable tubular structure pops out of a strip in the roof frame over the driver-side or passenger-side door and encircles the front-seat occupant's head. The company has also equipped its latest European 7–series sedans with shatterproof side-window glass that's so strong it will resist a sledgehammer blow.

NECK AND NECK

Saab, in conjunction with Delphi Interior & Lighting Systems, has developed an innovative active-head-restraint system called Pro-tech that will protect front-seat occupants from whiplash injuries caused by low-speed, rear-end collisions. It works this way: Each head restraint is connected to a pressure plate in the seatback. In the event of a rear-end collision, the occupant is pressed into the backrest. The pressure plate is simultaneously moved rearward. When that happens, the head restraint moves upward and forward to support the head, which helps to reduce the potential for neck injuries.

Activation of the Pro-tech system is determined by the magnitude of collision forces, the weight of the occupant and the force by which the occupant is pressed against the seatback, so the restraint is matched to each individual. This feature will appear on the next generation of Saabs and future GM models.

LOST NO MORE

Acura's in-dash navigation system will be available in its RL sedans sometime in 1997. The six-inch color LCD touch screen is easy to use. A satellite-based Global Positioning System pinpoints your car's location within 100 feet and after you punch in a few commands, directs you to where you want to go. Functionally, Acura's system is about the same as Oldsmobile's Guidestar, but its data input is quicker. Cost: about $2000.

Cadillac presents three new technologies. The first, Onstar, is a high-speed communications–customer service technology link that uses satellite technology and a voice-activated phone to provide direction assistance, emergency service in the event of an air-bag deployment, remote door unlocking, theft detection and stolen vehicle tracking. Side air bags (pioneered by Volvo, BMW and Mercedes-Benz) are also included with Onstar, along with an integrated chassis-control system that has an advanced antiskid system. Onstar's monthly service fee is expected to be somewhere around $20. It works wherever there's cellular phone service.

WARMING TREND

During the winter, cold cars blast cold air until the engine reaches its operating temperature. But BMW has come up with a solution. Its European BMW 5–series sedans have an optional electrochemically-operated latent-heat reservoir that retains warmth generated by the engine. Park your new 5–series in the frigid outdoors for two days, start it up and the interior temperature will reach 68 degrees in just 30 seconds. The device toasts up the engine's coolant too, so exhaust emissions and fuel consumption are reduced during warm-up.

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YOU MAY *Smoke* *(continued from page 106)*

Later this year, Playboy will introduce the LeRoy Neiman Selection, a limited-edition cigar.

distinctive marbled cigar band and box label are emblazoned with Hef's signature in silver and a bronze-embossed HMH monogram. Both box and label are subtly accented with the Playboy Rabbit. Later this year, Playboy will introduce the LeRoy Neiman Selection (also from Playboy by Don Diego), a limited-edition cigar that features original Neiman artwork on a specially commissioned box.

The top cigars that are smoked in the U.S. today are handmade in the Dominican Republic (which exports 80 million a year), with Honduras (55 million) close behind. After that, Jamaica, Mexico and Nicaragua help fill the world's humidors. Since the 1962 embargo of Cuba, sales of Havanas have been outlawed in the U.S., which may be just as well. Quality-control problems plague Cuba today, and many Havana cigars are being underfermented to cut manufacturing time and underrolled to conserve tobacco. In addition, there's a thriving black market in counterfeit Cuban cigars that preys on naive Americans who shell out up to $35 for a shoddy Cuban-banded stogie made from Brazilian or Mexican tobacco. The only thing genuine about these counterfeit smokes may be the bands, which are often smuggled out of Havana's cigar factories by workers looking to augment their wages.

New cigars call for new accessories, and there have never been more to select. First, you'll need a cigar cutter. Biting off the end of your cheroot à la Clint Eastwood is not considered good form. Although there are many different styles on the market, the guillotine remains the choice cut. With one deft slice it exposes a wide, flat area for the passage of smoke. Just make sure the cutter is large enough to handle at least a 50-ring gauge, the most popular size of cigar smoked today.

Lighting a cigar is a ritual. To perform this baptism by fire correctly, only a wooden match or a butane lighter should be used. Anything else contains chemicals that will taint the taste of your smoke. Long cedar matches provide plenty of flame and the aromatic wood provides a hint of spice during the first few puffs. Double-flame versions of the clean-burning butane lighter can torch the widest-ringed robustos and churchills. Whichever lighter you choose, it is important to know that the hottest part of the flame is just above the tip, not directly in the fire. Never plunge your stogie deep into the center of the flame for this will only char the wrapper. To light up correctly, keep the tobacco directly above the flame, but never let it touch.

To leave the cigar band on or off—that is another question. In Europe, the matter is set: Take it off or be met with the same disdain as one who confuses his finger bowl with a thin lemon soup. In America we are more realistic. Because cigar bands are affixed with glue that can adhere to the wrapper, trying to peel off the band can eventually unravel your stogie. Besides, taking the band off a superpremium cigar is tantamount to stripping a Mercedes of its emblem.

Because it is made of pure tobacco with no chemical additives, a cigar may expire before its time if unpuffed. Relighting it without first warming the ash will produce an acidic taste because of the ammonia and nicotine condensed on the ash. To avoid this, rewarm the cigar as if you were lighting it for the first time. This burns off all the impurities.

Another way to improve the taste of your cigar is to mix the flavor of the smoke with an after-dinner drink. Today, the classic companions of port and brandy are joined by small-batch bourbons and single-malt scotches. Remember, the practice of dipping the end of a cigar into a snifter is more an affectation than a practicality.

Depending on how many cigars you smoke, you'll probably want a humidor. Its sole purpose is to duplicate the warm, humid Caribbean conditions where tobacco is grown and rolled, so your smokes will remain fresh. That means about 70 percent humidity and 70 degrees Fahrenheit. Therefore, the soul of a good humidor is its humidification system. For the most part, blotting paper and white clay moisturizers are history. Today's top brands normally use a glycerin-based water solution combined with an absorbent foam affixed to the inside of the humidor. These humidifiers can often be adjusted to increase or decrease moisture according to the number of cigars being stored.

Not all humidors have to be stationary. When you venture away from office or home, you'll find that a small travel humidor is the best way to enjoy your favorite brands. For shorter jaunts, a vest-pocket case is the best way to keep your stogies from being crushed. When you choose a case, select one designed for larger ring gauges. This will make your case more versatile, as you can always slip a smaller cigar into a bigger tube.

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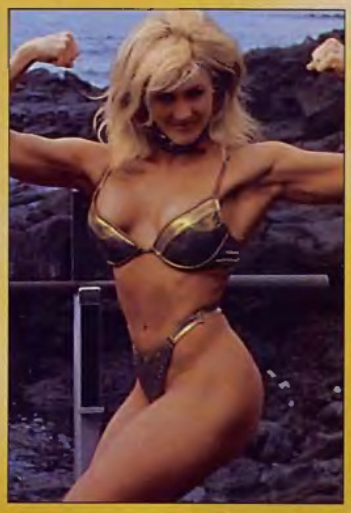

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JANEANE GAROFALO *(continued from page 124)*

It's far more intimate to wake up naked in the morning with someone than to have sex with him at night.

14.

PLAYBOY: What sort of 900 number would you call?

GAROFALO: Mike Myers and I called a telepsychic to have our fortunes told. It was so general, hilarious and retarded. They say, "I see a change coming. You're not happy at work. Do you have a relationship problem? I see a relationship problem." To Mike she said, "You're not doing well at work." He said, "Ma'am, I'll be honest with you: This is Mike Myers and I've done very well for myself. You know, *Wayne's World*?" She goes, "Oh. Hmmm." Then she tried to backpedal. I feel sorry for people who hang all their hopes on this stuff because they desperately want a change in their life.

15.

PLAYBOY: Your cartoon self once appeared on Comedy Central's *Dr. Katz*. When last seen she told the doctor he wasn't helpful, and split. What's the two-dimensional Janeane doing now?

GAROFALO: I don't know. I haven't heard from her since. She got in her cartoon automobile, hit the high road and kept driving. She's probably fine. In her world they don't really need a lot of money. She doesn't need to eat or buy new clothes. A little cartoon money goes a long way.

16.

PLAYBOY: What do women insist degrades them that you suspect might not degrade them at all? What do women view as self-enhancing that is in fact degrading?

GAROFALO: When Pat Buchanan came out against the Beijing Women's Conference and there were women standing next to him, smiling and laughing when he was making fun of it, I was so embarrassed. I don't mind when the more liberal or moderate Republican women talk about smaller government or money issues and things of that nature. But when I see a conservative Republican woman in line with the Christian right or coming out against abortion and day-care issues and for taking away women's aid, I see a self-hating, unenlightened woman, like a self-hating Jew. That blows my mind. I don't get it at all.

17.

PLAYBOY: There was an episode of *The Larry Sanders Show* in which your character, Paula the talent booker, wants to leave the room when Larry tries to get Artie to ask Marg Helgenberger out for him. What other things are so infuriating that they make a woman want to leave the room?

GAROFALO: When you hear network notes like, "You know, she really looks heavy." Especially with comedy. Physical attributes have nothing to do with being funny. I also hate, "Can you get the makeup artist to redo her?" In 1990 I did a Young Comedians special in Phoenix. They had to confer with the director because my face looked so full. They would never do that for a guy comic, but with me they're like, "Could you shade or contour her because her face is really, really full. She looks really chunky." Argghhh, that made me so angry. That will make me leave the room, and it will make me not change a thing. Not only won't I do more with makeup, I'll do less. That's begging me to go the other way, to be like Brando and stuff cotton in my cheeks.

18.

PLAYBOY: Garry Shandling once said you were funnier, had a better career and were more feminine than he. Would you care to argue?

GAROFALO: Yes. I'm not funnier, I don't have a better career and I'm not more feminine. Still, I idolize him. He doesn't idolize me. Therein lies the difference.

19.

PLAYBOY: How many times must you have sex before a guy stays over?

GAROFALO: Oh God. It has to be a few times. It's not just the number of times you have sex, but the quality of time spent together. You have to find that you really enjoy just hanging out, that it's fun. In theory it would also be a good thing to know that before you have sex—that's probably the wiser thing—but of course it doesn't always happen that way. You'd think it would be more intimate to have sex than to stay over, but for me it's far more intimate to wake up naked in the morning with someone and converse with him in the bed than to have sex with him at night, in the dark, after a few drinks. When I suggest that a guy leave, I've heard, "No." I've had a couple of people say, "No, I don't want to." I don't relent. The more they protest, the more they have to go. And even if they want to go—this is human nature—even if someone is thinking he would like to leave, as soon as you suggest it, he wants to stay. It's push-me pull-you in relationships. If you kind of don't like someone, he really likes you, and vice versa. People don't seem to be able to handle feeling the same thing at the same time. On the rare occasions when that has happened, I haven't been able to sustain the relationship longer than two years. Somehow I will create a situation where we need to break up. That's the way it works. It's like Chekhov.

20.

PLAYBOY: Where do we go when we die?

GAROFALO: I'm going to the Stair Master ring of Dante's Inferno, because I hate the damn machine so much. I do it on manual, so I can control it. But I don't put my hands on the rails, so I can keep a good flow going. That way it's two annoying workouts in one.

"We need to talk."

PLAYBOY

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NICOLAS CAGE (continued from page 60)

Quentin Tarantino told me it would be really cool if I screamed out "fuck" at the Academy Awards if I lost.

with great people.

PLAYBOY: How did you prepare for the role of the convict in *Con Air*?

CAGE: I went to Folsom State Prison to do research for that part. I had to sign a waiver that said that there was a no-hostage policy, which meant that if I was taken hostage, too bad, I couldn't sue. So I go out in the yard with 3000 killers. My adrenaline was really high. I wanted to interview some of the guys who I thought would look like my character. It was scary. I asked one guy, "How do you stay alive?" He said, "You've just gotta get hectic." What you mean? "Just gotta get desperate, man." There was one guy with four tattooed tears down one side of his face, a mustache, a shaved head and a Jewish star on the other side of his face. I went up to this big white guy who wore these wraparound shades and said, "Listen, hi, I'm making a movie, and I'm just an actor, but is there anything about jail life that you'd like to see in a movie that you haven't seen, anything about movies that deal with prison that really pisses you off?" He just stared at me and said, "I got nothing to say to you." I left.

PLAYBOY: Is that type of research really necessary?

CAGE: It's just what I do. It's what I look forward to most about being an actor—the foreign correspondent, or journalist, aspect.

PLAYBOY: Next you're doing *Face Off* with John Travolta, directed by John Woo. Who else would you be interested in working with?

CAGE: Tarantino. He has a great command of humor and an understanding of cinema all in one. I sat with him at the American Film Institute's dinner for Clint Eastwood. He told me it would be really cool if I screamed out *fuck* at the Academy Awards ceremony if I lost. I told him what he needed to do to be cool right then and there. Everybody was at the dinner: Nicholson, Beatty, Hoffman—everybody. Even Don Rickles. I said, "I know a way for you to be really cool." He said, "What?" I said, "If you want to be really cool, stand up right now and yell that you're the biggest star in the room. Just do that, and you'll be really cool." He started laughing like, *Oh no, don't make me do that*. But he's a great director. His movies have a whole new energy. It's a relentless kind of energy. It's like certain kinds of music that I listen to—uncompromising, angry music. It comes out as sort of an assault.

PLAYBOY: What music in particular?

CAGE: I run the gamut with music. It's something that's always affected the work. The acting. Miles Davis has had a big impact on me. I listened to the *Kind of Blue* album the whole time I was doing *Leaving Las Vegas*. When I was doing *Peggy Sue Got Married* I listened to Lou Reed's *Transformer*. He would sing a bit out of tune, and that sucked me into the song even more than if he had been singing in pristine fashion. I met Miles on *The Dick Cavett Show* years ago. It was right after *Raising Arizona*. I was talking about acting, how it can be like other art forms—like Picasso drawing a picture of his wife with her mouth hanging down on the floor, or music. I took a lot of flak for it. People didn't get it. Miles Davis came on, looked at me and said, "I hear what you're saying, man." He stayed in my thoughts after that. And I still listen to the records. From what I understand from my musical friends, jazz is the hardest to master. Only once you master it can you start to detach and improvise, get abstract, go for it. That's also been my understanding of the great painters. Only once they mastered the laws of light and perspective and all that could they go for it—only then could Picasso go to cubism, for example. I wanted to go for it with acting.

PLAYBOY: How has fatherhood changed your life?

CAGE: I've slowed down. I'm a worrywart now. It brings a new kind of emotion, a depth that wasn't there before. I'm always aware that what I do could affect my son. You don't want to wake up hungover when you have a child. Being a father has had more of an impact on my life than anything else before or since. One of the amazing things about children is that they automatically cut out any debauchery or decadence left over from your youth. As soon as Weston was born I stopped smoking and started buckling my seat belt.

PLAYBOY: In 1989 PLAYBOY asked you in a *20 Questions* about the last time the moon hit your eye like a big pizza pie. You said, "It hasn't happened yet and I'm 24." Has it since?

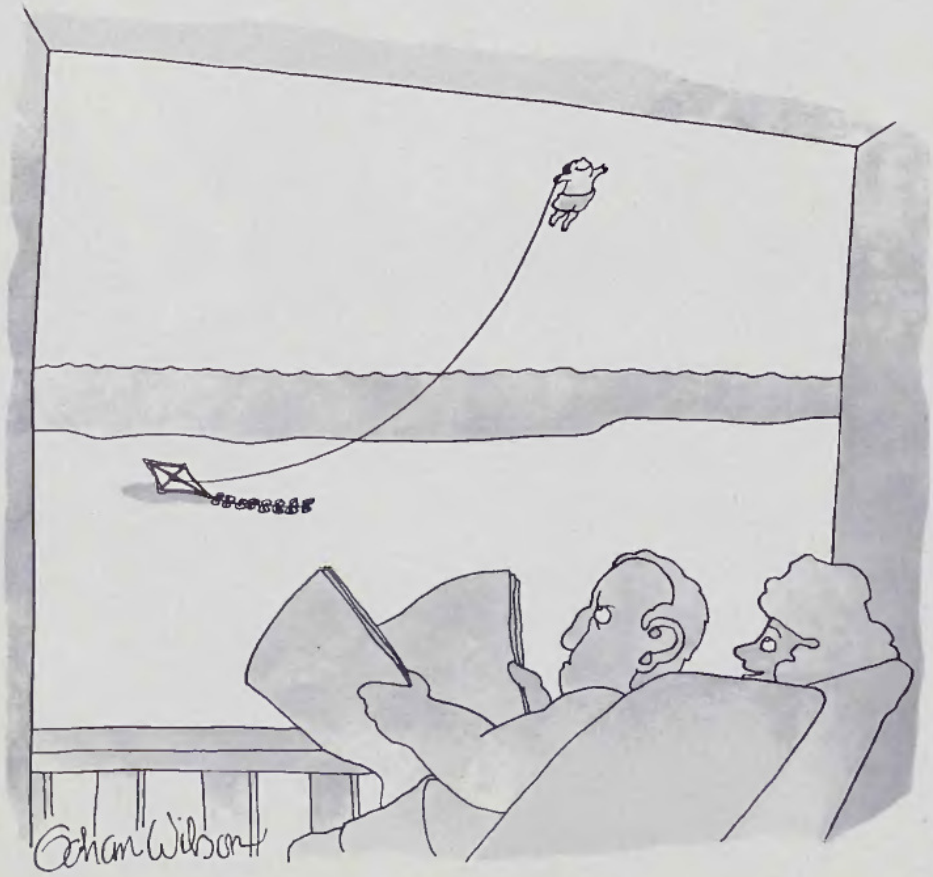
CAGE: Definitely. Absolutely. I felt that way with Patricia.

PLAYBOY: Love at first sight?

CAGE: Yup. I met her at Canter's, a deli, a long time ago—eight years ago. I said, "I want to marry you." She said, "You're crazy," and she didn't believe me.

PLAYBOY: Can you blame her?

CAGE: No, but I was serious. So I asked her to put me on a quest. At the end of that quest, if I succeeded in bringing her



"He may be doing it wrong, but it looks like he's having fun."

what she asked for, then she would have to marry me. When she gave me the list, I knew even more that this was the right person for me, because it was so inventive and creative. She wanted a black orchid. She wanted J.D. Salinger's signature—and anybody who reads knows that he hardly ever signed anything. She wanted a wedding dress from the Lisu tribe in northern Thailand and one of those Bob's Big Boy statues. So I set out on my quest.

PLAYBOY: You took it seriously.

CAGE: I was completely serious. First I had to find out where she lived. She wouldn't tell me. She said the street she lived on rhymed with "flower." I found out where it was. Then I went to a flower store and asked for a black orchid. The guy said they don't exist. So I asked him for a purple one and I went to the yard store and got a can of black spray paint. I got on my motorcycle with the orchid in one pocket and the spray paint in the other and drove to her house and rang the doorbell. She wouldn't come out, but I could see her peeking down from the top floor. In my very showy way, I whipped the orchid out of my pocket. Then I whipped out the paint can and started spray-painting the orchid black. She was freaked out. I rang the doorbell again and she came down. I just gave it to her and got back on my motorcycle and left.

PLAYBOY: Were you able to find Salinger's signature?

CAGE: I called an autograph store and asked if they had anything by J.D. Salinger—any kind of handwriting or autograph. The guy said that as a matter of fact he had a letter Salinger had written to a woman who I think had taken care of him at a boardinghouse or something. Many people don't believe this story. My manager, Gerry Harrington, is friends with J.D. Salinger's son, who says his father never signed anything. But this was a letter he wrote. So I bought the letter for $2500, put it in a cigar box with one apricot and one cigar and drove to her house. She was playing hopscotch in the street with her girlfriends. Hopscotch! I was driving a Peugeot, a silver one, and I pulled up and left the box on the street and drove off. I got a call from her. She was off the Richter scale: "OK, all right, just stop. Stop now."

PLAYBOY: What was next on the list?

CAGE: It was the Bob's Big Boy statue. I'd already gotten the chain saw. I was gonna steal one and put it in a truck and leave it on her front lawn. But she freaked out and said, "No more." She said, "I don't know if I can marry you, but I will go away with you." Well, my grandfather was conducting his score for *Napoleon* in Cuba, and I knew my whole family would be there. I had a plan: I would get her to go with me to Mexico City, then I would abduct her, take her to Cuba and marry her while my family was there. But I got derailed at the Mexican airport because they couldn't find my tickets. I threw a temper tantrum. That scared Patricia. She didn't like how I was yelling at everybody. She went back to her boyfriend, and that was that.

PLAYBOY: Were you crushed when it didn't work?

CAGE: Yes. She broke my heart for many years.

PLAYBOY: But you didn't even know her!

CAGE: I felt right about her. I don't know if I knew her, it just felt right.

PLAYBOY: What happened after that?

CAGE: We went on with our lives. I became a dad, she became a mother. I maintained peripheral contact with her—she's a good person who is a doting, nurturing friend—but I never saw her. We spoke six or seven times over eight years.

PLAYBOY: Until——

CAGE: I'd been thinking a lot about her. I was in therapy at the time and her face kept coming to me in therapy sessions. But nothing happened until last year. I went back to Canter's. It was eight years later and I ran into her again. This time there was a change. Maybe because we were back at the place where we had met. Two months later she called me and proposed to me. I said, "Yes!" I mean, a voice from deep inside just came up and said, "Yeah, OK, let's do it."

PLAYBOY: It's a great story, but you still got married without really knowing each other.

CAGE: I've always looked at it the way they did in the old days, when the father would say, "Your daughter and my son are going to get married." They did; there was no argument. And somehow those arranged marriages lasted—often longer than a lot of marriages last today. So here we are on the cusp of our anniversary, and we've lasted a year. The first year is called a paper anniversary. It's now no longer air, it's gone to paper. There's something concrete there. Paper. We love each other more than we ever have. We've both been through enough to know that there are certain responsibilities and certain elements of work that have to go into a relationship. If the romance wears off, there need to be stability and commitment. Meanwhile I haven't even begun to feel any romance slipping away.

PLAYBOY: What does this odyssey tell us about her?

CAGE: I think she's a romantic. There is a sense of mythology about her. I think she likes our story. I know I like it.

PLAYBOY: And what does this story tell us about you?

CAGE: If I see something I want, I go for it. I won't stop. I will not stop.

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Digital Rush

(continued from page 114)

promises a hybrid player that handles DVDs as well as laser discs. Other companies, including Sharp and Philips, are keeping a low profile to see how the technical issues and consumer acceptance play out.

One major issue is storage capacity. Although the 4.7 gigabytes packed into the single-sided DVD is impressive, Sony and Toshiba have each proposed ways to double that figure—and ultimately almost quadruple it to 17 gigs. Toshiba's method stores audio and video on both sides of a disc. Sony developed a single-sided DVD with an extra layer of data that can be read by a laser.

If industry buzz is accurate, the latter format may prevail, as the laser technology solves the problem of having to flip the disc. Another significant DVD hurdle is the concern of filmmakers over illegal copying. Already losing billions of dollars annually to piracy, studios fear that the ability to create pristine digital copies will play right into a pirate's hand.

The problem is exacerbated by DVD's worldwide playback compatibility. By comparison, an American videotape carries an NTSC signal and can't be viewed on a VCR in Europe, where PAL is the standard. This is obviously something of a mixed blessing for movie studios. While it enables them to mass-produce one standard DVD for the world, they relinquish control over their product.

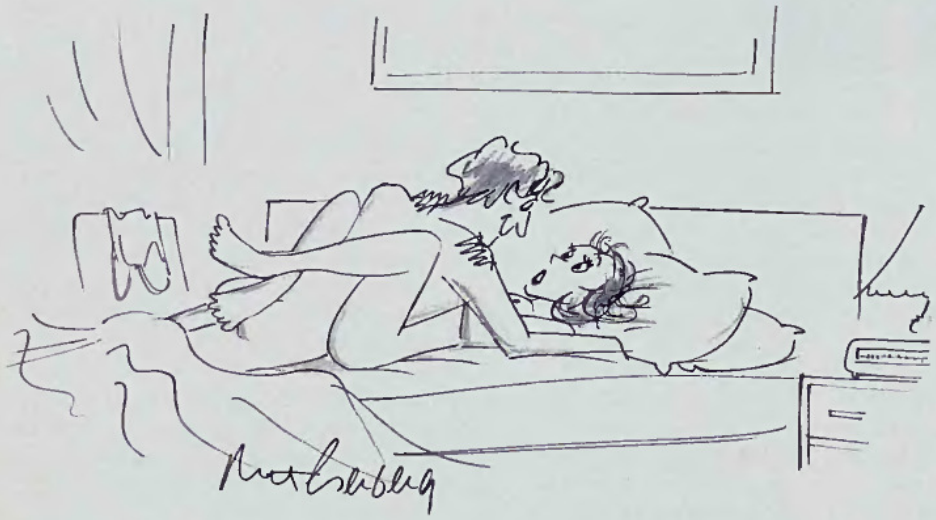
One more thing: DVDs are cheap, and easy to produce and transport. Unlike videotapes, they have no moving parts, are not bulky and don't require real-time duplication. "In simpler terms, it's squirt, splat, and you're done. You can make a lot of these discs really fast," explains Jim Bonan, vice president of new business development for Sony. That's great news for manufacturers who must rush to meet demand for a hot new title. But it's also a potential shot in the arm for big-time movie pirates.

As of early summer, copying and copyright issues were still being debated by the Consumer Electronics Manufacturers Association, an umbrella group, and the Motion Picture Association of America. Technological and legal solutions were in the works. But except for representatives of Time Warner (which is partly owned by Toshiba) and Sony Pictures, studio delegates seem divided about DVD. If DVD is to succeed, the format must have full cooperation from the studios. After all, a machine isn't worth much if there's nothing to play on it. Still, even skeptics believe that DVD's acceptance is inevitable: "It features the highest-quality picture and sound ever delivered to the home," says a studio source. "That's pretty hard to resist."

It's also hard to resist DVD's versatility. You get great audio and video, interactivity, lots of extra info and the parental control feature—and that's just for starters. You'll soon be able to enjoy shopping tie-ins and Internet integration as well. A DVD version of *Batman*, for example, may contain links to various related sites and to the virtual Warner Store, which you can reach via your cable modem.

Also working in DVD's favor is the price of the discs—about $20 retail. That would have pleased Steve Ross, Time Warner's former chairman, who once said he wanted to sell "a movie on a piece of plastic for the price of two tickets, parking and a box of popcorn."

Coming soon to the television screen near you.



"I think the question we have to ask ourselves, Gary, is—stop a second, will you?—how amicable, exactly, should a healthy divorce be?"

PRO FOOTBALL FORECAST

(continued from page 118)

Bay hasn't had a winning season since 1982. The reason the Bucs didn't make the playoffs last year—after a 5–2 start—was mostly because Wyche and QB Trent Dilfer weren't on the same page, maybe not even in the same state. Dilfer threw only four touchdown passes—and an incredibly awful 18 interceptions. That's the worst NFL quarterback stat I've ever come across.

The Bucs' best man on offense was RB Errict Rhett, who rambled for 1207 yards and 11 touchdowns. His counterpart on defense was LB Hardy Nickerson, who once again made more than 100 tackles. California defensive end Regan Upshaw, the first of Dungy's many high-end draft selections, is considered an impact player.

"If you can communicate your ideas to the players, they will get the job done," Dungy believes. He is now communicating with his quarterback.

Nearly every year team owner William Ford issues an ultimatum: If the **Lions** don't achieve a certain goal, he'll fire head coach Wayne Fontes. Last year, Fontes was fated to hit the bricks if the Lions didn't make the playoffs. They did, but were trounced in a wild-card game by the Eagles, 58–37.

In that game QB Scott Mitchell didn't remotely resemble the cool hand who passed for 4338 yards and 32 touchdowns during the season. Detroit's 23rd-ranked defense—which got it together during its last four games—crashed and burned against the Eagles. Ford's edict this year is that Fontes will be gone if the Lions don't make it to the second round of the playoffs. Enough already, William. Fontes led the Lions to a 10–6 finish.

The Lions offense was the NFL's best by far. Great wide receivers in Herman Moore and Brett Perriman. Great Barry Sanders gained 1500 yards, second in the league only to Emmitt Smith. Great Scott Mitchell may have choked against the Eagles, but he was murder up until then. Wayne's boys are only a few defenders and a year or two away from becoming an established NFL powerhouse.

The **Vikings** are slipping, but they don't seem worried about it. They have other things on their minds. Last year head coach Dennis Green and QB Warren Moon spent a lot of time in court on personal matters. After the season WR Cris Carter publicly bitched that the Vikings didn't pass to him enough in the final game, which cost him the chance to break Herman Moore's single-season record of 123 receptions. Carter wound up with 122.

If conspiracy was afoot in the Metrodome, Carter knew that Moon wasn't the man calling the shots. The missile-armed 39-year-old fired 606 times for 4228

yards and 33 touchdowns, with only 14 interceptions.

But wouldn't both Moon's and the Vikings' record last season have been better than 8–8 if Minnesota had a stronger running back? The Vikes let Terry Allen slip away, but in Washington he doubled the 632 yards gained by his ballyhooed replacement, Robert Smith. Word on the speedy Smith is that he isn't durable enough for the NFL.

Neither is the once-vaunted Vikings defense. Last year Minnesota gave up almost 25 points a game, its most ineffective showing since 1984. The Vikings' top two draft choices, DE Duane Clemons (California) and DT James Manley (Vanderbilt), are big, tough and talented. They'll help out immediately. But how much help can they deliver? The Vikings need a whole bunch.

NATIONAL FOOTBALL CONFERENCE
WESTERN DIVISION

San Francisco	12–4
Atlanta*	9–7
New Orleans	8–8
St. Louis	8–8
Carolina	7–9

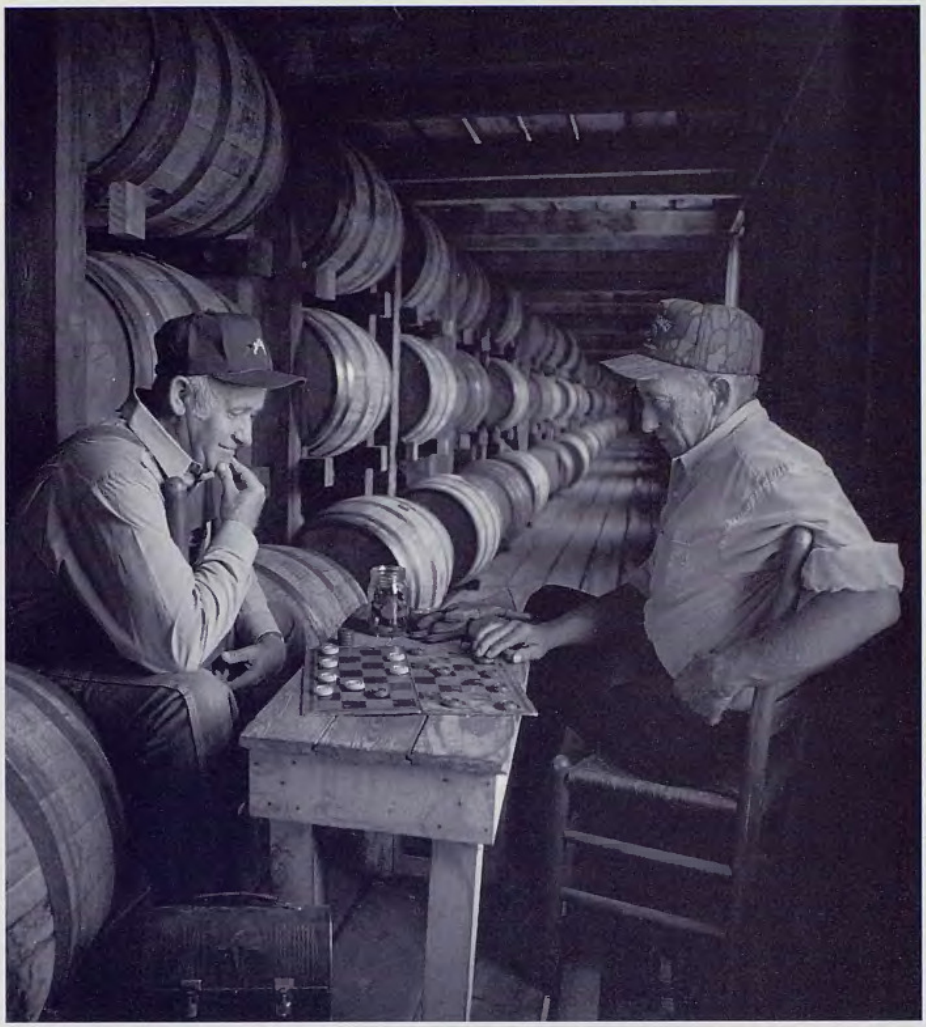
*Wild-card team

The 49ers' short reign as Super Bowl champs ended with a 27–17 upset loss to Green Bay in a home playoff game. Team owner Ed DeBartolo takes 49er losses personally. One result of last season: Former head coach Bill Walsh is now a consultant to offensive coordinator Marc Trestman, and both men are comfortable with the arrangement. So is head coach George Seifert. No one's nose was bent out of shape. These are the 49ers, who pride themselves on their organizational cool.

But the organization sometimes makes mistakes, especially with players whose personalities seem too painful to put up with. If Charles Haley had been just slightly more civil, Jerry Jones would still be merely a hunk of burning ambition. And the Niners would own at least two more Super Bowl trophies. Did San Francisco let RB Ricky Watters go last year because they couldn't afford him or because they couldn't abide him? That decision probably cost them another Super Bowl title.

Still, it's hard to argue with the 49ers' brain trust. George Seifert has been the winningest head coach in the NFL since taking over for Walsh in 1989. DeBartolo measures his success by Super Bowl titles. He has five and Jones has three, but the Cowboys won two during the Tom Landry era. That makes it Niners five, Cowboys five, which pisses the 49ers off.

The 49ers didn't think Watters' departure would leave the team without a running game, but now they know better. After the Giants trumped their offer to Rodney Hampton, San Francisco signed



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Johnny Johnson, a 931-yard ground-gainer for the Jets in 1994. Johnson sat out last year in a contract dispute, but he's happy now. Team president Carmen Policy signed six other free agents, including DE Chris Doleman, who'll pump up the team's pass rush. That was San Francisco's only noticeable defensive flaw. The 49ers' top-ranked total defense was number one against the run and 11th against the pass. They'll be better.

So will the offense. Last year's banged-up offensive line is now improved and in great shape. So is Steve Young, who missed five games because of injuries. He has since devoted himself to weight-lifting. Last fall Young threw for 3200 yards and 20 TDs, down from his 1994 numbers. He'll be better. Jerry Rice rang up another banner year: 122 receptions, 1848 yards and 15 touchdowns. He's now the NFL's all-time leader in all three categories. Rice *can't* get any better. Can he?

The 49ers think they'll be ready for the Cowboys, the only opponent they're concerned about. (They didn't prepare properly for Green Bay and they know it.) Bright, bright management. Would you like to tangle with the firm of DeBartolo, Policy, Seifert and Walsh? Now you know how the rest of the NFL feels.

Last season the 9–7 Falcons made the playoffs for only the fifth time in 30 years. The Falcons were 7–1 in the Georgia Dome and now have to figure out how to win more often on the road, where they lost four cliff-hangers.

"If we had won some of those games, the whole thing might have been different," said RB Craig "Ironhead" Heyward, who ran for 1083 yards.

Quarterback Jeff George showed why so many teams were after him and why the Falcons offered him a multimillion-dollar contract. George completed 60.3 percent of his passes for 4143 yards and 24 touchdowns. He threw a mere 11 interceptions. George held up his end of the Falcons' run-and-shoot offense. As a result, Atlanta produced four 1000-yard performers. Heyward rushed for his; receivers Eric Metcalf (104 receptions for 1189 yards), Terance Mathis and Bert Emanuel (both gained 1039) caught theirs.

Morten Andersen, the great placekicker from New Orleans, also set records—for most 50-yard-plus field goals in a game (three) and in a season (eight).

Atlanta's downfall was its pass defense, which was the poorest in the NFL. The Falcons gave up 4541 passing yards, the most in pro football history. Buffalo free agent LB Cornelius Bennett figures to help reduce that figure, but not enough for anyone but statisticians to notice.

Quickie trivia test: Which active NFL head coach has held his job longest? The answer is the Saints' Jim Mora, who begins his 11th season in the Crescent City. He and meddlesome team owner Tom Benson had a blowup in October after the Saints lost their first five games. Mora, the winningest coach in Saints history, knows he could be history if the Saints don't make the playoffs. He's not exactly quaking in his sneakers. Mora isn't the kind of guy who would forgive or forget the tirade Benson laid on him. Three of Mora's top assistant coaches went to work for other teams this season because they couldn't stand Benson. So did a number of key players, including Quinn Early, the Saints' top receiver (81 receptions for 1087 yards and eight TDs), and tight end Wesley Walls.

It's still a little bit of a secret, but New Orleans can move the ball pretty well. Last year QB Jim Everett threw for 26 touchdowns and 3970 yards, and RB Mario Bates galloped for 951.

The Saints finished 21st in rushing defense and 22nd in air defense. Defensive tackle Wayne Martin recorded 13 sacks and CB Eric Allen made the Pro Bowl, but those are about the only real stoppers New Orleans has. Mora, who has compiled the NFL's second-best road record (43–37) since 1986, knows he has to come up strong to keep that car-dealing owner off his back.

It was almost a Cinderella year for the Rams in 1995: A new coach, a new city and a sold-out stadium. After opening with four wins in a row, St. Louis ended with a three-game losing streak. But the Rams finished 7–9, a big improvement on their 4–12 record of the year before.

New head coach Rich Brooks, who compiled a mediocre record at Oregon, proved the skeptics wrong. "This isn't a long-term project," he said when he got to St. Louis. "A healthy quarterback

"We keep our prices down by eliminating the middleman, sir. We have our own little sweatshop in the back."

would help, and the running game must improve."

Neither of those potentialities eventuated. (OK, I confess: Sometimes I miss Howard Cosell.) Quarterback Chris Miller suffered his fifth concussion in 14 months, and by December he was out of football. Jerome Bettis, the team's 1000-yard runner, was a holdout. He reported late and gained only 637 yards. The Rams practically gave him away to Pittsburgh on draft day, when they placed their future in the hands of controversial RB Lawrence Phillips of Nebraska.

Wide receiver Isaac Bruce, the Rams' offensive star last year, snared 119 passes for 1781 yards and 13 touchdowns. I'm still puzzled as to why he wasn't picked for the Pro Bowl. Does anyone out there know a star when they see one? Or a quarterback? The Rams apparently do. St. Louis signed Steve Walsh, who was 9–3 as a starter for Chicago in 1994.

On defense, D'Marco Farr—who came into the NFL as an undrafted free agent—and his 11½ sacks raised a lot of eyebrows in NFL player personnel departments. The Rams didn't start out with a worthless defense, but certainly wound up with one: In its final six games, St. Louis gave up an average of 35.5 points. That's why the Rams signed San Diego pass rusher Leslie O'Neal.

He can't save them, but he'll try.

How did the **Panthers** get so good so fast? Two words: great management. Owner Jerry Richardson put together a savvy front office that included team president Mike McCormack (a Hall of Famer) and general manager Bill Polian, who made the Buffalo Bills into an AFC power.

The first and smartest move Carolina made was hiring head coach Dom Capers. After an 0–5 start, the Panthers wound up beating such playoff teams as Atlanta, Indianapolis and San Francisco. They did it with defense. Thirty-six-year-old LB Sam Mills, in his tenth NFL season, led the Panthers in tackles, forced fumbles and fumble recoveries. Mills had career highs in interceptions and sacks. Safety Brett Maxie was also a force, with six interceptions and a career-high 105 tackles. Ex-Steeler LB Kevin Greene will make the defense tougher.

His stats didn't reflect it, but QB Kerry Collins, Carolina's first college-draft choice, took over as the starter in the fourth game of the season, and improved every week thereafter. He played with confidence and poise. Panthers fans are starting to think playoff in Charlotte's new stadium.

•

Dolphins fans don't have Don Shula to kick around anymore. After Miami finished 9–7 and was knocked out of the playoffs by Buffalo, team owner Wayne Huizenga finally released Shula and replaced him with Jimmy Johnson, for whom Dolphin fans have been clamoring for two years. Johnson is no stranger to the city: J.J. guided the University of Miami to a national title before departing for Dallas and the then-hapless Cowboys.

AMERICAN FOOTBALL CONFERENCE
EASTERN DIVISION

Miami	10–6
New England*	9–7
Buffalo*	8–8
New York Jets	6–10
Indianapolis	6–10

*Wild-card teams

Johnson is a draft-day wizard, and was up to his usual tricks this spring. He started with eight draft selections, and, by trading down, walked off with a dozen. He'll use them to replace three of Miami's best defensive players lost through free agency—linebacker Bryan Cox, defensive end Marco Coleman and cornerback Troy Vincent. The Dolphin defense was rated 16th in the league last year, and doesn't really figure to get much better.

At least Johnson still has QB Dan Marino, who sets new NFL records every time he passes. Last fall Marino completed more than 64 percent of his attempts for 3668 yards and 24 touchdowns (with only 15 interceptions). Johnson replaced departed free agent WR Irving Fryar with Philly's Fred Barnett, who was injured for part of 1995. He'll line up with O.J. McDuffie, Marino's favorite target.

Running backs Bernie Parmalee (878 yards) and Terry Kirby (414) were Miami's leading ground gainers last year. Johnson would love to find another Emmitt Smith, which is why he drafted RBs Karim Abdul-Jabbar (UCLA), Stanley Pritchett (South Carolina) and Jerris McPhail (East Carolina).

"We're the team to beat," Johnson says. He believes that, and so do I. Look for Miami to win the Super Bowl within three years. Yo, Jimmy: Welcome back.

Patriots head coach Bill Parcells is ticked off, and that alone spells trouble for the rest of the AFC. After making the playoffs in 1994, New England floundered and finished a disappointing 6–10. Why? In part because the team allowed three of QB Drew Bledsoe's top receivers to leave and play elsewhere. To make matters worse, Bledsoe spent most of the season trying to overcome shoulder problems. Not surprisingly, his stats were down considerably from 1994. Bledsoe tossed for 3507 yards but had only 13 touchdowns (and 16 interceptions). His prime target was again tight end Ben Coates (84 receptions for 915 yards). Wide receiver Vincent Brisby's numbers—66 receptions for 974 yards—would have been a lot better if he hadn't dropped so many passes. The New England offense got terrific mileage out of rookie Curtis Martin, the AFC's leading ground-gainer with 1487 yards (and 14 touchdowns).

So why is Parcells steamed? He wanted

"May I suggest a good stiff drink before you ask for the check?"

the team's first-round choice to be an aggressive stud who could step right in and help the team's defense (28th in the league last year). But the Patriots' front office had rated Ohio State wide receiver Terry Glenn the second best player in the draft. Glenn was still available when the Patriots got on the clock. Owner Robert Kraft (good guy) wasn't happy to do it, but he overruled his coach.

This will be Parcells' final season in New England. He won't walk out a loser.

They won't go away, no matter how many times they've been whipped in the Super Bowl. After a subpar 1994, the **Bills** bounced back to win the East with a 10–6 record despite a tidal wave of injuries. Coach Marv Levy, who missed three games himself with a prostate cancer operation (he's OK), succinctly explained the Bills' turnaround: "We got magnificent leadership from our veteran players." Levy isn't chopped liver himself. The leadership began with Jim Kelly, the toughest quarterback in pro football. Kelly played the entire season with a bum shoulder that restricted his deep passes. So he got Levy to reinstate the Bills' no-huddle offense, threw short and resourcefully tossed for 3130 yards, 22 touchdowns and only 13 interceptions. And that was mostly without his top wide receiver, Andre Reed, who missed ten games with an injured hamstring.

Thurman Thomas, another veteran, rushed for 1005 yards, despite being sidelined early with banged-up legs.

Newly acquired linebacker Bryce Paup, the best free-agent pickup in the NFL last year, led the league in sacks (17½). In the off-season, the Bills landed another stellar free agent when they signed Quinn Early, the Saints' leading receiver, to a four-year contract. Kelly, whose shoulder has healed, will also be passing to the Bills' top draft pick, Eric Moulds, a sensational wideout from Mississippi State.

How much lousier can they get? The **Jets** haven't produced a winner in seven years, and last season they finished with the worst record in the team's 36-year history. "If 3–13 doesn't create a sense of urgency, nothing does," says new head coach Rich Kotite.

He and his team will fare better this fall. New York may have landed the best free-agent catch of the year when it signed Pittsburgh QB Neil O'Donnell to a five-year $25 million contract. Jet fans—I think New York's media have made cynics of them all—haven't forgotten the two damaging interceptions O'Donnell threw against Dallas in the Super Bowl. Relax, people: You've got yourselves a first-rate quarterback. And he'll be passing to USC All-American Keyshawn Johnson, the first player chosen in the draft.

New York laid the foundation for getting O'Donnell by signing his offensive coordinator at Pittsburgh, Ron Erhardt. "The big key for Neil is that he's getting better every year," Erhardt says. Plus, he's getting help: During the off-season the Jets' push for free agents also landed superb Giants tackle Jumbo Elliott and Jeff Graham, the Bears' leading receiver.

Kotite's a fine coach, and this year, he'll be working with an improved club.

During last season, I almost suspected I was watching a pro football version of *Hoosiers*, in which a laughably bad team from Indianapolis suddenly starts believing in itself, astounds the rest of America and comes within a Hail Mary pass of making it to the Super Bowl.

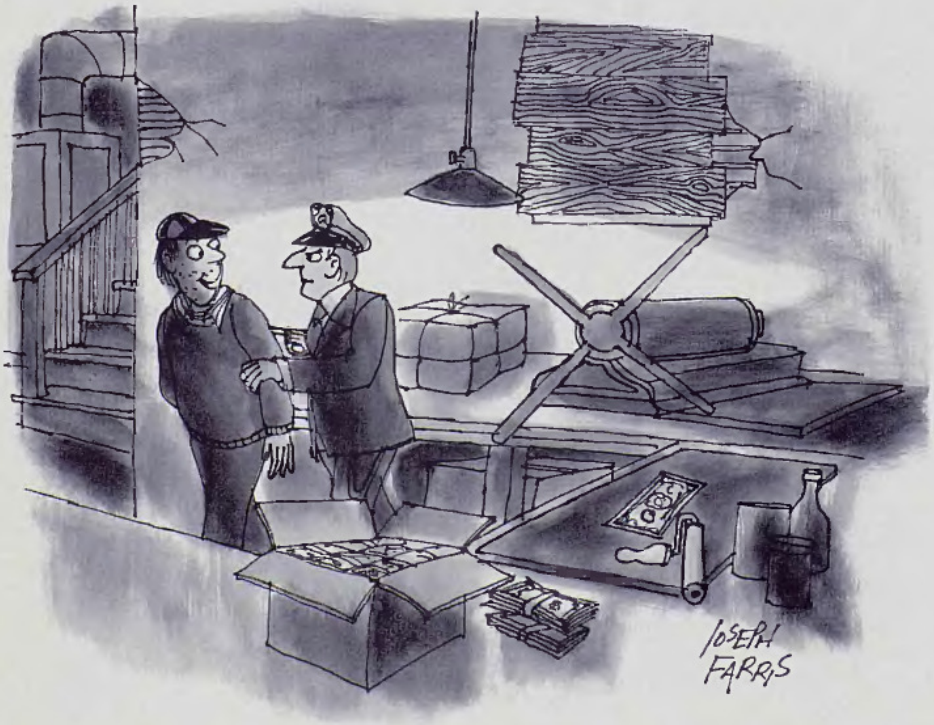
Much of the credit for the **Colts'** run to the AFC title game belongs to general manager Bill Tobin, the former Bears GM who joined the team two years ago. Tobin was astute enough and persistent enough to talk Lindy Infante out of retirement and into becoming the Colts' offensive coordinator.

Coach Ted Marchibroda (in the Gene Hackman role) and the players took it from there. Jim Harbaugh, a cast-off quarterback, came off the bench to lead Indianapolis to a 9–7 season and two upset playoff wins that had fans shaking their heads in disbelief.

Harbaugh throws ugly, but he finished with 17 TD passes, five interceptions and the league's highest quarterback rating (100.7). He got a lot of help from Marshall Faulk, who led the Colts in rushing (1078 yards) and receiving (56 catches for 475 yards) before he was injured and missed the playoffs. The fact that the Colts won two playoff games without him was a story in itself.

A tenacious defense—sixth in the NFL against the run and seventh overall—made it possible for the Colts to win a string of nail-biters. Defensive end Tony Bennett was the unit's inspirational and sack leader with 10½, and LB Quentin Coryatt was a pox on opposing ball carriers.

The defense will still be rugged, but Indy's Cinderella story is now over. For some lame reason (he always finds a way to screw up) team owner Robert Irsay refused to give Marchibroda a two-year extension, which is why the Colts' miracle worker is now head coach in Baltimore. Vince Tobin, architect of the defense, left to become head coach at Arizona. Even though Infante is Indy's new head coach, the Colts are about to go from the NFL's penthouse to its outhouse. It was fun while it lasted.



"When I'm sentenced I hope the court will take into account that I used recycled paper."

AMERICAN FOOTBALL CONFERENCE
CENTRAL DIVISION

Pittsburgh	10–6
Houston	8–8
Cincinnati	8–8
Baltimore	5–11
Jacksonville	5–11

Last season head coach Bill Cowher marched his **Steelers** into the Super Bowl, almost won it, and then waited for the defections that inevitably result from

a Super Bowl appearance. The key losses: QB Neil O'Donnell, who Jet-setted to New York with offensive coordinator Ron Erhardt and tight-end coach Pat Hodgson. Star OT Leon Searcy is now playing for Jacksonville, and LB Kevin Greene wound up in Carolina. Cowher, one of the brightest young coaches in the NFL, says: "Last year we lost a bunch of players to free agency and everyone came into the season doubting us. But we adjusted and we'll adjust this year."

Cowher's biggest adjustment will be to come up with a quarterback. He seems to have mighty slim pickings: rarely used Jim Miller, 11-year journeyman Mike Tomczak and throw-run-catch rarity Kordell Stewart, who spells excitement wherever he lines up. Look for Cowher to make more use of Stewart this season.

Whoever the quarterback is, he will pass to the league's most underrated quartet of receivers. Yancey Thigpen, Ernie Mills, Andre Hastings and Charlie Johnson are all fleet and formidable.

Pittsburgh pulled a draft-day surprise by trading for punishing ballcarrier Jerome Bettis, a former 1000-yard rusher for the Rams. He's the power back Pittsburgh needed.

The soul of the Steelers, their defense (third best in the league last year), returns intact and will actually be stronger: Last year All-Pro cornerback Rod Woodson went down in the season opener and didn't return until the Super Bowl.

Again, the Steelers don't have a quarterback with proven pro credentials. That's probably why Cowher, my 1995 coach of the year, will win every coach of the year award this season when he leads the Steelers to another AFC Central title.

Team owner Bud Adams will soon receive the key to the city. Unfortunately for **Oilers** fans, that city is Nashville, Tennessee, where Adams will move the team within two years. The fans spent much of last season letting Adams know what they think of him.

Faced with home crowds that were frankly teed off, the Oilers—who were expected to be a rocky horror show—bloomed into the most-improved team in the NFL. Under head coach Jeff Fisher, the Oilers went from 2–14 to 7–9. And with just a few breaks, Houston would have made it into postseason play: Seven of the Oilers' nine losses were by a touchdown or less.

For the first time in many years, Houston almost came up with a legit offense. Quarterback Chris Chandler completed 63.2 percent of his passes (his best showing ever) and rookie wideout Chris Sanders led the NFL with a 23.5-yard average per reception. Rodney Thomas, another rookie, was the team's leading ground-gainer (947 yards). Another offensive weapon is about to be unveiled in the person of Ohio State RB (and Heisman Trophy winner) Eddie George. The

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Oilers' offense was 23rd in the league last year. It still sucks, but their fifth-ranked defense will again keep the team competitive in almost every game.

Houston crowds like their team and abhor Adams. The booing in the Astrodome this fall will be accompanied by some creative homemade signs.

It's no fun when your first-round draft choice—especially an All-American halfback you're counting on to run like a thoroughbred—breaks down before he's even out of the starting gate. Who knows what the **Bengals** would have done last year if powerful Penn State RB Ki-Jana Carter hadn't suffered a season-long injury in the next-to-last preseason game? As things turned out, Cincinnati (7–9) showed marked improvement in David Shula's fourth year as head coach. Think the Bengals would have lost five games by three points if Carter had been carrying the ball? I think not.

Shula, who was 11–37 during his previous three years at the helm of the Bengals, has brought them into the realm of respectability. He'll never be the coach his father was, but Shula is beginning to impress a lot of NFL insiders.

His Bengals have a young, explosive offense that—without Carter—was strictly one-dimensional last year. Cannon-armed passer Jeff Blake, 25, threw for 3822 yards and 28 touchdowns. Blake, who scrambled for 309 yards, will get some sorely-needed protection from OT Willie Anderson (Auburn), the Bengals' number one draft choice.

Expect a season of fireworks from a trio of the best young receivers in the AFC. Carl Pickens, 25, hauled in 99 receptions for 17 TDs (tops in the AFC in both categories) and was a starter in the Pro Bowl. WR Darnay Scott, 23, caught 52 passes, and 24-year-old tight end Tony McGee snared 55. In NFL terms, these Bengals are still kits. Wait until they grow up to be tigers.

But that solves only half of Cincinnati's problems. In 1995, Cincy's overall defense ranked last in the league despite nine sacks by end John Copeland and eight by tackle Dan Wilkinson. Carter will make the Bengals more exciting.

The Browns—oops, the **Ravens**—have brought the NFL back to Baltimore. The city's football fans, many of them familiar with the works of Edgar Allan Poe, supplied the team with its new name. And so owner Art Modell's dirty deed is complete. Let the games (and the merchandising) begin.

Modell arrives in Baltimore with a ball club that last year was favored to win the divisional title but wound up finishing 5–11. Starting the week after Modell announced the move from Cleveland, the Browns lost six of their final seven games. At that point Modell fired head coach Bill Belichick. A few months later, Modell got lucky and was able to replace Belichick with Ted Marchibroda, who took the Colts to the AFC title game.

Marchibroda has a lot of work ahead of him. He has a decent quarterback in Vinny Testaverde, the AFC's third-ranked passer last year. The Ravens need a major contribution from WR Andre Rison, a free-agent flop in 1995. They also must upgrade a running game that was almost nonexistent last year. In the first round of the college draft, Baltimore chose UCLA offensive tackle Jonathan Ogden, the Outland Trophy winner, as the nation's best collegiate lineman. Modell foolishly passed on Nebraska RB Lawrence Phillips. Hey, Art: Running backs score TDs. Offensive linemen don't.

On defense, the Browns couldn't stop their own bloody noses from running last year, and weren't much better against the pass. Marchibroda almost has to start from scratch.

Poe's Raven was fond of saying "Nevermore." The Baltimore flock will seem that hopeless by the end of the season. But give Marchibroda a few years and he'll get these birds flying right.

The **Jaguars** won four games during their highly successful inaugural season. Despite his team's commendable debut, Jacksonville head coach Tom Coughlin was somewhat disappointed. "I definitely thought we'd win a little more than we did," he says.

Even so, Coughlin was impressed by the play of rookie OTs Tony Boselli and Brian DeMarco, and rookie LB Bryan Schwartz. He definitely liked what he saw of Mark Brunell, the third-year quarterback acquired from Green Bay. Brunell, who clicked on 58.1 percent of his passes, threw for 15 TDs and had only seven picked off. The Jags are in dire need of wide receivers, and picked up four of them in the lower rounds of the college draft. Coughlin filled two gaping offensive holes by signing San Diego RB Natrone Means and Pittsburgh tackle Leon Searcy.

Jacksonville's 21st-ranked defense lacked a pass rush, a couple of linemen and an outside linebacker who could pressure opposing passers. The Jaguars used their first two draft picks on Illinois LB Kevin Hardy and Texas DE Tony Brackens. They could end up 8–8.

•

Something strange happened to the **Raiders** after they left Los Angeles and returned to Oakland. Owner Al Davis' swashbucklers reached the shank of last season with an 8–2 record, and appeared to be a cinch to make the playoffs. But Oakland lost its last six games (four of them at home, where the Raiders always enjoyed an edge in their

"I give head. What do you do?"

glory days). The team's staunch and strident fans showed up, which is more than can be said for the Raiders.

AMERICAN FOOTBALL CONFERENCE
WESTERN DIVISION

Oakland	10–6
Seattle*	9–7
San Diego	8–8
Kansas City	7–9
Denver	6–10

*Wild-card team

"Some of the players on this team have to look in the mirror," says Pro Bowl WR Tim Brown, who last year racked up 89 receptions, 1342 yards and ten touchdowns. The Raiders also wasted an 1114-yard season by RB Harvey Williams, who averaged 4.4 yards a carry.

Oakland's collapse can be attributed to an injury QB Jeff Hostetler sustained in his left shoulder. He tried to play through the pain but couldn't and wound up throwing only 286 passes (for 172 completions, 1998 yards and 12 touchdowns). Hostetler is sound again, and this season his receivers will include Rickey Dudley, the Ohio State tight end who was Oakland's number one draft choice.

Oakland definitely strengthened its defense by signing two free agents from Dallas, tackle Russell Maryland and CB Larry Brown. The Raiders' defense, 11th best in the league last year, will again be led by Pro Bowl tackle Chester McGlockton and end Pat Swilling, who had 13 sacks in 1995. On defense and offense, the Raiders look like big winners.

"This is a collection of talent, but it's not a team," says cornerback Albert Lewis. The Raiders will become one—and will win the West—if Davis gets more involved.

In 1995, the **Seahawks** rallied to win six of their last eight games and finished 8–8. For the first time in its history, Seattle produced four 1000-yard performers: WRs Joey Galloway (1039) and Brian Blades (1001); kick returner Steve Broussard (1064) and RB Chris Warren (1346). Warren, who turned in his fourth consecutive 1000-yard year, set Seahawk records for most TDs (16) and 100-yard games (eight) in a season.

New head coach Dennis Erickson's biggest disappointment was QB Rick Mirer, who threw an AFC-high 20 interceptions and was sacked 42 times. With the addition of Boston College OT Pete Kendall, Mirer may not have to run for his life this fall.

"I'm really encouraged about this year," says Erickson. He has reason to be, especially if his defensive unit—25th in the league last year—starts to hang tough.

The **Chargers** reached the Super Bowl in 1995. Last fall they made it into the playoffs despite injuries so widespread and severe that it sometimes seemed as if head coach Bobby Ross had benched all his starters. Ross' irregulars managed to close the 9–7 season with a five-game winning streak. "It was a struggle for us in just about every game," says Ross.

He's right. QB Stan Humphries had an injury-plagued season but still managed to fire 19 touchdown passes. Natrone Means, another battered star, remained the team's leading ball carrier (730 yards). Means became a free agent after the season and signed with Jacksonville. His replacement, Aaron Hayden, averaged 96.8 yards during the four games he started. WR Tony Martin stayed healthy and caught 90 passes for 1224 yards.

San Diego wasn't so dominant defensively as it had been during its Super Bowl year. Linebacker Junior Seau again led the team in tackles (129), but the

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THE SIX BEST

Al Davis, Oakland: Ex-AFL commissioner has great rapport with Players Association and is on standby for any labor crisis.

Ed DeBartolo, San Francisco: Took over a franchise in chaos in 1977. In the past 14 years has won an incredible five Super Bowls. Total commitment to winning and to doing it in a classy way.

Wayne Huizenga, Miami: Listened to Dolphin fans when he "retired" Don Shula—and hired Jimmy Johnson. He's the Blockbuster of owners with hockey and baseball franchises too.

Jerry Jones, Dallas: Some critics scoffed when he brought in college coaches Jimmy Johnson and Barry Switzer, both of whom won Super Bowls. A marketing genius who has awakened many complacent Stone Age owners.

Robert Kraft, New England: In only his third year in the NFL, brought relief to long-suffering Patriots fans with a dedicated family management team. Best-dressed owner in the NFL.

Jerry Richardson, Carolina: Shows what a smart owner can mean to the success of an expansion team. With an astute management team, Carolina produced an NFL-record seven wins in its inaugural season.

THE SIX WORST

Bud Adams, Houston: Considering the abuse to which Adams has subjected his players and fans, it's a wonder they show up on Sundays. Credit Adams with having enough sense to be born rich.

Ken Behring, Seattle: Another franchise home-wrecker. Doesn't hide his feelings about moving the Seahawks to Los Angeles, his hometown. If Microsoft co-founder Paul Allen buys the team, the Seahawks will stay put and Behring will be out of the league. Good for the NFL.

Bill Bidwill, Arizona: Since leaving St. Louis in 1988, this know-nothing owner has created his own desert storm in Phoenix. During eight years in Arizona, has gone through five head coaches and 12 different starting quarterbacks.

William Ford, Detroit: Gets his jollies every year by threatening to fire respected head coach Wayne Fontes, who always manages to get the Lions into the playoffs. Ford should stick to building cars.

Georgia Frontiere, St. Louis: Created an embarrassing spectacle at the 1996 draft by taking over the Rams' telephones. Should stay home, answer her own phone and play the piano, which would make her fellow owners very happy.

Art Modell, Baltimore: Carried out the most egregious hijacking of a sports team from the city that nurtured it since the Dodgers left Brooklyn for Los Angeles four decades ago. The Browns will be more popular than ever when they're reborn in 1999 in Cleveland.

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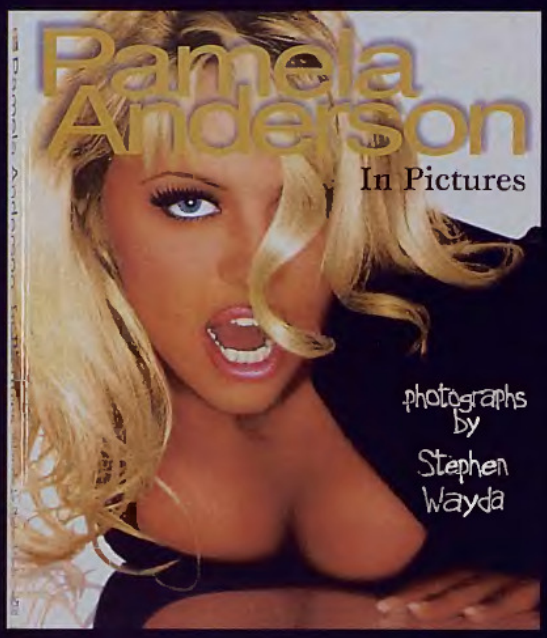

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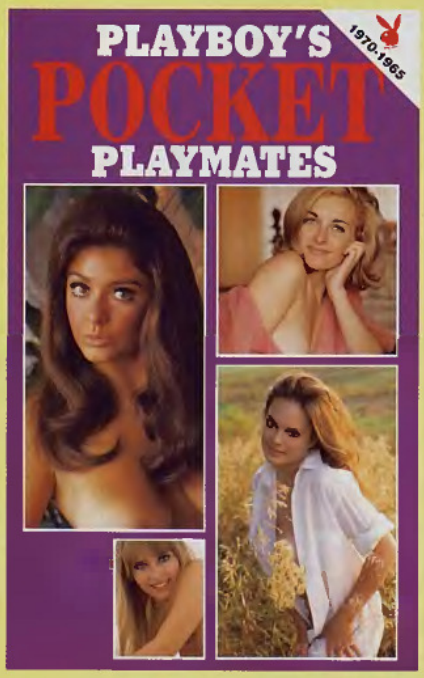

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AT NEWSSTANDS NOW

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Chargers need all the reinforcements Ross can muster. That's especially true now that Leslie O'Neal (12½ sacks last year) has found greener pastures in St. Louis.

Where does that leave San Diego? Even the wise guys will tell you: Never count out the Two Bobbys—Ross and GM Bobby Beathard.

The **Chiefs** are an enigma. They set a franchise record for most wins in a season, controlled their games with the NFL's best rushing attack, were number one in the NFL in scoring defense and had the league's best turnover ratio (12 more take-aways than giveaways). Yet they still fell flat on their faces against the Colts in the divisional playoffs. Kansas City is the only team to have made the playoffs in every year of the Nineties. And what has that accomplishment gotten them? Zilch.

In 1995, Kansas City and the rest of America found out that Steve Bono is no Joe Montana. He played like the career backup he had been, and finished as the NFL's 20th-ranked passer. But Marcus Allen, at age 35, had no problem scooting for 890 yards.

Led by DE Neil Smith's 12 sacks, KC had the league's second-best defense. The Chiefs figure to stay hungry in that department: Their first four draft picks were all defensive players.

"When you go 13–3 and lose your first game in the playoffs, it feels like being 3–13," DB Mark Collins lamented. No need to worry, Mark. The Chiefs won't come close to going 13–3 again.

Last season in Denver seemed like a tale of two cities: It was the best of times and the worst of times for the **Broncos.**

New head coach Mike Shanahan, lured away from his job as the 49ers' offensive coordinator, provided the pyrotechnical touch Denver fans hoped for. The Broncos' new West Coast offense set team records for most yards gained in a season (6040), most TD passes (John Elway threw 26) and fewest sacks allowed since the strike-shortened 1982 season (26). Wide receiver Anthony Miller tied the team single-season record of 14 TD receptions, and Terrell Davis was the Broncos' first 1000-yard rusher since 1991. And, for the first time since the 1986 campaign, Denver sent six players to the Pro Bowl.

So why did Denver finish 8–8 and out of the playoffs? Feeble defense, especially against the run. And not much of a pass rush, either. Michael Dean Perry, though slowed by injuries, led the team in sacks—with only six.

Shanahan has six years left on his contract to turn things around in Denver. He'll need every one of them.

She's a neat freak, so that means no cotton balls or Q-Tips between the couch cushions.

indelible effect on me. It reminded me that a lot of reformed fatties return to their old ways and old shapes. And as I said earlier, I don't like going higher than a size five.

But at the moment Monica is thin—some might think too thin. All right, fine, some even say anorexic. But not me. Give me a flat tummy and nice breasts on a small frame and I'm happy.

Monica has raven-colored hair (black is always beautiful), graceful eyebrows, sleepy bedroom eyes, laugh creases that light up her quicksilver smile and the cutest button nose this side of Shirley Temple. Her face, I think, is perfect.

I also believe Monica owns prime-time TV's best ass, despite Rachel's *Rolling Stone* performance. Her legs and arms are long and her rib cage is small, which makes for a perfect body to hang outrageous clothes on.

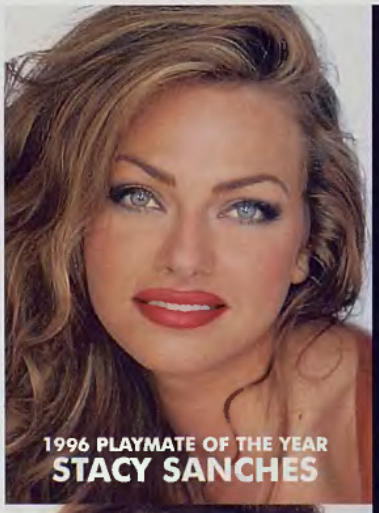
I also think she's levelheaded and pure. I know she respects her mom and I like the fact that she cringed when she mentioned the word diaphragm to her mom over the phone. She's a neat freak, so that means no cotton balls lying around the bathroom or Q-Tips between the couch cushions. And she's always quick to start the show's moments of reconciliation. She says, "Come on, you guys . . . ," and you know everything will work out fine before the credits.

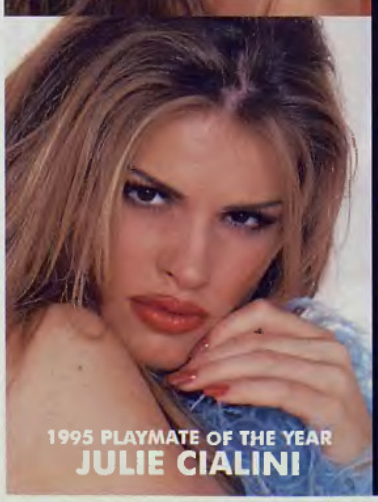
As for the woman who plays Monica, I can't look past the fact that I watched Courteney Cox grow up. I've pretty much wanted to do her ever since Bruce Springsteen pulled her onstage in his *Dancing in the Dark* video.

I'm also a big fan of Courteney Cox' former boyfriend. Admit it, guys, we'd all like to fuck the chick who fucked Batman and Beetlejuice. Who doesn't like Michael Keaton? If you don't, you apparently don't like to laugh out loud. And you should remember that Michael Keaton dated porn star Serina Robinson before he dated Courteney. If he left a porn star for Courteney, that has to leave you wondering just how wild Courteney goes for her man.

Now here's where I might lose some of you, but I don't care because it's where I have to go. I like to imagine women in their old age. By that I mean I often size them up and project their beauty and personality years ahead and try to picture them as wheezing geezers. When I do this, Monica/Courteney comes out a couple of walkers ahead of the pack. When all the tight T-shirts are packed away and the leather minis are things our daughter pulls from a drawer shrieking, "*Mom, how could you have worn this?*" and all the hot sex amounts to stains on the bedsheets, you better hope you have an elegant and classy old lady at your side. For reasons far beyond my powers of description, I see Monica/Courteney as that elegant and classy old broad. And it's because of that particular time on earth with her—and not the episodes we might have had in the back of her Range Rover when *Friends* was the hottest show in the country—that I give the nod to her. Sorry to spring my soft side on you so late in the game.

By the way, this isn't to say I wouldn't date Monica/Courteney while simultaneously trying to bang her friends on the side. I'm willing if they are.





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JUSTICE MILITIA STYLE *(continued from page 88)*

Some of the purportedly individualistic Freemen received thousands in government farm subsidies.

exasperated with the Freemen in his role as mediator. Talks between the FBI and the Freemen often stalled when the fugitives demanded the right to a grand jury of their own to hear their case. Public opinion is also wary of the Freemen's avowed patriotism. Documents have surfaced (thanks to the FBI) which show that some of the purportedly individualistic Freemen received hundreds of thousands of dollars in U.S. government farm subsidies and spent considerable sums on expensive cars and vacations.

While more Americans have heard about the movement, there is also more urgency to fight it. Ohio Supreme Court Chief Justice Moyer, the target of several phony liens, dubbed the movement's actions "soft terrorism" and has no doubt about the gravity of the situation.

Moyer and some other public officials have fought back. In Wisconsin, for example, State Senator Joanne Huelsman introduced legislation late last year that makes some common-law tactics (such as filing phony liens) felony crimes. Her legislation would stiffen penalties for the existing crimes of criminal slander of title and impersonating a public officer and would essentially outlaw sham legal processes. The legislation also makes it easier for targets of common-law "paper terrorism" to remove bogus liens from the public record—and from their credit reports. The Ohio Assembly this year passed a law that allows public officials to sue anyone who attempts to intimidate them with these tactics.

Adam Chase Korbitz, the legal advisor for the Wisconsin Senate's Judiciary Committee, hopes his state's proposed legislation will serve as a model for other states that must confront common-law court decrees. "The people who establish these tribunals have a First Amendment right to assemble and to give themselves any label they choose, whether it be the Common Law Supreme Court of Wisconsin or the Bunch of Old Fools," Korbitz says. "But these groups do not have a right to attempt to exercise civil or criminal court jurisdiction over other citizens without their consent."

•

As they pondered the next steps for their own court and for the movement as a whole, members of the common-law court of Lithopolis, Ohio watched the drama in Montana closely.

The court moved again, in April 1996, this time to a restaurant at Buckeye Lake, 35 miles to the east of Columbus. According to juryman James Curtis George, the court moved because it was intimidated by local police. "People are really confused by the news out of Montana and everywhere," he says. "They are afraid of the police."

George was not surprised that there had been trouble in Montana. "The Western states are way ahead of us as far as the movement is concerned."

The popularity of the courts reflects what is going on in our society, according to Brian Levin of the Southern Poverty Law Center. "Fifty percent of Americans have lost faith in the legal system," says Levin. "People are insecure about their future and the future of their children. The scapegoat is the federal government."

Chip Berlet of Political Research Associates in Cambridge, Massachusetts had a similar explanation. "People gravitate toward conspiracy theories because the average person in America is getting screwed," he said.

•

Whatever the future, there is no doubt that the appeal of common law can be very powerful. "My main draw here was constitutional studies," said gift shop owner Larry Kaczmarek, 54, from Medina, Ohio. "Moyer and them think we're nuts, anarchists. We're taking the *Federalist Papers* and studying while the rest of the nation is too busy earning a living and sitting in front of the TV, watching *Roseanne*. The country is in big trouble. People don't realize what's being done to them. It's like I'm going to college, and this is my education."

"I've been cured of my impotence and was out celebrating. Why?"

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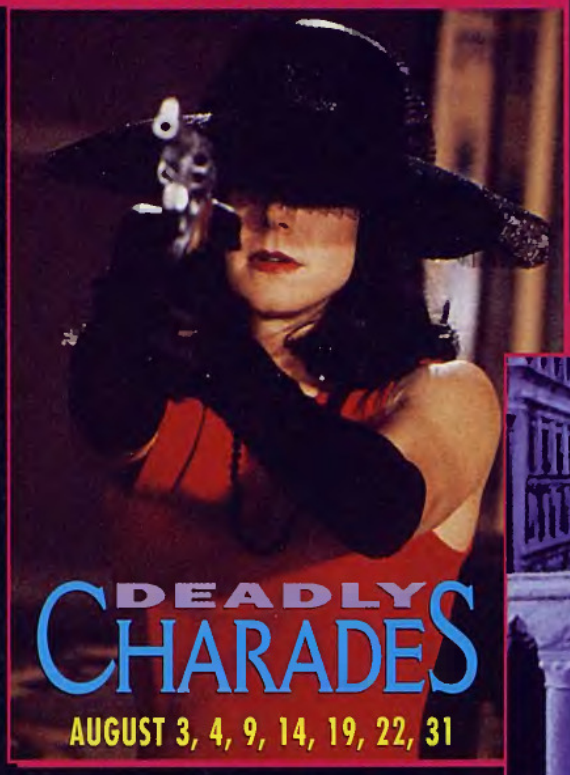

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Pizza Man

(continued from page 82)

finest, what with half my friends in Brooklyn being petty criminals. After I'd finished my statement, they asked if I'd mind talking to another detective, Lieutenant David Silver of the Organized Crime Task Force.

Silver was a big, rugged-looking guy with curly hair going gray in the sideburn area, wearing the kind of suit that lots of the people he busted were fond of, a double-breasted gray pinstripe that had to retail for a grand. He looked as if he'd just come from a board meeting and had this ingratiating I-brake-for-the-ignorant attitude. The first question he asked me was had I ever met either Dominic Geraldo Antuofermo (Jerry) or Giancarlo Paolo Petronelli (Velvet Collar) prior to the afternoon of April 21, 1996.

"Fuck no!" I told him.

He arched an eyebrow like he didn't believe me, but went on, asking if I'd ever had contact with any of the following, then reading off a long list of Italian names. When he got to the name Giovanni Geraci, I said, "I heard of him. I mean, the guy's in the papers all the time. Giovanni the Judge. Everybody's heard of him."

"Have you ever had any contact with him?"

"No," I said, making the word sound dumb, as if I were talking to a retard. "You ever have any contact with Steven Spielberg?"

He stared at me flatly.

"Well, you and Steve are both Jewish, right? You must have met the guy. At least that's the logic I'm hearing. Seems like you figure because I'm Italian, I must know all these goombahs."

"Perhaps your analogy would hold more water if I had just finished beating the crap out of two of Mr. Spielberg's business associates. Or if I had your personal life. But that's not the case." Another arched eyebrow. He shuffled papers on his desktop. "If you're telling the truth, we'll do our best to protect you."

"Protect me," I said. I was only mulling over the concept, but Silver assumed it to be a question.

"I doubt Antuofermo will be a problem, but Petronelli is a made man with the Geraci family, and these are serious charges against him. Armed robbery, assault, attempted rape. I expect there'll be considerable pressure brought to bear on you. Of course, if you were to help us out with some of our other cases, we'd be able to arrange a spot in Witness Protection." He shuffled papers, glanced up at me. "Interested?"

"What the fuck you talking about? I don't know anything can help you."

"Very well, then." He stood, handed

me a business card. "If you change your mind, give me a call. I'm sure the boys in blue will see to your well-being."

If stigmata and a big wound in the side had suddenly appeared on his body, he would have still seemed the soul of insincerity.

•

I have to admit the things Silver said worried me some, and I didn't understand what he had meant with the crack about my personal life, but all that went right out of my head when I got home and Shelley gave me her version of a hero's welcome. For the next week or so we were on a second honeymoon, even though we hadn't finished our first, and I began to think that everything was going to be fine. I told her about Petronelli being a made guy, and she said I shouldn't worry about it—this was the Nineties and the Mob didn't work that way anymore. Why I took her word on this, I'm not sure.

Saturday, a week after Pizza Man had saved the day, I'd just opened when this clean-cut, 30-something guy wearing a sports coat and jeans, Ivy League kind of guy with short sandy hair and a sunny smile, like Hey, how's it going? came in and asked for a veggie slice. He noticed my book lying atop the counter and said, "You reading this?"

"Uh-huh," I said, serving up the slice.

"Hmm!" The guy did his slice in a couple of big bites, worked the wad around in his mouth so he could talk. "Guess it's like they say, there's no accounting for taste."

He tossed a five on the counter, told me to keep the change and headed for the door. Then he stopped and turned back. "By the way," he said, "this is your first warning."

"What?"

"Your first warning. This is it."

"What the hell's that supposed to mean?"

"That means, this is your first warning. The one that comes before the second warning. Which in turn comes right before your last warning." Yet another boyish smile. "Got it?"

Oh yeah, I got it all right. My stomach was full of cold jelly.

"Hey, you get the fuck outta here!" I shouted. "You hear me? Just stay the fuck away from me!"

He walked to the door, holding up his forefinger, still smiling. "See you next time."

Curt poked his head out from the back. "What's the problem?"

I wanted to say, "See that guy walking away? Go frag his ass," but I couldn't quite work up the lack of conscience it would take to sign Curt's death warrant.

"Nothing."

I picked up the telephone, dialed my boss' wife, and when she answered I said, "Angie, I'm really sick, I got to go home."

"Oh, God," she said. "I can't get down there now. Can't you hang on?"

"I'm about to puke all over the place," I told her. "I'm really fucking sick."

"All right! Christ! Tell Curt to hold down the fort. I'll be there in an hour. And—hey, you still there?"

"I'm here."

"Tell him not to scare anybody, OK?"

I hung up and told Curt, "She says not to cornhole the customers. Killing 'em's all right, but no weird sex. I'm outta here."

For about six blocks I walked so fast I couldn't think. The first bar I hit, I ducked inside and ordered a shot and a beer. The bartender asked for ID and I flipped him off.

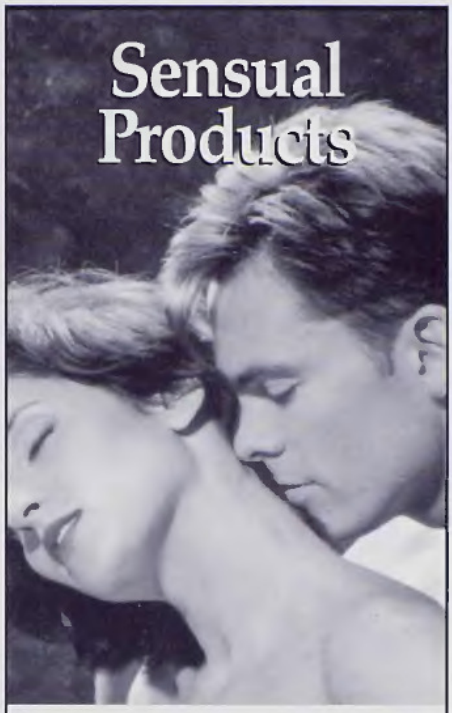
"Don't gimme no shit!" he said. "I'll throw your ass outta here."

"This is an emergency," I said. "I'm 22, I work at Leontonio's up near 110th. I left my ID in my other shirt. I'll bring it and show you tomorrow. Now for God's sake give me a fucking drink."

The first two shots calmed me down, the third steadied me enough to think, and I did my best to try to figure a way out of my troubles. But there was no way out. If I didn't drop the charges, Giancarlo Petronelli was going to have me hit. And if I did drop the charges, he was still going to have me hit because I had messed up his face. I could hustle over to Lieutenant Silver's office, but I knew absolutely nothing that would help him, so why would he help me? Guys like Silver are not disposed to charity. And if I dropped the charges, for sure the regular cops weren't going to work up a sweat on my behalf. I could run, of course. Judging by my latest bank statement, I could run approximately as far as the Jersey shore; and even if I'd had more money, leaving town was no guarantee of safety. I doubted that Petronelli was one to let a debt go unpaid.

But five whiskeys and a couple of beers gave me a drunk's confidence, and when I walked out of the bar I had the unsupported yet cocksure feeling that something would come along to save me. Then I heard somebody calling my name. Sitting in a black Lincoln across the street was the sandy-haired guy in the sports coat. He was holding up two fingers and smiling. His smile didn't seem in the least hostile or false or attached to irony. He just looked really happy to see me.

My first thought was to throw some clothes in a bag and catch the next bus out of town. But instead I made for Shelley's apartment, where all I did was sit on the edge of the bed and wish things were different. That I'd never met Shelley. That I hadn't left Brooklyn. That I'd never invented Pizza Man. When Shelley got home she came over to the bed



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for a hug, then stepped back and said in a surprised tone of voice, "You've been drinking."

"No, not so," I said. "A guy who's had a martini with lunch has been drinking. I'm drunk."

After I told her what had happened, she stood and went over to the window; she picked at the pattern on the curtains as if she were trying to peel off one of the blue flowers.

"This is my fault," she said. No emotion, just a reflective statement, as if it was something she'd known for some time and was only now admitting to.

"Don't give me that 'This is my fault' bullshit! It ain't anybody's fault. Or maybe it's bad chemicals in the air. Karma or some shit. Whatever. It doesn't matter whose fucking fault it is. Jesus Christ!"

"I'll be back," she said. "I need to talk to somebody."

She went into the other room; after a couple of seconds I heard her on the phone, and I vagued out, going off into a fog of beer, bourbon and self-pity.

When she returned I said, "Christ, Shelley. What am I going to do? This really sucks!"

"It's not a problem." She had a distant expression on her face, like she was thinking about something else entirely.

"Are you nuts? Of course it's a problem. It's a huge problem! Those cold-meat motherfuckers will blow my head off with a shotgun on their way to eat oysters." I bent my head to my knees; I was close to tears.

"I called someone," she said. "I called my uncle."

"Your uncle?" I lifted my head. "What's that mean, you called your uncle? What's he going to do?"

"Fix things." It was like she was hearing voices, tuned to a signal coming from a long way off. The way she was acting sobered me a little.

"Who's your uncle?"

She didn't answer for a few beats. Then: "Giovanni Geraci."

I tried to absorb this. "The Mafia guy?"

She nodded.

"The Judge. Giovanni the Judge. That's your uncle?"

"Uh-huh."

"That means the other guy, Mario, the fucking godfather, he's your uncle, too?"

A woeful nod.

I now understood the crack Silver had made about my personal life.

"Jesus, Shelley!" I said. "You didn't think I oughtta know this?"

"Maybe I should have told you. I don't know." Her chin started to quiver. "It's not something that I try to advertise. I'm sorry."

I couldn't get a handle on what I was feeling. The fact that Giovanni the Judge was going to "fix things" didn't inspire

me to start planning for the future.

"He wants to see you tomorrow," Shelley said in a lifeless voice. "At this place in Newark. I'll drive you."

Her expression was impossible for me to read.

•

Giovanni "The Judge" Geraci's status as a media darling derived from his special standing in the universe of organized crime. He had started out as a lawyer but was mostly known for handling negotiations with other families over territorial disputes and such; it was in this arena that he gained a reputation for having the ability not only to be fair but also to do so in a way that soothed ruffled tempers, satisfied honor and brought opposing parties together in a spirit of mutual respect. He was often called upon by Mob families to settle interfamily and intrafamily disputes, and this was what the papers loved, this image of a Mafia Solomon—that and the Hollywoodish story of three brothers, one who had gone the Godfather route, one (Shelley's dad) who had opted out of the family business and Giovanni, with his silver-haired good looks and peculiar eminence.

Despite his reputation for fairness, I was terrified of having to stand before him. I was, after all, the guy who had been fucking his niece and who had hospitalized one of the Geracis' young lions—this seemed ample cause for bias on his part, and the idea that we were going to meet in an empty Newark office building didn't do much for my confidence, though I suppose it was more auspicious than getting together at a landfill somewhere. I must have decided to run a hundred times before Sunday morning rolled around, but my sense of helplessness prevailed. And so at ten o'clock, dressed in my only suit—which I'd worn once previously, to my grandfather's funeral, a portent whose inauspiciousness was not lost on me—I rode the elevator to the top floor of the Kleineman Building and, hand in hand with Shelley, walked into a conference room belonging to one of Mario Geraci's pet law firms.

The sandy-haired guy who'd delivered the warnings patted me down at the door—his good spirits undimmed, greeting me with a "Hi, guy!"—and ushered us inside. The drapes were closed, the light coming from little lamps ranged along the center of the big table; the lamps had lurid green plastic shades that put me in mind of this old science-fiction movie in which alien beams of green energy blew up buildings and fried people into shadows. It was dark in all the corners and along the walls, so you couldn't see how big the room was, but it felt enormous, as though the long wooden table floated in a void, with God—Giovanni the Judge—sitting at the head. If the smell of rug shampoo hadn't lent an accent of reality, I might have gone even further toward believing that I'd bungled into some mystical Mob dimension.

On Giovanni's right, a couple of chairs down, was Giancarlo Paolo Petronelli, his cheeks and forehead swathed in bandages, eyes aglitter with green reflection. Though I had assumed he would be in attendance, I didn't like it that he'd had a chance to talk privately with Giovanni and I had not.

Shelley led me up the opposite side of the table from Petronelli, and I sat facing him. Giovanni regarded me with mild curiosity, as if I were an interesting selection on a dessert cart.

"Uncle Giovanni," Shelley said, "I'd like to say something."

Giovanni held up a hand to stop her. "You trust me, don't you, Shelley? Do you trust me to do what's best for all concerned?"

"Yes," she said. "But I want to tell you——"

"I understand your point of view," Giovanni told her. "I'll call you back in if I need you." He nodded toward the door. "Please."

I expected her to touch my shoulder, the back of my neck, give some sign of encouragement or affection, but she just walked away, her footfalls muffled by the deep carpet. I didn't look after her, but when the door closed I turned toward it in an unhappy reflex, the way a prisoner would look to a cell door to see if the guard had made a mistake and left it open. The sandy-haired guy was standing in front of the door. I couldn't make out his expression, but I knew he must be smiling.

"Before we get started, Mr. Direnzi," Giovanni said, "is there anything you'd like to put forward?"

His voice was no longer soft, as it had been when he was talking to Shelley; it was steely, about half an octave lower, a real instrument of justice.

I considered asking for the sandy-haired guy to leave the room, or that a member of the Organized Crime Task Force be stationed beside him to balance out the menace, but I knew that wouldn't be wise. On the way up, I'd been afraid yet still able to think clearly; now I wasn't sure I could get my jaw muscles to work, let alone speak in a rational manner. Pizza Man wasn't going to save me this time. A little trickle of hilarity welled up from some crevice of my brain.

The expression on Giovanni's face hadn't changed, but I sensed he was amused by the fear that must have been radiating off me like stink off a fish market floor. With his patrician features and perfect hair and his pupils cored with eerie green glints from the lamps, he

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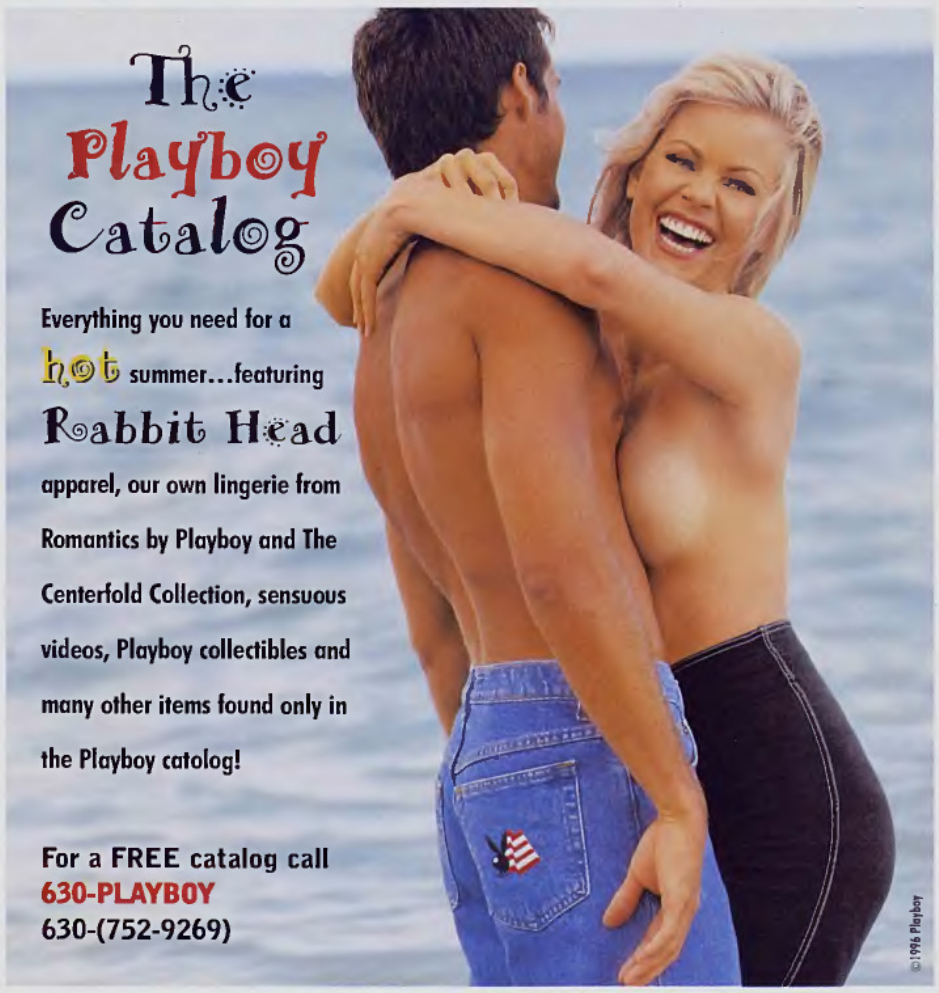
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might have been the president of another planet.

"Yeah," I finally managed. "I don't have any problem with dropping the charges. And I'm not going to testify. But that's not what this is all about here."

It didn't come out half as smooth as I'd practiced it; in fact, it sounded weak and whiny, the usual Direnzi choke-up, and I knew that kind of act wasn't going to play with Giovanni.

"Then what, in your opinion, Mr. Direnzi," he asked, "is it all about?"

For some reason then I remembered this one story in the Stone's *Best American Short Stories* about this genius black kid trapped in the ghetto, and I imagined how he would respond.

"This," I said in a firm voice, "is about your deciding whether or not the guy who tried to rape your niece can ice me so he can feel he's all studly again and not look like some jamoke who gets beat up by a dough thrower in a pizza joint."

Petronelli essayed a suave laugh. But with all his bandages, the patches of reddened skin showing at their edges, it had a ludicrous effect, like a circus clown lifting his pinkie while drinking from an oversize teacup.

"It's like I told you, Giovanni," he said. "I never laid a finger on her."

"Damn straight!" I said. "I was all over your punk ass before you got the chance."

Petronelli tried another laugh, rolled his eyes.

I turned to Giovanni. "Go ask that other rapin', drug-takin' son of a bitch if I'm lying!"

"Mr. Antuofermo is unavailable for questioning," Giovanni said. "A condition that's unlikely to change. Correct, Paulie?"

Petronelli dropped his eyes to the tabletop and said, "Yeah."

"Unfortunately, Mr. Direnzi," Giovanni continued, "Shelley isn't able to support your story either. She cannot recall what happened after Mr. Antuofermo rendered her unconscious. So it all comes down to your word against the word of Mr. Petronelli."

Time, I decided, to give the black kid a rest—Giovanni had seemed taken aback by my profanity. It didn't matter. Hundreds of characters from stories I'd read 15, 20 times were lining up and clamoring to be heard, all more capable than I of rational discourse.

"Not so. Logic, too, has a voice in this," I said gleefully, dropping into the cadences of a preacher in an old John Gardner story. "The only voice without inflection. Two men, two friends, enter a place of business, both—to use the vernacular—coked to the gills. One proceeds to assault and degrade a female customer, while the other empties the

cash register. Are we then to believe that the second man, engaged in a criminal act he's obviously committing on impulse, so out of touch with reality that he doesn't recognize the niece of his associate——"

"Not relevant, Mr. Direnzi," Giovanni said with an air of fruity satisfaction. "Mr. Petronelli had no way of knowing Shelley's identity. He had never met her."

"No pictures on a desk he might have seen?" I said. "No photos by the hearth? I'm willing to admit that Mr. Petronelli may be short on perceptual acuity. But my point stands. Given the circumstances, are we to believe that this man stops in the midst of his impulsive act to lecture his friend on the questionable morality of rape? Or is it more likely that he intends to participate? Or at the very least, to sanction his friend's actions?"

The Judge nodded thoughtfully and said, "Let's say for the sake of argument that I accept your scenario, Mr. Direnzi. That still begs one of the questions before us."

"I know where you're going with this, Mr. Geraci," I said, affecting the rapid-fire delivery of an advertising man from a long-ago *Best Short Stories*. "Believe me, I have a handle on what's at stake. You're telling me, OK, maybe the kid did the right thing, but we've still got a problem with respect. Mr. Petronelli here is on the fast track in your organization, an organization that's built on respect, and it would not benefit the organization for Mr. Petronelli to be perceived as weak by those in the ranks beneath him. That much is a given, OK?"

Giovanni signaled me to go on.

"OK. So what I'm asking is this—wouldn't it be more detrimental to the organization if Mr. Petronelli's superiors are perceived as caving in to him? I mean, here we have an instance of someone putting himself on the line for a young lady who happens to be the niece of the Geraci brothers. If you permit Mr. Petronelli to kill this person, what sort of message are you sending? Sure, you're saying that Mr. Petronelli is not a weakling. But doesn't the deeper message you're sending say that Mr. Petronelli can mess with Giovanni Geraci's niece and get away with it? And"—I held up my forefinger to emphasize the next point—"aren't you also sending the message that right actions on behalf of the Geracis may not be justly rewarded?"

I shook my head sadly, as if dismayed by the prospect of dishonor among thieves. "That's not the message I'd want to send if I were running things. On the contrary, I'd want my people to know that no one is immune to the Geraci code of honor. Not even a highly-thought-of individual like Mr. Petronelli. It would be a sign of strength on the organization's part to punish him, and it would ultimately be seen, I believe, as a sign of strength on his part if he submitted to a just punishment. Such a course of action would serve to reaffirm the enduring principles of the family. Of course"—I sighed ruefully—"if the incident in Leontonio's isn't a solitary event, if it's part of a pattern of screwups, you may wish to reevaluate your plans for Mr. Petronelli. But that's your call."

Petronelli burst out laughing. "Christ! What a fucking asshole!"

"I must admit that was an eloquent, albeit somewhat erratic, defense, Mr. Direnzi," Giovanni said, a smile nicking the corners of his mouth. "An impressive performance. But I'm afraid your points simply don't accord with the realities." He beckoned to the sandy-haired man. "Carver! If you please."

Carver came toward us, reaching inside his jacket.

"Gee, golly, I wonder what's going to happen now," Petronelli said, leaning toward me, his blistered lips stretched in a nasty grin. "It was up to me, I'd work your ass over for a couple weeks. See how you like fucking being burned."

All my strength had left me. I couldn't believe I hadn't made my case. I gaped at Giovanni, then turned to Carver, who was fitting a silencer on the barrel of a small-caliber automatic.

"Sorry, guy," he said, lifting the gun.

I was about to make a last plea with Giovanni for my life when I heard the soft vacuum puncture of the silencer and saw a black dot materialize in the center of Petronelli's forehead. He spasmed and twisted in the chair as if he'd gotten a cramp; then his head slumped. Black blood eeled from the bullet hole.

"Oh shit!" I said, pushing away from the table, staggering shakily to my feet. "Christ!"

"No, no!" Carver said. I thought he was talking to me, but he was aiming the gun at Giovanni, who had also come to his feet. He settled back into his chair, glaring at Carver, but his attitude was more than a touch shaky.

That's when I spotted a short, chubby guy in a baggy suit moving out from behind the drapes in back of Giovanni, from a door previously hidden by the drapes. Guy about 50, 55, with curly black hair receding from a bulging forehead and tiny features all grouped toward the center of his face, leaving a vast round area unexploited. He stepped up beside Giovanni, and when Giovanni turned to look at him, mouth open in surprise, he threw a solid right straight down on the bridge of Giovanni's nose. Giovanni screamed, high-pitched like a woman, and bent over the table, both hands covering his face.

"I heard shit," said the chubby guy. "I didn't buy it, but I'm hearing shit for months 'bout you and Paulie makin' plans. I figure Paulie's too smart for that,

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and you're too fucking stupid."

He grabbed Giovanni by his silver forelock and slammed his face into the table, eliciting another outcry.

"What'm I gonna do with you?" the chubby guy asked him. "I——" He glanced over at Carver and laughed. "I was 'bout to say I love him like a brother."

Carver let out an appreciative chuckle.

Giovanni was trying to act dignified, but it was tough with all the blood bubbling out of his nose. The way his eyebrows were twitching reminded me of how my old springer spaniel had looked after he crapped on the porch.

"Get outta here, Joe," the chubby guy said to him with surprising mildness. "Go wash your face or somethin'."

Giovanni got unsteadily to his feet. "Mario," he said. "Listen, I——"

"Go on, get outta here! We'll talk about this later."

After Giovanni had made his exit through the door behind the drapes, the chubby guy came around the head of the table, took a look at Petronelli and registered disgust; he then grabbed a chair and sat down, gesturing for me to sit beside him. "I'm Mario Geraci," he said, sticking out his hand.

I was close to being in shock, but I took the hand. It looked fat but felt like a bag full of rocks. His eyes were dark, set in thick folds, and from the way they shifted back and forth across the planes of my face, I had the idea he was cataloging every detail.

"Shelley told me you were smart," Mario said. "First off you didn't act so smart, but then you got goin' pretty good. I liked that stuff you said about sending messages. That was very good. Food for thought, y'know. But you seemed. . . ." He appeared to be searching for a term. "Y'know, like different people. What's the word I'm lookin' for, Carver?"

"Schizoid," said Carver, giving me a wink. "Schiz. O. Phrenic."

"Yeah, schizoid. That's it. You ain't a nut, are you?"

"I was nervous is all," I told him. "I'm still nervous."

"Yeah, well, that's understandable. Sorry to put you through all this here." He nodded at Petronelli, whose eyes, having filmed over, held even more reflected green light. "It was a kinda test, y'know. The only way my brother'd side with Paulie is if he and Paulie were hatchin' somethin'." He shook his head ruefully. "All my brother's good for is givin' the feds something to look at. And the fuckin' TV. Every time I hear 'em call him the Judge, I wanna fuckin' fall over."

Mario let out an explosive breath. "But he loves Shelley. He never woulda made the call he did if there wasn't something big in it for him." He cocked an eye toward me. "So what about you, kid? Guess you're not plannin' on being a pizza man forever."

The abrupt change of subject caught me off guard. I had no tricks left. "I don't guess so."

Mario made an approving noise.

"Whaddya thinkin' about, then?"

"You mean, for a career?"

"Yeah."

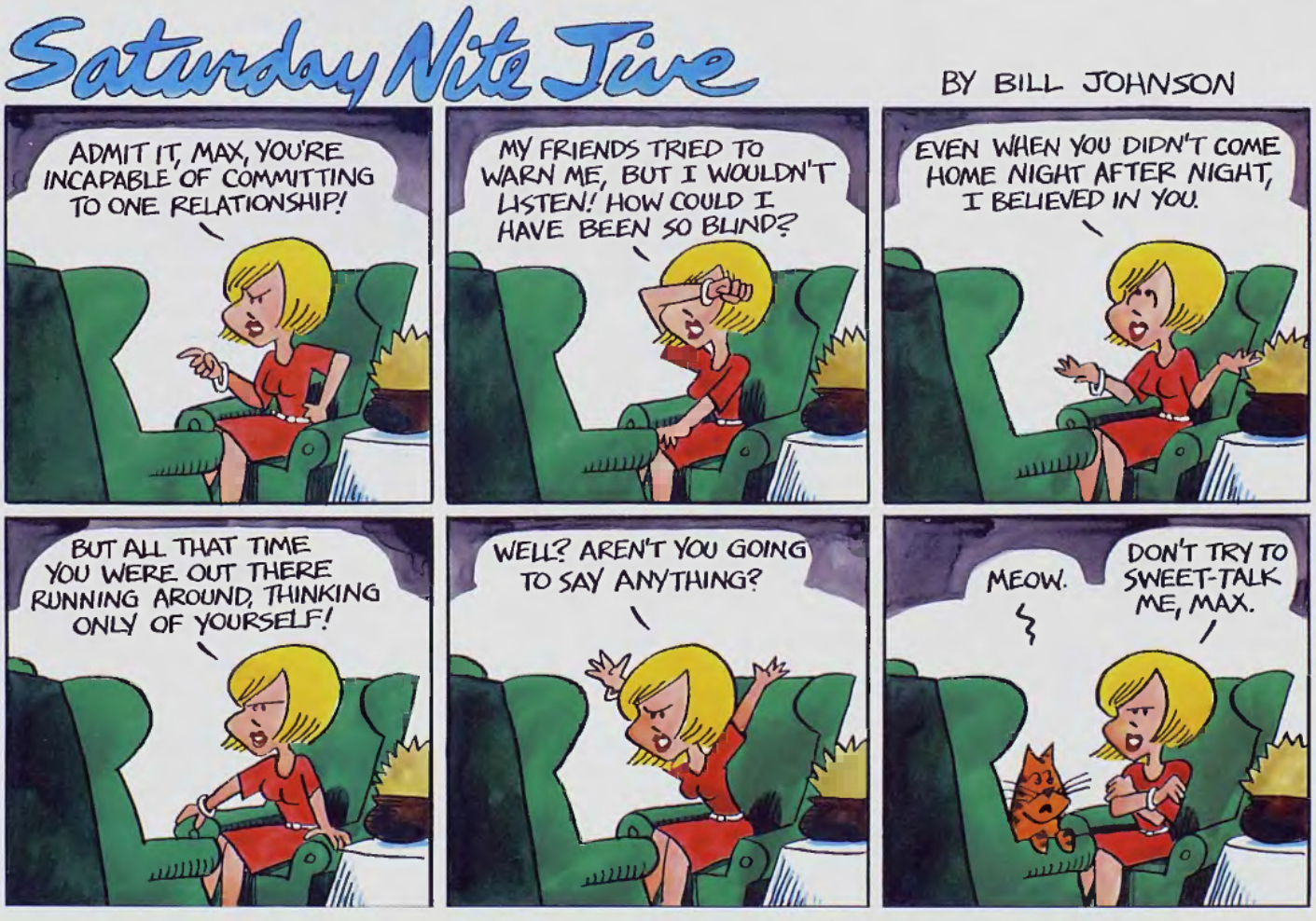
"I don't know. Something like with. . . ." All I could think was how much I wanted to get away from the Geracis, and I pictured myself fleeing, grabbing on to the tail fin of a jet, cartoon-style, and flying off to freedom. "Travel," I said.

Mario looked blank for a second or two, then he said, "Hotels?"

"Uh-huh." He could have said nuclear waste disposal or reconditioning brake pads and I would have been more than happy to agree.

"We got hotels all over," said Mario, more to himself, it seemed, than to me, and stared pensively at Petronelli's corpse. Petronelli appeared to have settled a bit, as if he'd gotten comfortable with the idea of being dead, though his eyes still glowed a baleful green.

"Time I got Shelley away from all this here," Mario went on. "Maybe Miami. They got a good hotel school in Miami. That sound all right to you? Send you and Shelley down there to school, then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WELL? AREN'T YOU GOING TO SAY ANYTHING?
MEOW.
DON'T TRY TO SWEET-TALK ME, MAX.

set you up with a job? Maybe someplace out of the country?"

I said, "Sure, sounds great," with as much enthusiasm as I could muster, and Mario, after a moment's hesitation, said, "OK. That's what we'll do, then."

I could have sworn I felt some last ounce of tension drain from the room, and I suspected that I hadn't been out of the woods until that moment. Carver, after all, was still armed and eager to please. Tremors and tics were starting to manifest all over my body as the rush of adrenaline began to recede.

Mario got to his feet and I followed suit. As we walked toward the door, Carver fell into step beside us and gave me a cheerful thumbs-up. "Nice job, man," he said. "Really. I mean it."

Shelley stood as we came out of the room, relief on her face, but when Mario, the first thing out of his mouth, said, "So, Shelley, you wanna marry this guy?" she looked startled. What was she going to say? A no would have gotten me killed. She met my eyes a second, as if to let me know the conditional nature of her decision, then said, "Yes," and took my hand.

"You don't seem so sure," Mario said, squinting at me.

"It's just I wasn't expecting you'd be the one to ask me, Uncle Mario," she said.

"Well, sometimes you gotta push things along, right, kid?" He slapped me on the shoulder.

I said, "Uh-huh," but I was having trouble keeping my mental balance. This chubby little king of death who five minutes before had had one of his soldiers executed was now asking his niece to marry me, and we were going off to live happily ever after in Miami and God knows where else, Tahiti, Montevideo, never-never land, and I saw Petronelli's glazed green eyes and the freckle of life's blood on his lapel, and I could not understand how I'd come to arrive in this present from the past I had woken up in just that morning.

Shelley, perhaps sensing my predicament, gave my hand a squeeze and asked, "Where's Uncle Giovanni?" to which Mario replied, "He's dealing with another matter." He guided us into the elevator, saying we should celebrate, go over to Little Italy, get some wine, some good food, no pizza though, ha ha, and as we rode down he talked about how the two of us would be putting this mess behind us, he was going to fix us up with everything we needed, a flight to Vegas the next day, a nice wedding, no point in delaying, and we stood there staring straight ahead, seeing—both of us, I'm certain—strange visions in the gray metal of the elevator door.

"So, kid," Mario said to me as we stepped out into the lobby, "who you want for a best man?"

The notion of marriage itself seemed so irrational, I couldn't take the question of a best man seriously. Curt, I thought. Wearing one of those tuxedo T-shirts. Tying chain saws to our rear bumper. Throwing rice with the intent to injure. He'd fit right in.

"I doubt any of my friends can get off work tomorrow," I said.

Mario's expression clouded over; then he brightened again. "Maybe we do this thing twice. Once in Vegas just to get you kids squared away. And when you come back we'll do it up special. For the family. Make everybody feel good. Get Joe to give a little speech or somethin'. That will help smooth things over with him. Whaddya think, Carver?"

"Lovely idea," said Carver. "Have the reception at Tavern on the Green, maybe?"

"I like it, I like it!" Mario's step became a jaunty swagger. "We'll go the whole route. I'll get the freakin' cardinal to do the ceremony."

Carver seemed impressed. "Cardinal O'Connor?"

"Hey, I only got one niece. I gotta do right by her!"

Mario began prattling on with giddy intensity about catering and designer gowns, illuminating his wedding fantasy with florid gestures. I caught Shelley's eye for a moment, but we made no real connection; she looked dazed, completely out of it.

"Y'know, I think I'm gonna have Carver go with you tomorrow," Mario said as we moved out onto the street. "Just in case any of Paulie's friends get stupid." Then he stopped, slapped himself on the head, as if he'd had a bright thought. "Hey, he can be your best man in Vegas!"

"All right!" said Carver. "That means I get to throw the guy over here a bachelor party."

"Nothin' too wild, now," Mario cautioned. "Wouldn't want the kid sick on his wedding day!"

"I guarantee he'll be in good health," said Carver.

I understood the implicit threat, the true nature of Carver's assignment, but I was starting to feel the exhilaration of a survivor, and it didn't bother me. There was a white limo waiting at the curb, and as I slipped in next to Shelley, I felt the pulse in her leg racing like mine. The limo pulled out into traffic, and I heard Carver and Mario carrying on their obliquely menacing dialogue. But then something happened that caused me to think, if only for a moment, that Shelley and I might overcome this strange and terrible beginning, because maybe we hoped the same thing of the world. She leaned in close, her breath sweet and warm, and whispered in my ear, *"Stromboli."*

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Left: You're looking at B&O's imaginative version of an answering machine. The red part is the handset, and messages are stored via solid-state memory (about $300). Right: The Beolab 2000 is a loudspeaker that extends the Beosound 9000 system (pictured below) to reach additional rooms (about $1000).

Center: Whether you hang the Beosound 9000 radio–CD player on a wall, mount it vertically on a floor stand or set it on a shelf, the unit exemplifies B&O's unique approach to form and function. Touch the button corresponding to a CD number and a "sled" whisks to that disc. A digital readout tells you which CD or radio station is playing. The cost for this Danish original: $4000. Flanking the Beosound 9000 are skinny but spectacular-sounding Beolab 8000 speakers, each of which houses a loudspeaker with two bass woofers, a tweeter, electronic circuits and two amplifiers (about $3000 a pair).

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 156.

Honey Buns

COLLETTE WHITE played the slain Jessica Costello last season on *Murder One*. Upright, she has graced the pages of catalogs and calendars, and now appears on ours.

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Heading for a Wedding

Clinton aide GEORGE STEPHANOPOULOS shows off his down-the-aisle smile for "Tina" from *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding* at a Rock the Vote party in Chicago.

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Pop Rocks

Punk godfather IGGY POP's latest disc, *Naughty Little Doggie*, hit the airwaves as he completed feature roles in *Dead Man* and *City of Angels*. Next up: the soundtrack for Johnny Depp's *The Brave*.

Forever Young

AC/DC lead guitarist ANGUS YOUNG is having a dynamic hair day, and the band is touring in a city near you. *Ballbreaker* went platinum. Bring on the noise.

The Cats in the Hats

The training has paid off. Songwriters and producers JIMMY JAM (left) and TERRY LEWIS co-wrote the theme for the Olympics, *Welcome to the World*. It's definitely a personal best.

Spangler Sparkles

Did you see in-line skater ANGELA SPANGLER on the *Baywatch Nights* episode "Bad Blades"?

Don't Hang Up on Juli and Doria

JULI ASHTON (left) and DORIA are hosting *Night Calls*, Playboy TV's live interactive call-in show on pay-per-view. Juli has appeared in adult features and Doria is in *Don Juan DeMarco*. Calls waiting.

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Although Bix Beiderbecke died 65 years ago, the haunting sounds of his music will live on October 12 when Lalo Schifrin introduces his new composition, *A Rhapsody for Bix*, at the Mark of the Quad Cities arena during Iowa's sesquicentennial. The Bix Beiderbecke Memorial Society is sponsoring the *Sound of Bix* event, and seats are $15, $30 and $45. Drummer Louie Bellson and cornetist James Morrison will also play. Call 319-324-7170 for info.

JOHN SCHMELZER

CATS AND DOGS TO GO

Most major airlines, including American and United, now allow cats and small dogs to travel inside airplane cabins if they're housed in a proper carrier. One of the best is the Sherpa Roll-up, a soft-sided bag in black or hunter green from the Sherpa Pet Trading Company. Three sizes are available: small for animals up to six pounds ($75), medium for those up to 16 pounds ($85) and large for pets up to 22 pounds ($95). Order from 800-743-7723.

ROBERT BYERS

BEAUTIFUL DREAMERS

"A Titillating Guide to the Best Topless Bars and Men's Clubs Across America" is how *Dream Girls 1996* is subtitled. Within the softcover's 320 pages you'll find establishments in 51 cities from Albuquerque to Washington, D.C. (plus several in Canada) rated as to "degree of contact," "attractiveness of dancers" and "atmosphere and decor." Sixteen bars and clubs, including the Pink Pony in Atlanta, Pure Platinum in Fort Lauderdale and Stocks and Blonds in San Francisco, received a top overall rating of five stars. Price: $20 postpaid. Call 800-767-6544.

TOYING WITH US

Collecting Toys is a magazine that appeals to the child in us all, whether we're into vintage robots (such as the prewar Japanese one named Lilliput pictured here) or the latest Bat toys. There are articles on such diverse subjects as toy hunting in England (London's Portobello Road market boasts more than 1500 antique dealers), basketball action games from the Sixties, Lone Ranger figures and accessories, *Yellow Submarine* memorabilia by Corgi and toy-auction prices (a German Mickey & Minnie windup motorcycle from the Thirties recently sold for $16,500). A year's subscription (six issues) is $19.95, sent to P.O. Box 1612, Waukesha, Wisconsin 53187, or call 800-533-6644.

THE SWING TO SAKE

Not only did Momokawa's premium sake win a gold medal at the National Sake Competition in Japan, the company is also opening its first American premium-sake-only brewery next month in Oregon. Right now, Gold, Silver Dry, Silver Sweet and Black are four of Momokawa's most popular imports in the U.S. All except the Black should be served slightly chilled. Prices range from about $10 to $20 for a 720-ml bottle.

THEY'RE ALL CARDS

President Clinton is the king of hearts, Bob Dole is the king of spades and Jay Leno and David Letterman are the jokers. These and 50 other key figures in the 1996 presidential election are caricatured on Politicards '96, a pack of 54 playing cards created by artist Peter Green and comedy writer Christopher Smith. Call 800-644-2665, and if you play your credit card right, the red or blue deck is yours for $9.50 postpaid. Bob Packwood, who's depicted packing it out of Washington, D.C., is the deuce of diamonds, in case you're interested.

THE EAGLEVISION HAS LANDED

It's easy to understand why the Professional Golfers' Association chose Bollé's new Eaglevision sunglasses as its official eyewear. The wraparound polycarbonate lens is distortion-free, offering unobstructed vision along with protection from wind and glare. For about $135, the glasses come in a case with a special clip that attaches to your golf bag. (For about $160, Bollé offers a version for prescription lenses.) Call 303-321-4300 for more info.

T-SHIRT TALES

Travelers' Tales T-shirts are a spin-off of the award-winning *Travelers' Tales* series of books featured in the September 1995 *Potpourri*. The man-and-crocodile-in-the-tropics stamp pictured here is available in green on white in size XL only for $14.95. (Ask for order code TSSTMP.) Other images include a boy fishing, a boatman on a river and a boy eluding a swarm of bees. Call 800-998-9938.

RETURN WITH US NOW TO THOSE HILARIOUS DAYS OF YESTERYEAR

John Belushi, Chevy Chase, Bill Murray and Gilda Radner. . . . When it came to comedy over the airwaves in the early Seventies, it didn't get any better than the *National Lampoon Radio Hour*. Now the audio skits done by many of *Saturday Night Live*'s first Not Ready for Prime Time Players are offered in a boxed set of three CDs or cassettes for about $50 and $35, respectively. Murray and Radner's *The Evil Santa* and Belushi and Chase's *Marlon Brando Interview* are just two of the 139 tracks available from Rhino Records. Check your local record store.

NEXT MONTH

BIG 12

SEX SURVEY

BEAT ME

PLATINUM FOX

PLAYBOY'S CAMPUS SEX SURVEY GOES BEYOND LATEX TO EXPLORE THE SEXUAL RITUALS OF STUDENTS IN THE NINETIES. A FASCINATING DOCUMENT AND SPICY READING BY **JAMES R. PETERSEN** AND **MARTY KLEIN**

JAY LENO—THE *TONIGHT SHOW*'S COMEBACK KING TALKS ABOUT HIS ASCENSION TO THE LATE-NIGHT THRONE AND CONFIDES HIS TRUE FEELINGS ABOUT DAVE, PLUS GIVES US THE SECRET RECIPE FOR LENOBURGERS (SEINFELD'S FAVORITE DISH) IN A HILARIOUS PLAYBOY INTERVIEW—BY **KEVIN COOK**

BEAT ME, DADDY, FIVE TO THE BAR—NO BONGOS, NO WINE SPO-DEE-O-DEE, NO CRAZY GONE GALS. JUST NEAL CASSADY AND JACK KEROUAC DOING WHAT COMES NATURALLY. WONDER WHY THEY CALL IT THE BEAT GENERATION? FICTION BY **BOB MCKAY**

ROBIN WILLIAMS—TAKE A WALK THROUGH SAN FRANCISCO WITH THE BAWDY BARD OF BEAVER STREET. IT'S ALL ABOUT LEATHER FETISHES, CAROL DODA'S NIPPLES AND WILLIAMS' HAIGHT HOMELAND. A RIOTOUS ROMP WITH **BRUCE VILANCH**

PIGSKIN PREVIEW—IT'S A SPECIAL YEAR, THE 40TH ANNIVERSARY OF PLAYBOY'S ALL-AMERICA TEAM. YOU'LL LOVE OUR CELEBRATION—AND OUR PICKS FOR 1996'S COLLEGE FOOTBALL WINNERS—SPORTS BY **GARY COLE**

GERALD'S MONKEY—WORKING IN THE BOWELS OF A RUSTY FREIGHTER, FORD IS AN ACCIDENT WAITING TO HAPPEN. THE WINNING STORY OF PLAYBOY'S COLLEGE FICTION CONTEST—BY **MICHAEL KNIGHT**

SAMANTHA FOX—THE HIGH-WATTAGE POP SINGER AND PAGE-THREE GIRL SHOWS OFF HER PLATINUM CHARMS

JIMMY SMITS—*NYPD BLUE*'S HISPANIC HEARTTHROB IS ON THE VERGE OF A BIG-SCREEN SPLASH. WE ASK THE INTERVIEW-INTOLERANT SMITS ABOUT THE ALLURE OF THE LATIN LOVER AND STEVE BOCHCO'S GENIUS IN A SALSIFIED 20 QUESTIONS BY **STEVE ONEY**

COLLEGE FASHION—SURE THE SEVENTIES ARE BACK, BUT NOW THEY'RE MORE STYLISH THAN EVER. THINK TURTLENECKS, COLOR AND (YES!) PLAIDS

PLUS: MUST-HAVE GIZMOS FOR COOL URBANITES, THOSE IRREPRESSIBLE **WOMEN OF THE BIG 12,** GREAT STUFF FOR THE GREAT OUTDOORS, HIGH-TECH DORM GEAR AND TWO ALL-TIME **PLAYMATE LEGENDS—BARBI BENTON** AND **DONNA MICHELLE**

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Seagram's
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CROWN
mix it up
see what happens
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Those who appreciate quality enjoy it responsibly.

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